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Is It Always the Husband's Fault?

A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE AUTHOR

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YOUR BOY AND MINE

Conducted for the Families of Our Enlisted Men

By IDA CLYDE CLARKE

EDITORIAL NOTE: Our boys will be coming home before long, with higher ideals and with a clearer vision of what the future must mean, and we mothers of America must not be unprepared. New problems and difficult situations will present themselves, and Pictorial Review will continue to answer any inquiries regarding them, and try to help in their solution. Please send stamped, self-addressed envelop (large size) when you write. Address Ida Clyde Clarke, Washington Editor, Pictorial Review, 707 20th Street, Washington, D. C.

Keep Up Your Insurance

THE Treasury Department reminds soldiers and sailors that it is their opportunity and their privilege to keep up their insurance after they have returned to civil life. The insurance now carried is renewable annually at net peace rates issued against death and total permanent disability. The present insurance carried by our soldiers and sailors may be continued on the present basis for five years. Furthermore, the law provides that not later than five years after the termination of war, the term insurance shall be converted, without medical examination, into such form of insurance as may be prescribed by regulations. Every soldier owes it to his family and to himself to hold on to Uncle Sam's Insurance. It is the strongest, safest, cheapest life insurance ever written. A conservation section of the Treasury War Risk Insurance Bureau has been created by the Department "to advise soldiers and sailors holding Government insurance of their rights and privileges with respect to continuing their insurance in force after discharge from the Army and Navy." Winslow Russell, an insurance man, who has been assisting in the promotion of soldiers' insurance propaganda for the War Department, has been placed in charge of the new section.

Jobs for Returned Soldiers

PENNSYLVANIA has taken the lead among States in providing for men disabled in war or in industry. The State Department of Labor and Industry made a systematic effort to obtain accurate information on the labor situation and, within a short time after beginning the survey, reported that 42,000 places for men with partial disabilities had been found in that State alone. Other States are making similar surveys. Plenty of work at standard wages will be ready for discharged soldiers in each locality so that they may return to industrial life not as pensioners, but as self-supporting workmen.

Save Your Letters from Marines

MARINE Corps Headquarters desires to secure for its historical records copies of letters written by Marines who have been fighting in France. A history of the Marines' share in the great task is being prepared and it is thought that these letters will shed much light on unrecorded incidents. If you have letters from Marines send them to the "Adjutant and Inspector, Marine Corps Headquarters, Washington, D. C." If you wish to keep them, request that they be returned when copies have been made.

The Division of General Information

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made of the creation of a new division in the War Department that will be welcomed by the public. It is called the Division of General Information, and it is for the express purpose of imparting information to the public concerning the Army. The new division is in charge of Colonel Roy A. Hill, U. S. A., attached to the Adjutant-general's Office, and is situated in Room No. 248 of the State, War, and Navy Building, Washington, D. C. Experts have been installed in the new offices and they are prepared to answer any question pertaining to the Army in America or abroad. One of the chief functions of the new division will be to keep relatives informed when their soldiers are suffering from wounds in foreign hospitals.

About Service-Chevrons

GOLD service-chevrons for six months' service in the theater of operations and blue chevrons for periods of less than six months are authorized by the War Department, but a gold and a blue chevron must never be worn together. While fractions of the first six months' service are recognized, after one gold chevron has been awarded a blue one is never awarded, but when a second six months' period has elapsed a second gold chevron is authorized. There is no authorization for the wearing of a gold or silver star above the service-chevrons, which is supposed to designate membership in the first 50,000 to disembark overseas. The wearing of overseas caps by officers and men is prohibited in this country except at ports of embarkation, and only by men about to embark or those who have just embarked.

A Third Service-Stripe

THE third service-stripe is beginning to make its appearance in the A. E. F. There are 1,718 American soldiers who completed eighteen months' service in Europe before the end of October. At the end of November the number of "three-stripers" were 13,979; at the end of December, 26,967; and by the end of January, 45,290. By the end of April the "First Hundred Thousand" will have been there eighteen months. At the end of November 117,072 men were entitled to two stripes and 366,565 to one, and now the number of soldiers becoming eligible to the first stripe number from 8,000 to 10,000 a day.

About Your Compensation

COMPENSATION is not the same thing as insurance. You have been paying for insurance so that if you were totally disabled you might receive the allowance, or if you were killed your dependents might receive it. Compensation is another thing and is given whether you are insured or not. It is given for partial as well as for total disability. If you do not understand about this, ask the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, D. C., to send you "Official Bulletin No. 2. What the United States Does for Its Fighting Men and Their Families." To get compensation, you must apply for it. Blanks will be furnished for the asking by the War Risk Insurance Bureau. A soldier can not get vocational training unless he has been awarded compensation.

Funeral Expenses for Our Soldiers

MANY inquiries come to me regarding the interment of soldiers who have died in the service. The following information is official. If the body is interred at a military post or national cemetery or at the place of death, the expense of interment is limited to $85, to be paid by the Government. If the body is shipped, the expenses, exclusive of transportation, will be limited to $85, and transportation will be paid by the Government. Payment of funeral expenses at the home of the deceased, in a sum not exceeding $100, is provided for. Application for such payment should be made by a relative to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. The bodies of those who have died in Europe will be brought home as soon as practical. The bodies of those dying on the high seas will be brought back to the United States for burial. The provisions of the War Risk Insurance Act covering these matters do not apply to civilian employees, altho the bodies of civilian employees of the Army who die abroad, in Alaska, in the Canal Zone, or on Army Transports, or who die while on duty in the field or at military posts within the limits of the United States, may be buried by the military authorities or shipped home for interment.

Think of the Future

THE authorities are much concerned about a letting down in discipline and training as the result of the signing of the armistice. At the close of the Civil War, soldiers with long service left their organizations before they were mustered out, with the result that they were recorded in the War Department as deserters. Thousands of them dropped off of trains at their home towns on their way to the point of demobilization, and, as a consequence, never received an honorable discharge. The files of Congress are filled with thousands of bills for the removal of the charge of desertion against soldiers who served throughout the war but left their organization in the enthusiasm of peace celebrations. Remind your soldier of these facts.

A Month's Leave with Pay

SENATOR TRAMMELL of Florida has introduced in the Senate a bill which provides that all officers and men in the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps shall be given one month's leave or furlough with full pay before being discharged from service. The bill was referred to the Senate Military Committee and, provided the War Department does not make some such arrangement without legislation, it will doubtless be enacted.

Discharged Soldiers and Their Uniforms

DISCHARGED soldiers and sailors are allowed to wear their uniforms for three months after being honorably discharged from service. A bill has been introduced in Congress which further provides that the soldiers and sailors may retain their uniforms and not turn them in at the expiration of the three months. This was done at the end of the Civil War.

When You Get Home

THE Department of Civilian Relief of the American Red Cross has prepared a booklet entitled "When You Get Home," which will be distributed by Red Cross representatives in camps throughout the country to men who are about to be discharged from the service. Gen. Munson, chief of the morale branch of the General Staff, approves the publicatioq and distribution of this pamphlet, stating "the book is excellent from the morale standpoint." He has wired the commanding general of each camp suggesting that the Red Cross representative be afforded suitable opportunity to reach the men prior to discharge and inform them as to the utilization of the Red Cross Home Service. It is hoped that wherever possible a copy of this booklet may be handed to each man with his discharge papers. Remind your soldier to get one of these books. He will need it after he gets home.

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How We Improved Our Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones and His Wife

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker— in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * * * *

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them."

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson I was surprised to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could read them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million-dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher, and who is now president of the Allen Sales Service, Inc., New York City:

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I should continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless. I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100 per cent in a week and 1000 per cent in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

What the Course Did for Mrs. Jones

From what Mr. Jones tells us the Roth Memory Course did just as wonderful things for Mrs. Jones. She became fascinated with the lessons the first evening she could get them away from her husband and he is forced to admit that not only did she learn the magic key words more quickly and easily than he did—but so did Genevieve, their twelve-year-old daughter.

But the fun of learning was only the beginning. In a few days Mrs. Jones was amazed to see how her newly acquired power to remember the countless things she had to remember simplified her life. The infinite details of housekeeping smoothed themselves out wonderfully. She was surprised how much more time she had for recreation—because she remembered easily and automatically her many duties at the time they should be remembered. And when evening came she missed much of the old "tired feeling" and was fresher than she had been in years.

At her club she became a leader because her fellow members could count on her to conduct club matters with a clear head and in orderly procedure.

In her social life Mrs. Jones began to win a popularity that she had never dreamed of attaining. The reason was easy to understand—because she never forgot a name or face once she was introduced—and this also made her a successful hostess—much to the wonder of her friends. In short, Mrs. Jones, in developing her own perfectly good memory, discovered a secret of success, not only in housekeeping but in her social life.

Now we understand the Roth Memory Idea is going like wildfire among Mrs. Jones' friends—for she has let them into her secret.

Read the following letter from Mrs. Eleanor A. Phillips, State Chairman of the Tennessee Woman's Liberty Loan Committee:

"Enclosed please find check for $5.00 for Memory Course forwarded me. This course, to my mind, is the most wonderful thing of its kind I have ever heard of, and comes to hand at a time when I need it greatly.

"As Chairman for the State of Tennessee for Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, it is very necessary for me to remember the names of thousands of women, and with the very little acquaintance I have had with your wonderful course I find my memory greatly strengthened. I feel sure that after having completed the course I will be able to know my women and the counties they are from the minute I see them."

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to improve your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION BLANK

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Division of Business Education, Dept. 882, 119 W. 40th St., N. Y.

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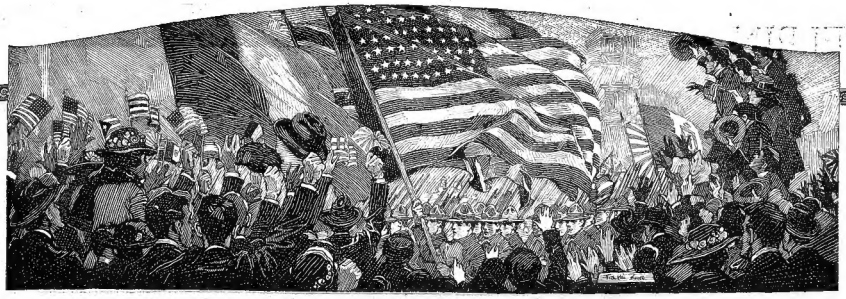

IT MUST NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN

By DR. FRANK CRANE

THE greatest armed conflict of history is over. It has been the bloodiest, cruelest, most destructive war since the world began. We have discovered that there is progress in everything but war. War grows deadlier and fiercer as civilization progresses. The very inventions and discoveries of peace lend themselves to making war more terrible.

The nightmare is past. Already we look back upon it as a horrid dream. We almost doubt that it actually took place. It seems inconceivable that vast masses of human beings could engage in such a carnival of diabolism.

It shall not happen again. It must not happen again. It will never happen again.

There are those who ridicule the statement that there will never be another great war. They say wars will always be. They are fond of adding that you can not change human nature. Let us see.

In the first place, human nature does not need changing. There is nothing the matter with it. Left to itself it would never produce a war. No people ever went to war of their own volition. They have all been led into it by their dynasties. It is absurd to suppose that the peasants and shopkeepers of Germany, if they had not been befooled by the Junkers, would have started out to murder the people of France.

And dynasties are passing. Kings and emperors belong to yesterday. This is the day of the people.

Even if the people's reign means at first Terrorism, Bolshevism, Anarchy, and Red Socialism, at least by such things they only destroy themselves. They will not organize any huge military machine to menace other nations.

WE ARE moving away from the standpoint of dynasty to the standpoint of the people. And war is the method of dynasty. It pertains to kings, royal houses, and a military caste.

We are in an age when the supreme idea is Business. Business does not want destruction, it wants construction. It does not seek empire, it seeks markets.

It wants its neighbors prosperous, so that it may trade with them. It does not want them subjugated and reduced to poverty. For instance, the United States could not possibly be induced to go to war to annex Mexico. We would not have that country if it was presented to us on a silver platter. All we want of it is that it should be law-abiding and prosperous. We do not even want the Philippines, and as soon as they are able to manage their own affairs we shall undoubtedly let them go. They are worth more to us as an independent market than as a dependent province.

The Almighty Dollar has been railed upon and called cold and sordid. But it is a good deal better than an All-Highest Emperor.

Never was there a greater mistake than that wars are instigated by business men. Never was there a blacker lie than that the United States went into this war because of Wall Street's ambitions. War is the last thing business men want.

Business is essentially democratic. It makes men meet upon the platform of mutual service. Business means that we shall be mutually prosperous.

In order to stop war forever we do not need to change human nature, nor to make everybody over. The stoppage of war is a very simple thing, and can be brought about to-morrow, if we have a mind to.

Because war is the product of misgovernment and anarchy. It is the result of the lack of co-operation among the nations of the world.

The one thing that can stop war is World Government. We are already on the road toward that. Over twenty of the nations of the earth have already allied themselves together for the purpose of defeating the medieval ambitions of Central Europe. That alliance can never be broken. In time the other nations of the world shall be received into its membership.

We shall have the Parliament of Man and the Federation of the World, and it shall come soon.

We shall have it because the truth has been forced upon us that it must be that, or chaos and black night.

We must have the Federation of the World in order that human progress may be by evolution and not by revolution.

We shall have it because a supreme danger has shown us the absolute necessity of it.

THERE are but two ideas of World Government.

One is the idea that originated with Julius Cæsar, the first Emperor. It takes its name from him, and is called Empire.

Empire simply means that the world shall be made one by one nation conquering all the others.

That idea has been struggling to establish itself ever since Cæsar's day. The Spaniard had it, and Napoleon had it.

Its expiring effort was made by the Teutonic nations under the lead of the Hohenzollern. Empire as a means of World Government has demonstrated itself to be a failure.

There remains the only other idea, which is that of Federation. This is the American principle. The world must be Americanized, that is, it must learn co-operation. And this is not far off. It has been compelled to learn this by war, and it will carry this knowledge into the era of peace.

ONE of the greatest prophets of earth was Victor Hugo, and his prediction at the Paris Peace Congress in 1849 will come true. The day is at hand.

"A day will come," he said, "when war will appear as absurd and be as impossible between Paris and London, between St. Petersburg and Berlin, as it would be now between Boston and Philadelphia.

"A day will come when bullets and bombs will be replaced by the universal suffrage of nations, by the general arbitration of a great sovereign senate which will be to Europe what the Parliament is to England.

"A day will come when a cannon will be exhibited in public museums just as an instrument of torture is exhibited now, and people will wonder how such a thing could ever have been.

"A day will come when those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, shall be seen standing before each other, and extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean, exchanging their products, their commerce, their industry, their genius, and their arts, cleaning the earth, propelling, improving creation, and uniting for the good of all those two irresistible and infinite powers, the fraternity of man and the power of God."

Decoration by Franklin Booth

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HELPING THE WOUNDED TO HELP THEMSELVES

Uncle Sam's Wonderful Reconstruction Work, both Physical and Vocational, Is Making Our Disabled Soldiers Self-Supporting

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

This Soldier, Still in the Hospital, Is Keeping His Hand In at His Old Trade of Draftsman

IT WAS the Woman-Who-Has-Been-Over-There who set me thinking. I, who have not been across, have so much to learn.

"What I can not seem to stand," she said passionately, "is the thought of our boys, our strong, virile, wonderful boys, coming back mutilated, crippled, blind"—here her voice broke and she caught her breath and went on rapidly.

"And what are they going to do, these boys of ours? Stand on the street-corners peddling shoe-laces?"

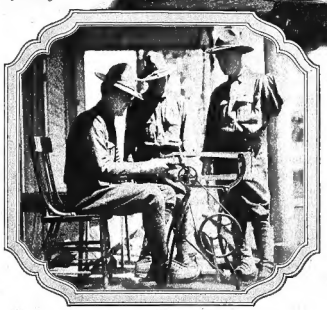
"Oh, no," I interrupted, "we won't let them."

The Woman-Who-Has-Been-Over-There looked at me sadly.

"But I have seen them," she said, "not ours, but those from Over There, doing just that, legless, perhaps, or armless, or blind. I tell you I have seen them."

I shook my head. "I don't believe we'll let our boys do that," I said, firmly. And as nothing short of actual proof will ever satisfy the Woman-Who-Has-Been-Over-There, I set about proving my statement.

The Rest-room in the Red Cross Institute for the Blind. Sunny and Cozy in Winter, and Cool and Comfortable in Summer



A One-armed Soldier Running a Machine for Making Artificial Limbs

And I was right. No returned American soldier need ever stand on a street-corner to peddle shoe-laces. For that matter no returned soldier of any of the Allied countries need do that thing now, for we learn quickly and the thing that the Woman-Who-Has-Been-Over-There saw is no longer a necessity. And if returned soldiers of any Allied country do stand upon the corners and sell shoe-laces it is for one of two reasons, or both.

It is because the returned soldier had always the soul of a shoe-lace vendor, or

It is because you and I, my friend, have fostered the growth of such a soul within him.

Now I shall have to prove this to you, also.

Do you know the thing the Surgeon-general's Office of the War Department, which has charge of the reconstruction work for our disabled men is most afraid of? It is not the wounds, not the disability, not even the temper of the men themselves. All these, difficult as they are, tremendous as they are, can be taken care of. The great fear that haunts every man and woman who is working whole-heartedly for the future of our wounded men is of the public—of you and of me.

It is you and I, you know, who buy the shoe-laces sold on the corners. If we did not, the returned soldier would never stand there!

Where would he be? Doing a man's job at a man's pay—and getting his war-compensation besides as a recognition of his loss in service.

YOU don't believe it? It sounds too good to be true, doesn't it?

But it is true. Uncle Sam literally says to every soldier carried off the battle-field,

"My boy, you've done well. Now I'm going to take a hand at you. You think maybe you're done for, because you've lost a leg, or a hand, or a pair of eyes or ears. Nonsense. I'll fix you up. I'm going to hold on to you while I'm doing it; you are still a soldier. When I get done with you you won't be a soldier any more, I'll let you go. But I want you then to be a man, able to do a man's work, and after I let you go, I won't compel you, but I'll offer you training for any work you are capable of, support while you are in training, support for your family as well—*and—your compensation for the part you have done.* Don't turn me down. Use me until you can run your race—alone."

To carry out this program there are three main agencies, the War Department, the War Risk Insurance Department, and the Federal Vocational Board.

The War Risk Insurance Department is unaffected by the other two. An American soldier who loses his hearing through service gets his insurance even if he becomes a millionaire producer like Thomas A. Edison who became almost totally deaf, years ago. Uncle Sam is providing his returned soldiers with training for men's jobs, not because he wants to get out of paying them compensation for injuries received, but because he wants to add to that compensation a chance to provide himself with men.

No returned soldier loses a dollar by taking everything that is offered.

What is known as the "rehabilitation work" among disabled soldiers, began in the present war, in France. And altho I can assure you that at the present writing America stands first in her generous provision for work of this kind, let us stand aside a moment to give credit to Edouard Herriot, Mayor of Lyons, the first man to propose and to carry out a training-school course for disabled soldiers. On December 16, 1914, he enrolled three pupils, the first returned soldiers to voluntarily offer to painstakingly learn a new service to their beloved country. At almost the same time Belgium decided to make re-education among her disabled soldiers compulsory. Her schools were not opened until later, but when they did open, the men filled them without objecting, for the simple reason that in all Belgium there were so few homes left to which they could go. England and Italy followed slowly, but in these countries as in France the matter of re-education of a disabled soldier was voluntary—it remained a decision of the soldier himself.

Find the Blind Men. More than a Dozen of Them Are at this Military Training School, Taking Part in the Normal Life of their Brothers Who See

Why? Because you can not teach a grown man anything that he is unwilling to learn and have him master it so that he can go out into the world and compete with other men. The spirit of willingness must be in the man himself. America recognized this fact and set to work on the far more difficult task of creating that spirit. She takes the wounded man from the point of receiving the wound and sets to work upon him, not only to restore his physical powers, but to keep at bay and forever down the devils of doubt and distrust and fear that beset him during the long lonely hours of pain and suffering. Those are the only enemies America dreads for her soldiers. To meet them she has sent out overseas at present writing three hundred women technically known as "Reconstruction Aides."

Hardly has a wounded man found himself able to raise his head from his pillow when one of these aides is beside him.

"Don't you want to do something?" she inquires cheerfully. He does. He wants to do something more than he can tell her, but it looks wholly impossible. A leg and an arm remain on the battle-field or in the dressing-station or the base hospital somewhere far away. But this woman, standing over him smiling, quick-motioned, clad in a bright blue that enlivens the white-walled room, seems so certain as she repeats her question, that he falters,

"Why yes, Ma'am, if I can."

SHE holds up something for him to look at. It may be a bag or a belt, or a bead chain, and she runs on in friendly fashion,

"Isn't it pretty? I brought it along to show you because Dunwood, the man who made it—he is in the next ward to yours—was hurt in almost the same way as you are, and he learned—oh, so fast! It is for his mother, you know. Don't you think she will like it?"

The man who can just raise his head from his pillow has gone through a torrent of emotion as he follows her. He, a man, to make a bag! The fellow in the next ward, tho, who is no less a man, has made this one. Without an arm and a leg how can she expect him to do anything? But the fellow in the next ward—she said he had been hurt in almost the same way. For his mother—his mother—he never supposes he'll be worth anything to *his* mother as long as he lives. It certainly is a beaut of a bag—

The "reconstruction aide" has been waiting very quietly. She has seen many men like this. If she does not know just what he is thinking she senses much. And she waits, holding out the bag. At last she says gently,

"If you would like to make one like this for your mother, I can show you how."

At just that moment the boy who can just raise his head is wishing she'd go away and leave him alone. He wants to think. He doesn't want to make a bag—at any rate not then. But she is still standing waiting, smiling, and he looks at the bag again.

It is a beaut of a bag!

"Yes'm," he says, faltering. "Thank you, Ma'am."

In ten minutes he is working, flushing and paling as he tries to put the unused muscles to service, awkward always without the arm that once helped, and more awkward because he has not yet become used to its not being there. But the woman does not seem to notice. Instead, she keeps her attention right on the work and in thirty minutes, when she says gently,

"I'm sorry, but I am afraid you have done enough for the first day," he looks at her quickly with an injured air which disappears when she laughs aloud at his expression and adds,

"But I'll come again just as soon as they will let me."

The boy sinks back again on his pillow. He is thinking now of the *bag*, his bag which is going to be ever so much better than the one made by the fellow in the next ward, and already he is working out a scheme for holding the thread in a new way. It takes a long, long time for him to work out the new way, the way for a man with only one

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Learning to Re-seat Chairs, Not as a Trade, but to Acquire Dexterity of the Fingers

arm, and he lies there smiling as he works it out. The medical officer for that ward passes and says casually as he notes the smile,

"Feeling better today, eh?" The boy replies quickly,

"Oh, much better sir," and the medical officer passes on. Out in the office he reads the day's report. The boy has no idea of that report. He has no notion that according to medical orders he began on bag-making, to increase dexterity in the muscles of his remaining arm. He has no idea that his neurotic condition makes it essential, medically, that the devils mentioned be kept at bay. He does not know that "occupational therapy" as established by America in all her reconstruction hospitals and administered by specially trained women is helping thousands of soldiers besides himself. No, sir. He is lying there happy, because he is making a beaut of a bag to send to his mother!

Here I must stop a moment to warn you that this boy is not being trained to become a bag-maker. Not a single bit of it. So many thousands of the visitors who come to reconstruction hospitals come with and carry through and go out with that notion in spite of anything that can be said to contradict it. That boy with the one arm is not going to be a bag-maker any more than he is going to be a shoe-lace vendor—unless you and I encourage him to think he can do nothing else. But he may make bags by the score and belts and Colonial mats and reed baskets, and model in clay and carve wood and make jewelry of gold and copper and silver before he gets to the real thing he is going to do as a life-work. He may garden, altho he is never to work as a farmer, except on his own home garden when he gets through office hours. These occupations are a part of his healing.

THE United States Government has, in addition to the three hundred reconstruction aides, mentioned as working abroad, several thousand at home in the fifteen military hospitals which are especially equipped for reconstruction work, in all of which men are doing all the things mentioned and many more. They know, and those who are caring for them know, that they are in no sense being trained for a life-work, but that they are training for general efficiency in mind and body, keeping the devils of doubt, despair, and fear at bay, to say nothing of the still more potent devil of indifference to personal progress, exercising the muscles that need to be taught greater skill until the time comes for beginning on the real work of life.

Through the courtesy of Colonel Frank Billings, who is Chief of the Division of Physical Reconstruction, Office of the Surgeon-general U. S. Army, I spent a long time at the Walter Reed Reconstruction Hospital at Washington, D. C., which is one of the fifteen now in operation. There were two thousand men in the hospital at the time of my visit, most of whom were overseas men, returned for "reconstruction." There were men wounded in every conceivable way and in some ways not conceivable (to Americans); the enemy being particularly fertile in devising undreamed of methods of disability. Practically all of these men were engaged in some form of occupational therapy designed to meet a particular need, while they were being treated medically for their particular disability. They most certainly liked it. Men whom I saw practising walking with artificial legs, gladly swung off a leg and tucked it under the bed or under the covers while they rested up on making a Colonial mat and forgot there were such things as legs in the world. One-armed and one-handed men worked dexterously at rug-weaving and men with what Captain Samuels of the Magazine, *Carry On*, which is published by the Surgeon-general's Office in the interest of our disabled men, calls "invisible" wounds—but perhaps you have not thought of them!

It is easy enough to recognize the disability of the returned soldier who comes back minus a leg or an arm. It is comparatively easy to recognize loss of sight or of hearing. But what of the soldier with the hidden wound? What of the boy who was gassed and whose lungs will never bear what they once bore? What of the man burned with the terrible liquid fire of the enemy? What of the men who in the mud of the trenches have contracted tuberculosis or acute rheumatism? Those names will never appear on the casualty list and yet they have been wounded, those men in the service, just as surely as the man who has lost an arm. What of the shell-shocked and nerve-racked men who are mentally wounded? There are two wards of such at the Walter Reed Hospital, healthy young fellows, apparently, with nothing whatever the matter, but whom the medical officers have classed as psychopathic cases, with wounds indeed, invisible to the casual eye.

Are such helpless and hopeless? By no means. The operation of restoring to health an injured portion of a mind is not as "visible" as an amputation, but auto rides, the fresh air and the change from the hospital are stimulating and cheering. But it doesn't do any boy good to get into his head that life henceforth is going to be one continuous auto ride with admiring women showering bouquets upon him. You and I know that before five years the women will have forgotten him entirely. It does any boy good to have human society, particularly female society when he is surfeited with male companionship. But it doesn't do him any good to be encouraged to repeat his story times without number until he grows into a kind of demigod in his own eyes.

SOMETIMES, when he is older, he grows into a cynic. At the Walter Reed Hospital I met Private D——. He had in his possession the *Count de Carmont*, but he looked so bored when it was mentioned by an aide that I said not a word about it. I heard later that he had been one of three of his company who lived through an attack. He had lost a leg, an arm, and an eye. And ever since he had arrived at the hospital women visitors had been asking him his story. D——'s patience became quite exhausted. He decided he had a right to some reserves of his own. And when one enthusiastic but tactless lady approached him gushing and said in high, shrill tones,

"Oh, tell me, did you lose that eye in battle?" D—— replied quietly but bitterly,

"No, madam, I left it on a seat in the subway."

Our boy who was making the bag for his mother is not as old nor as sophisticated as D——, and he will not become embittered, but sadly spoiled. So when the representative of the Federal Vocational Board approaches him he is apt to put him off. He wants to go home, and stay, for a time—quite a long time. His mother wants him.

I am sure that she does. So did the mothers of the men in France. When the Government first offered to educate their mutilated sons, so that they could earn a livelihood, these devoted mothers replied.

"But I am willing to take care of my boys as long as I live."

And to this the Government answered,

"But we can take care of them—as long as *they* live." And it was at this the mothers surrendered.

To the American mother the same call comes. When your boy is ready to leave the hospital, when he is no longer a soldier, when he has received his honorable discharge, will you take him home and take care of him, or for his own sake will you insist upon his staying a little longer, until he can compete with whole men in the business of life, until he can take care of himself as long as *he lives*? You take no risk. The Government will pay you, if you are now receiving an allowance, just as it did when he was in service. It will, moreover, pay for all tuition and for his support while he is learning, and it will not stop until he is placed in a position as good as his ability warrants.

Then all he will have to do is to make good.

CAN he do it? Can a man who, three months or six months or a year ago was sound and well, and who suddenly, overnight, has had his sight or his limbs or his hearing taken from him, make himself over to fit his new self into business and commercial life so that he can compete with sound men? It is too early yet to give truthful portraits of our returned soldiers. Most of them are still in the hospitals. But among civilians there have come, since the war, men here and there, who for the sake of the soldier who is disabled, have shown their hidden and sometimes little suspected infirmities. They have fought their fight with no such aids as we can offer the returned soldier. There are many of them, disabled in so many ways that I wonder which of their stories I had better tell, to convince you that almost any kind of incapacity can be overcome when the

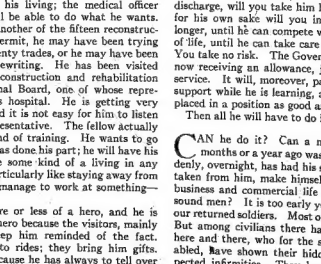
CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

Working in the Garden. Note the Attachment to the Right Arm of the Man with the Hoe.

in this beautiful hospital, where every particle of knowledge held by the world is at the service of the wounded soldiers, most of them get well. How small the number of men really out of the running is going to be if America has her way, is shown even in the early records. Of five hundred and sixteen cases, only twelve are listed as "institutional," which means only twelve men out of the five hundred and sixteen are incapacitated to the point of not being able to earn a living.

By the time the boy who started on the bag for his mother is fit to do real work—remember the other is occupational therapy—he is pretty well known to the hospital people. He has been consulted as to his ambitions and his desires in the matter of earning his living; the medical officer has decided whether he will be able to do what he wants. If, as at Fort McPherson, another of the fifteen reconstruction centers, the facilities permit, he may have been trying out for some time one of twenty trades, or he may have been studying shorthand or typewriting. He has been visited by the third agency in reconstruction and rehabilitation work, the Federal Vocational Board, one of whose representatives is located at his hospital. He is getting very restless as he gets better and it is not easy for him to listen to the Federal Board's Representative. The fellow actually wants him to take some kind of training. He wants to go home and stay there. He has done his part; he will have his compensation; he will have some kind of a living in any event and he doesn't feel particularly like staying away from home any longer. He can manage to work at something—anyhow.

And remember he is more or less of a hero, and he is human. He knows he is a hero because the visitors, mainly women, to his hospital keep him reminded of the fact. They take him out for auto rides; they bring him gifts. They do bore him a bit, because he has always to tell over again the story of how he was hurt. He used to tell it pretty straight at first, but now he just tells it as it comes—and he notices the wilder it is the better they like it. Visitors to the reconstruction hospitals are the despair of the hospital authorities. They do the boys so much good—and so much harm. It does the boys good to be taken for



A Crippled Soldier Learning to Typewrite. He is Being Re-educated for Return to Civil Life as a Stenographer

The Quiet, Restful Home at Evergreen, where the Red Cross Prepares the Blind Soldier to Take His Place in Civil Life

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STRAIGHT AS A FLAME

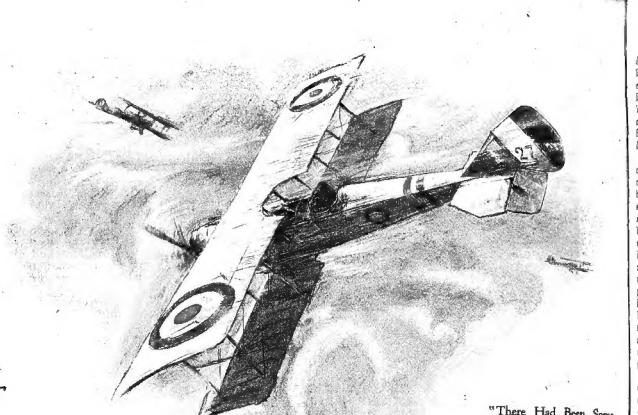
The Story of a Great Fight and the Big Heart of the Victor

By

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

AUTHOR OF "THE HIVE," "DOWN AMONG MEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN



"There Had Been Something Immortal Within the Last Half Hour — This Latest Duel in the Dark"

THE fact of the sinking of the *Phismet* by submarine is just a detail of the meeting of Milt Blenner and June Stansbury. Their ten days in a little fishing village in Northern Africa is a mere romantic setting for a sort of prolog in which, for hours at a time, even the war was forgotten.

It is a cliff coast with amazing paths down the rocks to the surf-lines. There was one rocky throne, sheltered from the sweep of the wind to the East, and open to the Summery Mediterranean. They called it The Ledge and found it every day.

They both had taken lightly the sea adventure—the incidental deaths, the open boat—but Blenner apparently hadn't considered the possibility that his companion was one in a worldful. He made the mistake of his life, at first, in taking the romantic adventure lightly—that is, the opportunity for close association with June Stansbury for a time. The training of a young American with fortune is to play when in doubt. It may be that Blenner played gracefully, but very soon he was stranded on other than the African coast. It is not quite clear just what happened that third day. Possibly he tried to take her in his arms.

"It is better to do wrong than to do the obvious," she said.

That was the first time he looked close. He did not have a chance for many hours afterward to look at all. He was amazed at himself that he had not actually perceived before, the stuff this narrow-faced girl was made of. Perhaps the very fact of their being netted together in one of the episodes of this unparalleled world-series of adventures, had made him resist looking close the first few days.

"Merely because we are here," she explained later and leisurely, "thrown together, as they say, must make us all the more careful of the minor things. I care little for conventions in general, but insist upon them now. The perfectly headlong thing to do would be for us to prove orthodox castaways — to find the long-lost look in each other's eyes——"

She was looking across the water, the haze of distance under her brows, such a distance that it seemed as if she must see a faint film of the Spanish shore. He remembered these sentences,

"—— You are going to your work, I to mine. A long time from now we may meet again. I want to remember you as the Comrade. It's the time in the world for that. You *are* a possible Comrade, Milt Blenner. You are wonderfully clear and fine in ways. Your world and mine at home are the same. We know each other. All will do, so far. I don't even say that I'm sorry we began differently——"

That thrilled him. He knew now that he hadn't been exactly at his highest best at first. This was her thoroughbred way of making him feel right again. On the last day, when their belated orders came, they hurried to The Ledge in silence. Blenner's mind, queerly enough, was completing the circle of earlier events:

"But I did *see* you on shipboard," he declared.

"What?"

"You have always said we shouldn't have noticed each other, if we hadn't been thrown together. The fact is, I was interested on the *Phismet*——"

SHE was unreadable as she laughed, her eyes animate with deep sparkles.

"I did see you on shipboard," he repeated. "You did hit me hard. The fact is, I hunted you up—after the explosion. It wasn't all an accident."

"And you have tried so hard to see my improved way of being shipwrecked together?——"

"I don't like the obvious, either," he said.

"That's actually dear, Milt. I'll remember that."

She had arisen. There was never any rest with her. She was always attempting the Impossible. He thought about this particular moment a thousand times afterward. He would rather have lost her than to appear less than her picture a second time. She was starting up the cliffs.

"It has all been good and right," she added. "I'm going now. I won't see you again. It's better so. We know all about everything, and I never could stand saying good-by. I'd rather be dead than sentimental."

He didn't see her again—at least, for months, and every day she became nearer in his thoughts, until there wasn't a dull moment in the whole memory. And always in the field she stood, as he expressed it, for a soldier's one best bet.

AFIELD, Blenner found his great man-friend. This was Culberson, not yet thirty years old, but one of the oldest fliers alive.

Culberson knew all the "makes" of machines and had himself absolutely in hand, except for a trembling in his left cheek as he talked.

A solitary nerve there occasionally got away from him. The twitch had appeared in his cheek following a fall into the sea of many hundred feet—a broken control and an engine "gone dead" on him at the same time—"about as much glide as a chimney-pot to that drop," Culberson explained. Except for the cheek, this flier could make himself behave in any company, any tension.

The two men were together for months in a big 'drome at Fennuelle, Blenner taking the pilot-end, queerly enough, since Culberson was the crack shot of the pair, a sort of conductor and motorman arrangement. Also they bunked near and messed together, were on the payroll together, in and out and up together. More than this, they were welded by the big show that reeled off from day to day, always more desperate in interest, always calling forth a new hazard from a man's supply of gameness, making all that had seemed courageous last season merely draggy and unmentionable.

They would take the little "clipped-wing" hawk out two or three times a night in busy times. She was the last word. She didn't soar, she swooped; she could climb a thousand feet a minute, do her one hundred and fifty miles an hour, Blenner sitting back at the wheel in that crashing vibration which becomes deafness rather than silence. He would watch the big leather-covered button on the top of Culberson's helmet.

It was straight up, when the planes were cocked at right angles, when it was only the tug forward of the propeller that kept the whole affair from darting straight down as a knife-blade. There, were nights when only the 'drome was lit, and they would encounter, like a bit of rough going in the air-lanes, a sudden spitting from the machine of some "Dresden banker"—lots of this sort of thing during the last days at Fennuelle, in all of which Blenner and Culberson pulled superbly together. One night they came down a bit breathless. They wanted their coffee badly, and a cigaret or two.

"I may be crazy," Culberson said, "but I liked that fellow——"

There had been something immortal within the last half hour—this latest duel in the dark. The German had fallen, crumpled for all they could see.

"I think he got back to his lines," Blenner remarked, tho he knew better.

Colonel Caller presently dropped into quarters, a bit genial. He always brought bad news:

"A night's work, right enough, for you fellows," he remarked. "They're both dead. Their pilot was Kieber. The other was mangled too badly——"

Blenner sat up, rolled a cigaret. He glanced at Culberson, whose cheek was twitching. The Colonel went on talking. Blenner waited for him to stop, knowing he would need a drink presently and go away. Lights were out again, when Culberson said.

"I raced Kieber from Zurich to Munich in 1914. Strange, I should have to shoot his brains out to-night——"

There was time enough to go to sleep before Culberson added, "Houseful of kids he had, too. Suppose they're grown up now. Maybe there are two or three more in the last four years."

Another silence.

"He was a solid-sitting young chap, this Kieber. He came over to my tent after the race. You see, we knew a lot more about that race than the people did. He asked me home with him. I went. That night he told me he could do with very little more of this exhibition stuff. The more he knew about flying, he said, the less he felt an authority. It had been his experience after a year or two, that all the thrills were gone; he could only see the danger now."

CULBERSON went on in jerky sentences.

"We drank beer and smoked pipes like a couple of grocers. One by one the kids climbed over us silently on their way to bed. They had queer cool little faces, like their father. The mother was always at the edge of things, but you'd miss her when she was out of the room." Another silence. The voice of Culberson was like a Fear. Vaguely it seemed to Blenner like staring death out of countenance to hear his friend go on. "She'd never leave long, you understand," he said, still talking about Kieber's woman, "only to get us something. She seemed never to take her thought from him. Even as she tended the children, she'd be listening for Kieber's voice. She didn't say anything, except to suggest things about keeping us comfortable, but you'd miss her when she left the room. We'd be talking, suddenly stop, look around and she'd be gone. Then Kieber would call her name."

Another silence. By this time Blenner was sick with strain.

"She'd come in, soft and quick, as if she had been waiting for his voice, as if she would have died if she had had to wait long, as if she only went away to be called back, as if she couldn't have left, only because of a fear that we'd get tired of her, if she stayed——"

Blenner held fast to himself. It was like the most critical moment of action. In some ways it was harder. His relation with Culberson had strange deep reserves. He didn't dare to stop the other, even to whip over a laugh. He saw the thing in Culberson's mind, as if it had been a play—chairs, table, the "cool little faces" of the children climbing over laps on their way to bed—the woman hovering over all like a gull.

He waited in sweating silence for the other to go on, but this time the aching wait continued, until the possibility of words flickered out.

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They were sent to Pornic, the oldest "rookery" in Flanders, very close to the smoking red drains which the French lines had held for many weeks. Steady offensive from the enemy, whose machines were often over the trenches in front of Pornic—cruel hunting night and day over the 'drome. Culberson and Blenner had been out twice since midnight, and were called again at daylight one morning. Blenner was jerked up from deep sleep by the voice most disagreeable—Colonel Caller's.

Dawn was drab in the quarters. Culberson's hands were moving swiftly with his leggings and bootlaces. That queer moment almost out of a dream, Blenner regarded his yellow-haired little gunner-friend, throat as young and waist as narrow as a schoolboy's, slim quick hands which offered a coin or a cigaret so glad and graciously. Almost embarrassed they seemed when taking anything in. He didn't remember Culberson's face that instant. He poured milk into his coffee to cool it, and breezed a cigaret for a second, and then there was a queer interval outside while a mechanician cranked the propeller. Culberson was taking some packets of ammunition from a student. The crack gunner looked up to where Blenner was sitting already at the wheel. That was the moment when their eyes really met—one of those forever looks that men and women occasionally know, and which appears to indicate that death is only a postponement of association. Such was the strange moment of their getaway in the twilight that morning.

The propeller caught on with an eruptive crash. There was a scrape of the bamboo guides, and the hammered clay of the flying-field sank beneath them like a blown quilt—the solid brown earth suddenly as insubstantial as gossamer.

CULBERSON was looking around slowly like a seaman in his crow's-nest. To Blenner it was as if they were country boys, meeting barefooted before full light, to go to some far bend in the river, where big fish were said never to fail. Blenner didn't know it then, but the deep fascination of it all was the boyishness of Culberson's face. He could even have told him that moment of June Stansbury. They had been tested together as one soul, yet had not talked about women.

There was a sudden rose-gold haze in the air—softness and light, a gleam of gilt like a suddenly unwrapped gift, on the steering-wheel. Blenner glanced back at the big glory. They had risen to find the sun—four thousand feet, and they were in the sunlight, the world still gray-dark below. Culberson began to fire.

The whole "covey" had been called out from the 'drome. Four German planes were in sight. Blenner drew off one cleverly, isolating it for a duel. The two planes were circling and rising, talons out like a pair of fighting eagles. Each pilot wanted altitude. Blenner went after it almost straight up, full-powered. The other, with equal determination bored into the thin sunlight. The two gunners fired at each other. Rattle of steel on the motor-casing, deadly danger of *ricochet* in this sort of racket. Blenner felt his teeth aching in the cold rush of air. His lips were parted in laughter. They were always stretched back in a laugh at a moment like this. "Made in America, that laugh," Culberson had always said.

One instant the other machine, at a queer angle, had the look of a goldfish coming up to the surface of a bowl. Blenner saw the two heads, but no faces. Spurts of fire from the German's forward nest—Culberson in front—the look of a boy upon his face, and he one of the crack killers for France.

This was the highest moment of adventure. The earth had to get just so tiresome and the spirit of man just so old to make possible this duel of birdmen, seven thousand feet up in the morning. The gunner of the German plane could laugh, but the pilot was white and thin-featured, terribly intent, as if waiting for news of home.

Blenner waved his hand toward this white narrow face. A fearful exhilaration was upon him—the kind that a man's soul knows can only be paid for in hell. Then he shrieked at Culberson—all useless in the crash of the propeller. The thin-featured pilot had something like a third eye in the center of his forehead. Culberson had shot as straight as that once before. The thin gloved hand of the dead man shot up as if to point to figures higher in heaven—then the whole face and shoulders plumped down out of sight—that laughing devil of a gunner still firing, not knowing his pilot was done.

Blenner laughed at himself for his shock. He had seemed to stare so hard into that pilot's face at the moment of death. The devilitry of it all diminished; it was business now. Out of the radiant whir at the beak of the German plane, the big propeller appeared — slowed down enough to be seen. Blenner's hawk shot above. He saw the German gunner's laugh freeze as he fired a last shot. That instant Blenner felt the knock upon his own brain and a quick falling darkness. The last thing he sensed was the strangest of all experience:

Culberson's back wasn't straight up. In fact the little man's spine was crooked as all the rest of the fabric. He had looked asleep on his arm at the rim of the cockpit. For Blenner, all was rapidly darkening, as if his own eyes were being plucked out. He didn't understand that he had been shot in the head—that last shot of the laughing German. The pain was in his eyes—a fine stroke about it, as if a fish-hook had caught in the very pupil of each. He couldn't feel his hands and arms without thinking of them. There was dripping, blinding sweat in his eyes.

"'It Was Like a Face You Would See in France,' June Stansbury Whispered. 'The Eyes, War-weary—'"

THIS was not black, but red darkness. Culberson was down, he thought. Culberson had "copped" the other pilot. The German machine had sunk from under with her nose up; that meant the tail-spin. The gunner hadn't known it in time to get control. He had risked a last shot as his plane hurtled. Culberson had fallen asleep—— He must get Culberson down safely. What could he say to June Stansbury, if he wobbled now?

This was the actual run of thoughts. It was not until the girl's name came to mind that Blenner had the faintest suggestion that his head was working wrong. There was enough consciousness left to look at himself.

His fingers groped over the different buttons and levers. The motor was purring perfectly — wing and tail-gear answered. They had been up seven thousand before the duel began. Possibly they had reached eight thousand feet in the battle. Blenner's head glanced back, but all he knew was the feel of the light when his face turned to the sun; it was like the faintest crack in a dark room. The blinding sweat of course was blood. It was in his eyes, tickled his lips and ran under his muffler. The 'drome was *back there!*

HE TURNED the plane and held his face toward the sunlight. There were rough spots in the going, which he could not steady her through, as usual—quick sags of thirty or forty feet as he let her down, like a wheezy lift when the hydraulic pressure is out of order. He heard himself calling to Culberson, calling to June Stansbury, calling to his dead mother— All he wanted was the nerve and sight to get Culberson down, as if *they* could get him the nerve and sight. He couldn't think why, but he was aware that Culberson had to be deposited safely somehow, and allowed to sleep. He would explain to Colonel Caller, the beast—Caller always wrong, wrong voice, wrong breath, smelled smoke and knew he was not landing true in the field. A rip, a shriek, a turnover. Some one laughed. Then some one with nerve—the deadly nerve of a man's own soul, informed him with aggravating quiet of his failures—that he was blind—Culberson shot in the brain, stone-dead — old Culberson. And now the crack of light was gone, something inside broken down — everything oozing into silent blackness.

Blenner partly regained consciousness, straining to hear what the hated voice said, Colonel Caller's voice explaining that the machine wasn't destroyed, that Blenner had brought her down in the field all right, within five hundred yards of good landing-ground, but at a questionable angle and in a muddy spot that turned her over. Caller seemed to be explaining all this to some one else. Blenner was struggling to stay conscious long enough to verify the word about Culberson, but Colonel Caller persistently talked of other things. Then when his head was about to burst from listening, Blenner seemed to hear another voice, not Caller's, announcing that Culberson had "gotten his" in the duel—hadn't moved from his seat during the drop, until the turnover, his body spilling out then to the upper wings.

Blenner let go altogether at this point. Everything had failed him. He knew nothing of the shifts of his cot through the different bandage-zones, tho he lay a long time in one hospital, sixteen miles back of Pornic, where something queer happened. Much pain during this interval. He used to stand off and spar with it, until he was numbed and all but whipped. If he could reach a certain kind of darkness, he could pass through into a haunting dream country. He was on board the *Plesmet* again—on the Ledge again, possibly—June Stansbury's voice, words spoken so differently, nothing between them, the obvious somehow become the perfect thing, the faint perfume he had known from her in sea-winds and under the pepper-trees. Once it was like words whispered, intimate and lovely, like her breath close to his cheek.

One day long afterward, Blenner computed that he had spent a thousand hours trying to put together what she said, but it was all too perfect and dreamy for "down-here." He healed a while longer in Africa, and then was shipped home to America—the long way around.

Months of darkness and pain, and Blenner emerged from his father's house in New York with only one lamp burning, but that rather steadily and bright. He had a fortune, a sound heart, and the world before him almost as inviting as when he saw it with two eyes, but the best of possessions was his laugh—"made in America," as Culberson used to say. This laugh covered all the serious affairs of his heart. Blenner could die easier than explain how much anything meant to him. The truth about such things would only be procurable through post-mortem examination. Culberson had said that also.

You would never have given the beak-faced Blenner credit for being big enough to hold an isolation such as lived under his laugh—lips a lot tighter and tougher than two years ago, but the face still young, in spite of the shrouded eye. He had known the last word in Adventure, and now he was barred from service.

He didn't know exactly what he wanted—possibly to move in the great mad ruchawk" out at night, to sit at the wheel, Culberson forward, straight as a flame. Blenner really didn't know what he

"'I Didn't Like That Morning,' Culberson Repeated. 'I Knew We'd Catch It, and I Wasn't Ready—'"

wrong time, wrong place, wrong decisions, and wrong orders.

His face held to the sun. All he could be sure of was that dim crack of light. Then he heard trench-firing and voices,

tion again overseas—to take the little "clipped-wing

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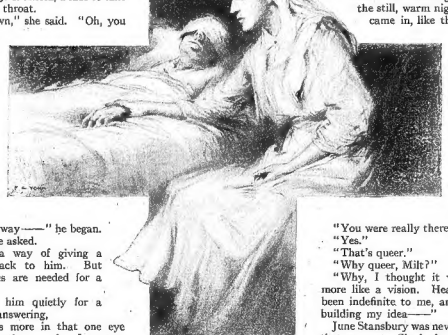
wanted, but it caused a peculiar havoc inside to hear about Picardy and Flanders, when he was back in the States.

Nothing at home mattered. The bravest people anywhere were those who could go on living cheerfully, but there was no bite to life any more. Blenner was leaving for the big Texas field, for no particular reason than to hear the crash of propellers again, when a telegram came from Virginia, saying:

"Hello. Just heard you were home. I am too. Must see you. Can you travel, or shall I come to you?
"JUNE STANSBURY."

THE first thrill since service days, and a strange loneliness followed. There was no one to tell him he couldn't go, not even that he must wait for furlough, or the end of a certain campaign. He wired he was on the way. Two days later he was driven by a colored servant from the little Virginia station—the racket of his train far receding, the boom of the Atlantic sounding nearer and nearer. An ancient driveway of live-oaks, a broad, low door, a house of hand-made bricks of a century's weathering, a slim young woman standing there—"the last of the Stansburys," the driver had said respectfully. The narrow-faced girl, the same dark, deep eyes. For an instant it seemed to Blenner that he had seen her face last under the white folds of a nurse's head-gear, instead of in the fishing village of Africa, a face to take a soldier by the throat.

"You've grown," she said. "Oh, you needn't be so sure about not being called again. You can do more work with one eye than a field-ful of students with two. The Government is using a lot of plain sense about these things."



"Once It Was Like Words Whispered, Intimate and Lovely"

"You have a way——" he began.

"A way?" she asked.

"You have a way of giving a man's heart back to him. But really, two eyes are needed for a pilot."

She watched him quietly for a moment before answering,

"Milt, there's more in that one eye than there was in the two when I saw you first——"

"The Government won't see that," Blenner said, "but I'm glad I could come to you."

He looked at her reverently. She was in white—that persistent strangeness about the folds of the veil over her hair, like the ineffable creation which the nurses wear, all the more wonderful because thousands of soldiers have crossed over to the other side, staring under such folds. She was slender, perfect in her ways. He knew better, since leaving her, what an aristocrat she was. Her voice was like that of one who has been cloistered for a decade—the voice of one who has spoken only in prayer. She was absolutely unsentimental, yet held her own life a cheap gift when called to devotion. She could be a friend to the death, and that secret was in her eyes, that secret flame of those who know what great love means.

The Summer afternoon was well begun when he had arrived, yet there was endless leisure before dark. They drove together, drank iced tea under a huge hovering sycamore, walked upon the country road before dinner, and always there was slow deep talk of their beloved war-world which was being rent in two. They smelled the fragrance of the Summer twilight, talked softly of what it would mean to the Boys, when they got home. At dinner they talked of the great hunger which the Boys learn afield. Blenner's face was forever tugging at her compassion. The room thrilled with unsaid things. They brought back to each other a myriad tableaux from the fields of France. She knew exactly what he knew, and what a million others are learning—that there is no peace afield, no peace at home; that to be peaceful in such a world would mean to be forgotten of the gods.

"But what brought you home?" he asked.

A QUEER little look came into her eyes—a faint touch of color. It was like a child, or rather, like one who has come back to a childish simplicity, after all the culture endurable in pain.

"You know we were occasionally under fire, too——"

They were alone in the dining-room. Blenner arose from the table a moment and looked out under the vines from the doorway, but sat down again. That look of a child had almost bowled him over; the thought of her being hurt by a bullet; the infinite new things in the world; women doing these things so bravely; her whole world changed around in three or four years—that the look of the embarrassed child over all. She had seemed so little for a moment, he had almost reached to take her. Now she spoke:

"It was through the lungs, but I'm quite strong again——"

"Strong enough to go back?"

She looked at him without answering, her face turned to him from the silver and flowers and candle-light on the table—something of all, in the light upon her face.

"I saw some of the boys in New York that I had seen afield," she said. "Some were different—diminished, but you are better, Milt. It's true. There is more in the look now than before—and you want to go back?"

"I feel like a bird with a broken foot—driven out of the flock—out of the soul of things, somehow," he said. "I feel the need of being there. It comes every day, and yet *there*, one isn't satisfied."

"I know. You want to take part until the last Boy is home——"

"To breathe the air again," he muttered, looking closely at her hand in the table-basket of flowers, her fingers weaving among the ivy trailers.

"I've lived more to-day—this afternoon, than in all the days since I left France," he said. "What does it mean?"

"We've seen the same things. We've seen the same fields, Milt. We hate them. We love them. They are everything to us.

"Were you out with the field-dressers when, when they got—?" he asked after a pause.

"Yes, near Pornic——"

He looked hard into her face. It was like one of the days at The Ledge again. Her eyes were full of deep animate sparkles that held fast to their own mysteries.

"A kind of dream persisted that you were near——" he began.

"I was sent down to Pornic after you were there, Milt. I saw the place where you came down. I saw the kind of things you had been doing——"

She seemed listening to the sea. In the still, warm night, the booming came in, like the deep intoning of the *Aum*. His voice was very leisurely. Blenner was always coolest in stress.

"Back in the base-hospital at times I thought you were near."

"You were never conscious," she said.

"You were really there?" he queried.

"Yes."

"That's queer."

"Why queer, Milt?"

"Why, I thought it was—you know, more like a vision. Heaven has always been indefinite to me, and I was sort of building my idea——"

June Stansbury was never the same after that moment. She had seen Blenner once and for all. He was telling something so real to him, so much thought of, that the novelty of it was lost; also his sense of how it would sound to others. She saw that the farthest thing from his thoughts was to administer a compliment. Only the war—field, air, hospital-cot, and Master Pain himself, could make a tight-lipped American talk like that.

Her eyelids dropped for a second and then she arose.

"We needn't stay in the glare," she said.

The intoning of the *Aum* sounded nearer as they walked outside.

"It's from the rocks," June explained. "I have never been to India, but it is said to be like the orisons of Hindu holy men."

"And you were a little girl in this house? And you have heard that always?" he asked.

"Always."

"To think I didn't see you, at first——"

She smiled away from him.

Blenner shuddered.

"To think that I really didn't see you, until that sentence that you'd rather be wicked than obvious. But listen. I did know you better and better after we parted—every day. But why didn't you leave some sign—some mark that you had found me back of Pornic?"

"I meant to——"

"I looked for some word on my identification card—even looked all around the buttons."

"To wrap a strand of hair around a soldier's blouse-button isn't hospital ethics," she whispered. "But I didn't mean to leave you without a sign. The Pornic trenches were lost to us. The fighting came nearer all those days. One afternoon many of us were called to move forward for the first dressings. I thought I would be back, as I looked into your ward. Oh, Milt, you were horribly hurt!"

"You expected to be back?" he repeated.

"The fact is, I was brought back. That was the day——"

He winced.

"And when I was around again—even when I could get my thoughts together, you had gone. They said you had been sent to Africa."

"Yes, I was healing half around the world. I'm glad I wasn't near when you were hurt," he added. "It was all I could stand to lose Culberson——"

"The flier, Culberson?"

"Yes. You heard of him, of course?"

"He was with you back of Pornic——"

"Yes. We worked together from the Pornic 'drome. He was my gunner. He fell with me——"

"I mean he was in the same ward with you, in the base-hospital where I saw you, back of Pornic."

There was moonlight on their path. Blenner stopped and reached for her, as he would in walking with a man. She glanced into his face. The light was upon the side that was whole. There was something superb for her in the face she saw there.

"My Culberson died," Blenner said slowly. "He died a mile high. The only time I ever saw his spine bend was when he slumped over against the rim of his seat that morning.

"And their gunner laughed—the one who got Culberson—laughed. I think he laughed all the way down, but their pilot was deadly serious. Culberson got him——"

June spoke:

"Oh, Milt, I don't see how——"

"You don't see what?"

"You men who know what it means to rise in the air, to conquer fear, to overcome the last whimper and tremble of self—I don't see how you can shoot at each other!"

"France does that, we say. One's country does that," he said. "We don't kill 'em. Nothing is personal a mile high. But I never heard of another Culberson——"

"A little man with a twitching cheek?" she said.

"Why, yes," he replied strangely.

His head continued to nod.

"He wasn't killed with you, Milt—wasn't hurt so badly as you. He made a lot of fuss about it, insisted on affidavits of his wounds, and all that."

"Did he go crazy?" Blenner asked.

No one would have dreamed what these moments meant to him.

"Quite the contrary. We all thought he was a bit too canny."

"I don't understand," Blenner said.

"You know he was in the American service loaned to the French escadrille, temporarily——"

"Yes—same arrangement I was in. They did that before our boys really got going in the field, you know."

"Culberson seemed to have a mania to get affidavits of his wounds in service—papers to show in America," June told him. "There could be only one reason, of course."

"Poor old Culberson! Where was he shot?"

"In the throat."

"But his head——"

"As I say, his head seemed all right, Milt. The bullet miraculously missed the vital columns. Just a little mad on the subject of getting proof——"

"Don't say it, please. You don't understand! Culberson—Culberson is my friend—straight as a flame!"

BOTH her hands were upon his shoulders, her eyes looking up to his.

"I like that!" she whispered after an instant. "Oh, I like that! It is worth war, almost—the way you said that!"

"You say Culberson is alive?"

"He was one of those I saw in New York on my way home."

"In New York? I must go to him. I must go to him to-night!"

Her voice was calm as his had been in his own affairs.

"There is no train from here to-night, Milt. But we can drive you to Basil Point where you can get a north-bound flier very early. About five hours from now, in fact."

"Come with me."

She drew back.

"Come with me, June Stansbury!"

The whiteness of her face frightened him. It was like the day of the first rebuke.

"I'm very sorry," he added coldly. "I forgot for a minute that I'm not all—I mean, that I am not——"

His hand went up to the darkened side of his face.

"It was the joy in hearing of Culberson—alive—I mean. It made me forget."

"Don't!"

"Just forget——"

"Oh, Milt, don't! It's like a temple that has seen too great a light—your face! It's perfect to me—your face, more than any wound of the wars, only——"

"Only what? Tell me, June Stansbury——"

"Only I felt so little—so little to you in the great rush of your heart to the Comrade! Oh, forgive me for that unforgivable selfishness!"

"You—could—ever—love—me?"

"I do."

"With this?"

"I love you in all ways. I love furiously your *camaraderie*. Only I became suddenly cold the way you loved him. It thrilled, yet frightened——"

His hand tightened upon both of hers.

"Listen," he said. "I was up with Culberson. I was down with him. We saw it all. We had everything. There's nothing like him anywhere—clean, ah, clean! I must have heard it in delirium—that he was dead. I heard it twice."

Her eyes were shining into his.

"Something went out of me, when I heard that," Blenner added. "There's none like Culberson. He's pure God slowed down into a little rough-neck with a twitching cheek, and you—you, June Stansbury, why, you were so sacred, I couldn't even tell Culberson about you!"

Her eyes were hidden now in his own coat.

"I thought it was heaven when you were near," he added. "I think lots of the fellows get mixed up in their delirium—where they were, heaven or hell or home. You don't mean it. You will go with me to-night?"

"I will always go with you."

It was three in the morning. The carriage was coming up the drive to take them over to Basil Point. They stood together for a second under the lianas.

"Listen to the *Aum*," she whispered.

SEVERAL days afterward, in southern New Hampshire, they heard that Culberson was working a farm, which they found after more difficulty. A woman at the door said that Culberson was in a back lot mowing hay. As they walked out the long lane in silence, they thought of the woman they had seen at the door—gray-faced, yet young, a child at her side, another on the door-step.

"It was like a face you would see in France," June Stansbury whispered. "The eyes, war-weary——"

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THE WORK AND WASTE OF WOMEN

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

> "OUR Men Have Died to Make the World Safe for Democracy. Let Our Women Live for It, Work for It, Making It Not Only Safe, but Better than It Ever Was Before"

THE hot blaze of war has thrown new light on many problems, nowhere more surprizingly than on the economic value of woman's work, and her previous waste of it in the days that have gone by. During the combat she has shown immediate and amazing abilities; after the combat so large an economic factor can not be lightly pushed aside. The bloodshed and destruction of property has come to an end, but the reconstruction of a devastated world has but come to its beginning.

The work of woman in helping man to kill and destroy may be a bitter necessity, but the work of woman in helping to heal and replenish is wholly natural, it is her normal tendency.

Never before was there so great a need of the money, the labor, the intelligence, the goodwill of humanity; never before were women so able in meeting a world demand. But if we are to meet it promptly and successfully, in time to save the lives of starving millions, our women must clearly face their special economic position in the world and change it for the better.

This does not in the least disparage the status of the wife and mother. It applies only to her industrial position, which is that of a housekeeper and house-servant, and which is just as wasteful, economically, as if each family kept a man in that capacity.

Even before the war we, the richest country on earth, carried a shameful burden of poverty, with all its concomitants of disease, degeneracy, vice, and crime. There is no real excuse for poverty in the United States. Now we have to face a world immeasurably poorer than it was before, and *short-handed*, by what is roughly estimated as a loss of ten million men. Ten millions of the most able producers gone, billions of dollars worth of property destroyed, the very land put out of commission in large areas, the coal mines of France first robbed and then ruined, famine spreading fast in nation after nation, and Winter coming on—this is the world we are in now. This is what calls for two things from every conscientious man and woman: the reduction of personal expenses to a minimum, and the development of productive industry to a maximum.

Housework is to be counted as productive industry only in so far as it essentially contributes to the well-being of persons served and to their useful labor. If one woman could do all such necessary work in a family, and five were employed, the labor of four would be non-productive, however much their employers might enjoy seeing them about.

A New System of Industry Needed

IF THE present method of employing one woman to each family can be replaced by a system of organized industry requiring only a fourth or fifth as many women, then the other three-fourths or four-fifths are now wasting their labor.

The world's need is for all the labor we can possibly give, and all the money we can possibly save. How do our women stand in relation to a condition like this?

Our wealth-producing power, before the war, consisted of some thirty-eight million workers, of whom eight millions were women and girls—mostly girls—and thirty million men and boys. As we had but twenty-seven million adult males, including all the aged, sick, criminal, defective, etc., it is apparent that a good proportion must have been boys. In the census report of 1914 it was stated that one in six of boys between ten and thirteen were at work, two out of five from fourteen to fifteen, and nearly four out of five between sixteen and twenty.

Of adult women, there were some twenty-six million, and their ranks have not been reduced by death and mutilation as have those of our men. Now that we have fewer men and boys on earth to do even the same work that was done before, and an incomparably greater demand for labor, we must call on the Great Reserve—the women.

How much of the industrial energy of our twenty-six million grown women can be safely drawn upon for world service?

We must first exempt those who are actually engaged in child-bearing, allowing a year's vacation for that supremely important function. Our vital statistics are most inadequate, but from those obtainable we find the number of women so engaged, in our country, is about two million each year, which leaves twenty-four. From these we subtract those already working, say four million adults, leaving twenty. From these again we must take the old, the sick, all the defectives and paupers, rich and poor. Allowing two millions of these we leave eighteen. Two million more we will take out, as living on such remote farms and ranches as to be unavailable for this calculation. With these full exceptions of every kind, we now have left sixteen millions of able-bodied adult women whose present occupation is that set down in the census as "Housewife, n.g." "N.g." does not mean "no good," only "non-gainful."

Organized Woman Power Is the Ideal Solution

HERE is the practical problem before the women of America to-day: How to organize the labor of sixteen million housewives so that it shall be of more service to the world, without injuring the home.

The war has taught us much in this line already, more in other countries than here, so far. Europe, forced to employ women in enormous numbers, was also forced to take care of them. In England it was soon found that the women in the munition factories worked better when they were well fed—surprizing fact!—and that they were not well fed when left to get their meals at home after a day's work. Under the driving pressure of a life-and-death necessity, English prejudices had to give way, and there have been established the simple economic truths that food is better prepared by persons who know how than by persons who do not; and is more economically purchased in large quantities than in small.

The pressure upon us is not that of imminent danger of death to ourselves. We could, conceivably, shut our eyes, our ears, our hearts; keep all our food for ourselves, let our men struggle on alone with the world burden new and old, and salve our consciences meanwhile by the making of layer-cake and the draping of curtains. But such a course is not really possible to the women of America to-day. We are no longer self-centered, ocean-bounded, little-Americans, we have become fellow citizens with the whole great, suffering, bleeding world, and we can never again shut the door of the home between our own comfort and a thousand starving orphans.

Our question is not one of personal taste, preference, emotion, tradition. It is a question of the economic value of the labor of sixteen million women, whose present job is, "keeping house."

Let us approach it as if the workers were men instead of women. If we had sixteen million men servants doing in private service what could be better done by four million organized experts, we should not hesitate in re-arranging their labor. If the work of these men were needed by the community, no personal preference for the attentions of a private servant would be allowed to obscure the issue. We should set ourselves to see how few business organizations could properly cover the work in question, and the men not needed would be released for "necessary industry."

It is hard for us to measure woman as an economic factor, but the war has taught us that she is a most important one. We have long recognized her worth and honor as a wife and mother, but now we must ask ourselves, "What is the average American woman worth as a worker?"

Here we will be cautious enough to seem disrespectful, omitting all potential capacities and measuring only by current wages in her present occupation—housework. In our cities at present a house-worker by the day must be paid $2.50, or $15.60 a week. A general servant can not be had for less than that, for the $40.00 a month, or $10.00 a week they receive in cash must be supplemented by board and lodging certainly worth $5.60 more with the same total. In round numbers we will say such work is now being paid about $800.00 a year.

Our sixteen million housewives therefore, if paid at the current price for their labor, would be getting $12,800,000,000 a year. If this labor were spent in manufacture, their product value would be much more than their wage value. We should never forget that productive labor not only pays its own wages, but all the expenses and profits of the business besides. Yet we will talk of "furnishing employment" as if it was a favor to the laborer.

In the Statistics of Manufacturing in the United States given in the *World Almanac* for 1916, the "value added by manufacture" is shown to be almost twice as much as wages and salaries combined. We shall be safe in estimating that if these sixteen million women were engaged in productive industry, their addition to the family income would be as above, over twelve billion, and their contribution to humanity, the new value created by their labor, would be more, perhaps fifteen billion would be a safe figure. Think what could be done in restoring France, Belgium, Serbia, with $15,000,000,000 a year.

The practical question then arises as to how much of this labor can be spared from housewifery. We so persistently maintain, "But *somebody* must do the housework!" and we talk with tearful earnestness of the noble, the beautiful, the sublimely necessary work of "caring for the family," of "making a home." Our common assumption based on the previous habits of mankind, is that there is no possible way of doing this work except by each family monopolizing the labor of at least one woman, with as many more as the "man of the house" can pay for.

If this were true, if this were the only way, or even the best way in which homes and families could be maintained, we should have no right to change it. But when we can be brought to see that this ceaseless round of mixed and incongruous duties can really be done better by other means, that we may establish higher standards of food-preparation, of domestic cleanliness, of child-care, of general health and happiness, then we may face the economic side of it unafraid.

In plain facts and figures, viewing housework as work and not as a mixture of romance, duty, and the curse of Eve, we find that we are wasting in this primitive industry from three-fourths to four-fifths of the labor of women. That would mean, at the smaller estimate, that of our sixteen million housewives we are wasting the labor of twelve million, and that, at the rates above computed, means losing a possible income of $9,600,000,000, and service to the world equal to some ten or twelve billions more.

The Proportion of Skilled Workers Is Small

TO UNDERSTAND this matter of the proportion of labor really required, let us consider it as applied to a small group, for instance, one hundred families, making about five hundred persons.

The "housework" of this hundred families is now done by one hundred women, who cook the food, wash the dishes, scrub, sweep, dust, do laundry work, and in the intervals (if any) between these occupations, take care of the children.

How many skilled workers are really necessary?

Cooking, first, that is what takes up most of the time. How many persons can be well fed by one cook?

In our well-managed kitchens at West Point, a few years ago, we employed, to feed seven hundred and sixty-one cadets, a kitchen force of twelve men—cooks, dishwashers, and all—twelve competent trained professionals. That is

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Drawing by C. H. Twelvetrees

'Twas a dark and stormy night

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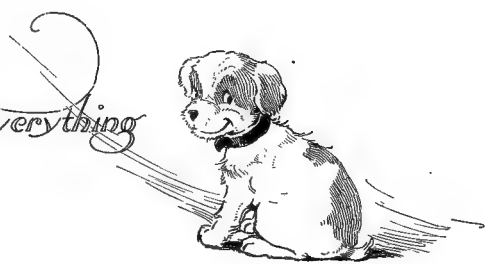
Drawing by C. H. Twelvetrees

But ~ the next morning the Sun was shining; Everybody was happy 'n' everything



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HER WIFELY DUTY

Wherein a Feminist Revolt Breaks Out in a Most Unexpected Quarter

By HELEN R. MARTIN

AUTHOR OF "MAGGIE OF VIRGINSBURG," "TILLIE," "GERTIE SWARTZ," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE

JACOB KAHN had strong convictions as to the duties inherent in married life, tho they were a bit one-sided, being concerned exclusively with the duties of a wife. He had got hold of a word somewhere which he worked hard, for it carried conviction. That word was "wifely."

"You can't go runnin' now you're married once—it wouldn't be wifely," would be his response to Mattie's plea now and then to be allowed a little jaunt to town to see a "movie" and visit a soda-fount, as a respite from the incessant drudgery on the farm at which her young spirit sometimes revolted; for tho she had been eight months a wife she was not yet past her teens. "I ain't got the time or money to go runnin' myself, Mattie, and a married lady runnin' round without her mister along, it wouldn't be wifely at all."

His answer to his mother's suspicion that Mattie was "spendin' some on the clo'es" without askin' Jacob "for the dare," bore the same refrain, "She's too wifely to near do a thing like that, Mom."

Mattie's occasional complaints that she had to work harder and longer for her "bare keep" than she had ever had to work for fifteen dollars a week before her marriage, was always met with, "It's your wifely dooty to help your mister all you can."

Not to be "wifely" was in Jacob's eyes to be unsexed, a Jezebel, a monstrosity; and Mattie, tho a young woman of much more penetration than Jacob possessed, was too inexperienced to have arrived at any other standard of a wife's obligations than those which had always been held by all her kindred and neighbors. The worthy wife, it was assumed without question, devoted herself whole-heartedly to her husband's interests; could not conceivably have any conflicting interests of her own, or consider her own desires before the comfort and convenience of the money-earner of the family. On his side all that was expected was that he do his best as a money-earner. Such was the equitable and reasonable division of obligation; so, when Mattie found herself wistfully comparing her present toilsome, monotonous life with the ease and pleasure she had abandoned in giving up her "swell job at fifteen dollars per," she knew, of course, that such discontent was "unwifely."

To be sure, she found some excuse for herself in the fact that she and Jacob were not living in a home of their own, but at Jacob's parents.

"I wouldn't get so out of heart, Jake, if I was workin' just for you. But to be workin' all day long for all your folks—your parents and three brothers and three farm hands—that's some different."

"Yes, well, but seein' that me and you gets our livin' off pop's farm, it stands to reason that you are got to help with the housework here."

"But it's most too hard on me—cookin' and cleanin' and washin' and ironin' for eight men, with only your mom to help!" Mattie feebly argued, feeling ashamed of herself, but goaded, nevertheless, from sheer weariness and discouragement, to protest a little. "I wasn't never used to it. It's most too much."

"Mom never says it's too much."

"She was always more used to it. And anyhow it's her home and her sons. It ain't mine."

"It's the home I brang you to and you're my wife," Jacob answered conclusively. "Ain't you?"

Mattie felt obliged to admit that she was. "But couldn't your pop anyhow hire the washin'? -or get such an electric washer or an electric iron? They say them things saves the women a many hour, Jake."

"If you didn't think so much of how you can save yourself and think a little more of how you can help your mister, it would be more wi——"

But Mattie was irritable to-night from having been ironing for eight men all day long and she clapped her hands over her ears.

"If you say that word again, I'll—I'll——"

However, while a reluctance to do all that she possibly could for her lawful husband was bad enough, to cut him off when he talked and threaten him this was indeed going too far! She checked herself and pleaded for his forbearance. "When you think, Jake, what a tony job I had before I got married—with time to myself a plenty and makin' good money; so's I could keep myself in up-to-date clo'es and live in town, with the movies and jitneys all handy! Is it any wonder it seems a little slow to me on the farm?"

"Yes, well, but you're married now and *settled*."

Mattie sighed. "If only I'd of waited a while yet!" she said plaintively, her curly head drooping, her red lips quivering in a way that tempted even her phlegmatic husband to forget that he was not now her wooer, but her "mister," and must not spoil her. But he controlled the temptation.

"I Don't Hold to a Wife's Interferin' with a Husband's Liberty"

"THAT ain't no way for a wife to talk," he replied with firmness; "to wisht if only she'd waited a while yet! It most sounds as if you was sorry you got married! Yi! yi! yi!"

"If us we could live by ourselfs, Jake, and I could have my own house to fix up pretty and sometimes invite some of my girl friends out, I'd take some interest."

"It saves us an awful lot livin' here at pop's. You ought to 'preciate that and take an interest in your work same as I take in mine."

"Well," sighed Mattie, "I'll try!"

Jacob received this wifely concession complacently, as his due.

But as Mattie was too young and quite too high-strung to be easily rendered spiritless, her dissatisfaction with her life, far from being overcome by time, increased quite alarmingly, tho she did not often let Jacob know of the growing revolt in her heart.

Often of a Summer evening, when worn out with a long day of heavy housework, she was obliged to goad herself to the further labor of milking, egg-hunting, folding down "the wash," or mending a pile of men's clothing, she would think bitterly of a certain episode of her maidenhood to which she attributed her present plight.

She had held the "job" of assistant to a woman-photographer of renown in the city, an "artist" people called her, whose patronage was almost exclusively among what Mattie termed the "ecflight" of the town. The artist was a dignified and rather forbidding woman of forty or more, with whom no one among her exclusive patronage dared to take liberties or assume any least familiarity. But one memorable day when this "high-minded" artist had invited her assistant, as she sometimes did, to lunch with her at the café next to the studio, an elderly man seated opposite them at the table, whom Mattie mentally classified as "a hayseed," presumed to grin derisively as he heard the artist direct the waitress very explicitly how to boil an egg for her.

"Boil it just exactly three and one-quarter minutes, no more, no less, *after* the water begins to boil. Exactly three and one-fourth minutes. Don't begin to time the egg until you see the water boil, and then let it boil *just* three and one-fourth——"

But the waitress bounced away impatiently before the artist could repeat her specifications, and the latter, turning back to her plate, with a look of anxiety for her egg at the hands of so heedless a waitress, met the broad grin of the crude-looking elderly man sitting opposite her.

"Say!" he exclaimed, shaking his fork at her accusingly, tho playfully, to Mattie's utter consternation at hearing her unapproachable patroness addressed by a strange man and so familiarly. "You're a old maid, I bet you! Now, ain't you?"

The artist haughtily refrained from replying as she sipped her water and nibbled her bread and butter, while Mattie looked on breathlessly

"I bet you are!" affirmed the elderly man. "I knowed you was a old maid as soon as I heard you tellin' the waitress how you wanted your egg fixed. Only a old maid could be that particular. 'A old maid,' I says to myself. Ain't you now?"

"That's neither here nor there!" the artist replied so freezingly that her interlocutor, abashed, bent to his food.

But when a quarter of an hour later Mattie and the artist rose from the table, and the elderly man rising also to hold the artist's coat for her, she primly refused to accept his services, he again pointed at her accusingly. "Now there you go again! You're a old maid! A married woman would leave any man hold her coat for her—whether she'd had an interduction to him or whether she hadn't! Yes, it's easy saw you are a old maid! And you want to get good over it! For I like your looks and I'm lookin' for a wife. I've been a widower nine months and that's long enough to do me. I had enough of it. I'm gettin' married as soon as I can find a party that suits me. I'm good-fixed. Dare I call to see you?"

Suffice it to say that in a few months the artist and the elderly man, who turned out to be rich, were married and Mattie was out of a job, and as nothing equally "swell" in the way of a situation presented itself, after a search of many weeks, and her funds were getting low, she yielded, one Sunday night after church, to Jacob Kahn's request, "Will you leave me walk you safe home?"—and tho her "girl friends" laughed at her for taking up with a "country jake" who came to town to sell vegetables at the Saturday market, yet she soon succumbed to his ardent wooing, partly because she was in need of a home, but largely because she found herself in love, not merely with Jacob, but with being loved.

And now, finding her married life a bitter disappointment, she thought vindictively of that elderly man with his accusing, pointing finger—"You're a old maid!"

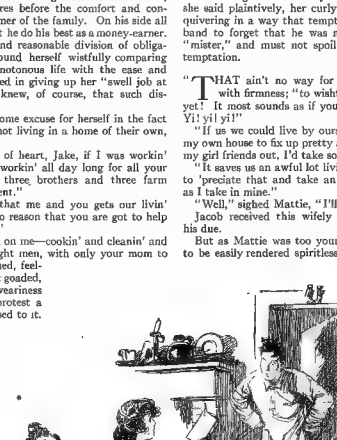
Was the artist, too, she often wistfully wondered, finding marriage a disappointment? Oh, for those full, rich days when they, two, had worked together with a fascinated interest in the labor they loved!—in a life broad enough to include movies, soda-founts, leisure for magazines, novels, and "girl friends!"

"BUT now—I might as well be in jail! I never get anywheres or see anything or do anything but work in the kitchen!"

If only Jacob were a little appreciative or encouraging—but he took all her services as a matter of course, expecting no more from her than her wifely duty, which of course he had a right to expect. No getting away from that.

"All I got to say is, this thing of gettin' married ain't all it's cracked up to be!" she told herself one Sunday after dinner as she fiercely attacked the endless pile of dishes that had to be washed; for Sunday's big dinner always meant many extra pots, pans, and plates; and mother-in-law, having burned her hand getting the pies out of the oven, could not help. Also, there had been company to dinner, a neighboring farmer's family. They were all on the porch now, for it was June, talking and laughing while she worked—Jacob, his parents, the farm hands, their guests. She felt that Jacob ought to help her a bit, so that she could be free sooner to join them all on the porch. Working alone she could hardly expect to finish before it would be time to get supper; for if she slighted anything, left the knives or kettles unscoured, or the sink not scrubbed with sand-soap, her mother-in-law would complain and call her a "dopple," a term of derision when referring to one's housekeeping. But of course Jacob would not offer to help, dish-washing not being a man's work.

Inasmuch as Mattie's experience in the artistic photographer's studio had developed what incipient sense of beauty she had into a positive need for expression, one of the chief trials of her married life was the fact that in her mother-in-law's home this need had no sort of satisfaction or outlet; for the Kahns, being New Mennonites, considered only utility in the equipment of their home and eschewed as sinful anything that was pleasing to the eye. Tho Jacob's father was far more prosperous than was Mattie's,



"I Ain't One of These Here Sissy Men that Leaves the Missus Be the Boss'"

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she had never known economy carried to such lengths as in her husband's home. This kitchen, for instance, in which she was now working, was covered with a rag carpet that had been patched grotesquely in nine places with large black patches cut from worn-out trousers. For well-to-do people to patch a rag carpet in large black splotches with old trousers was, in Mattie's estimation, carrying frugality to inartistic lengths. She suffered acutely from the fact that the table-cloths used by the Kahns were made of cotton sheeting and their sheets of calico.

"'Four Dollars Per, or I Loaf!'"

SHE could hear snatches of the talk on the porch while she splashed away in the soap-suds at the sink.

"Now this is how I figger out how this here war come about," said Amos Etzweiler, the neighboring farmer, as he rocked in a big chair directly under the window where she stood. "The Kayser he wanted his son to succeed King Edward in England. But no, King Edward he wouldn't have it that way. 'Naturally, I want my own son to succeed me,' he says. 'No,' the Kayser says, 'I want my son to succeed you.' 'I can't fall in with no sich plan,' says King Edward. So King Edward he wouldn't agree and that started the whole thing. After the war, them two kings, I bet you, will be shakin' hands as friendly as if nothin' had happened. But just now there's a very cool feelin' between the English and the Germans."

"The nut!" thought Mattie, scornfully. "He don't even know that King Edward is dead yet and that King George is king of England! The ignorance consisting among these here Pennsylvania Dutch is certainly very superior!"

As tho agreeing with her reflection, her father-in-law replied to his guest, "It's because ignorance is so high, and so rooted in the human family, that we've got wars. If you and I and the human family could realize the love of Gawd, we'd be war pacifists."

"Me I'd like awful well to go to war," said Jacob, "if it wasn't fur the Word of Gawd sayin', 'Thou shalt not kill.' But to be sure us Mennonites is all non-resistants and even if I ain't a member of meetin' yet, I hold to the Bible."

Mattie suddenly regretted passionately, with a guilty sense of being an unworthy and a disloyal wife, that Jacob was a non-resistant.

"If he'd go to war, I could go to town and get another swell job!" she thought with a wild throb of her heart. "It never suspicioned me that war could be that useful!"

"You know," Amos Etzweiler said warningly, "it reads in the paper that the I. W. W. will mebby put us to jail fur bein' non-resistant."

"Who's I. W. W.?" asked Jacob.

"I, Woodrow Wilson. You kin often read it that way in the paper. He's puttin' them Sinn Feiners, or whatever, to jail fur rebbellin' agin' inscription, or what. We got to be ready to suffer fur our faith."

"Can a wife bail her husband out?" asked Mrs. Kahn.

"*Would* she?" That's the question!" thought Mattie, tho her pretty head drooped over her dish-pan with shame at her own "meanness."

"I figger out this here war some different from what you do, Amos," said Sammy Kahn, Mattie's brother-in-law. "You see, all them warring nations over there in England or Europe or wherever, owes us big money. Well, when they can't pay, then United States she jumps in and seizes their land fur intrust. She just *takes* all them countries that can't pay up what they owes us. For to be sure, when them countries can't pay intrust, then United States she can seize their land for the debt. So then United States she'll own all Europe. Leastways that's the way I figger it out."

"It seems reasonable," assented his father. "You always was one to look ahead a good bit, Sammy, and see furder into things than some."

"Yes, that I was. I always did think very deep," Sammy admitted. "Now some says this here war's going to end in six months and some says it's lastin' fur six years. But I say *it all depends*—and you see if I ain't right!"

"I wouldn't be surprized if you was," said Mr. Kahn. "War is too rough, most. We all better pray to Gawd to make it be over as soon as He otherwise can."

"What's the use prayin' to Gawd? Woodrow Wilson's the only one can *do* anything. Better pray to Woodrow Wilson," said Jacob.

"It wouldn't be Scriptural, Jakey," his father objected, shaking his head.

"Seems to me it would save an awful lot of expense and trouble if Wilson and Hindenburg would git together and fight it out between 'em," said Sammy. "Them's the two most concerned, seems. Leave 'em fight it out themselves and not draw other ones in."

"NOW there's our Mennonite preacher, he thinks the Cat'lics got up the war to give 'em back their temporal power they'd lost," said Amos.

"Well, that might be, too," Mr. Kahn granted. "Our preacher he's a deep thinker, too. To hear him preachin' the glad tidings of damnation, it's worth hearin'; ain't?"

"Yes, anyhow," they all agreed.

"Wilson says," remarked Jacob, "that this here war's fur to make the world safe for the Democratic party." He rose as he spoke and strolled into the kitchen. Without glancing toward his busy wife, he took his hat and coat from a peg under the mantelpiece and shook the dust off them.

"Oh," said Mattie rather breathlessly, without pausing 'in her swift work, "are you goin' for a walk, Jake? I'd like so well to go with you! Can't you wait a little till I get the work away, so's I could walk along?" she asked wistfully. "I didn't come away from this kitchen for near three weeks a'ready!"

"But you ain't near through all. It would keep me too late if I waited for you," he answered, putting on his hat and slipping into his coat.

"But it won't go so very long till I'm through all. Say, Jakey!" she tried to check him as he turned to the door, "do you want for me to make apple sauce or smashed potatoes for your supper?"

"Apple sauce."

"I thought," she nodded ingratiatingly. "I'll make it like you favor it, with cinnamon at. Oh, Jakey," she again stopped him as without replying he once more turned away, "please wait for me, won't you?"

"Till you're through all them pans and kittles it'll be time to pare your apples and put 'em on," he answered, turning resolutely from her.

He did not see the tears start to her eyes and roll down her flushed cheeks, for he left the room without looking at her.

In the first months of their marriage, Jacob would not have dreamed of walking out on Sunday without his wife. Those Sunday walks they had taken together, in which, relaxing from the stress of the week's labor, he had become once more almost her lover, had been about all that had kept up her spirit to the sticking-point in her irksome round of drudgery.

And now, for the past few Sundays he had been going to walk without her. She wondered what amusement he could find in going alone, and how he *could* be so indifferent to her pleasure and happiness, when she gave herself so unreservedly to his.

"And what do I get out of it all?" she suddenly asked herself, suppressing a sob. "I could work harder ever than what I do, if Jake *made* over me a little, or if any of 'em here ever gave me a little credit. But they all think it ain't no more'n what I ought to do. And to be sure," she sighed, "I guess it ain't either, since the work's here to be done."

Mattie groped rather helplessly these days to get hold of the elusive feelings, rather than ideas, that troubled her in this very modern problem of the woman who has given up a congenial and profitable occupation for the doubtful advantage of settling down to keep a man comfortable, in return for the privilege of bearing his name and his children, living under his roof and receiving from him, usually under protest, one's necessary clothing. As if any woman could be happy with only *necessary* clothing! If you couldn't riot a little among hats and shirt-waists and shoes and trinkets, what was there *in* life? Oh, well, to be sure, she could see that if your mister loved you and you loved him, all these other things would be trivial enough. But——

WELL, at all events, Jacob had certainly been very "mean" to go off without her and she felt tempted to punish him by not making any apple sauce for his supper. But knowing how "unwifely" he would consider this, she had not the courage to put it through.

By the time the dishes were all washed and the apples pared, it was, as she had foreseen, time to "make supper." Mrs. Kahn had come in from the porch to tell her that the Etzweilers would stay and "eat along." That would mean another awful pile of dishes after supper. At the thought of it Mattie felt hysterical.

She controlled herself, however, and did her wifely duty, her mother-in-law giving what little help she could with her burned arm.

To her surprize Jacob did not come home to supper. This was unprecedented. He had not even told her where he was going. No one commented on his absence. Sammy Kahn was also away; but then he had no wife waiting for him at home. It was quite the custom for the boys to "come away" on Sunday and it called for no comment.

"'Who's I. W. W.?' Asked Jacob. 'I, Woodrow Wilson. You Kin Often Read It that Way in the Paper'"

Late that evening, her work all done, the guests departed, her parents-in-law having gone to bed, and the farm hands and other members of the family having scattered, Mattie sat solitary and forlorn on the porch. Where could Jacob be staying so long? Pride had kept her from asking his mother where she thought he might be. Tired as she was from having been so long on her feet, she nevertheless felt so feverishly restless that she presently got up and strolled out to the pike. It was dusk and the evening was clear and warm.

"I'll walk the hill over and go to see the Shoop girls," she decided. "They're awful dumb (stupid) but they'll anyhow take my mind off Jake. And if he gets home first and don't find me here, it'll serve him right! I'll stay *late!*"

Mattie, unlike those among whom she lived, was not insensible to the call of the wide, open sky and the stars high above her; of the deep stillness of the coming darkness; of the fresh fragrance of field and meadow. By the time she had slowly and thoughtfully strolled over the top of the hill to the Shoops' farm, the soreness of her heart was somewhat soothed, the fever of her mind calmed, and she was able to think of Jacob without bitterness, tho with a pensive longing for a more satisfying relation with him.

She reached the Shoops' farm at the back of the orchard and as she was about to open the gate, "sounds of revelry" arrested her. Evidently the girls had company. Her searching glance presently found them—a group of young people under the orchard trees a few yards from the gate, the two buxom, rosy, boisterous Shoop girls, a young countryman whom she did not know and—her husband! As her eyes grew accustomed to the dimness she saw that Jacob, his coat off, was lying on the grass, while Amanda Shoop was tickling his face with a spray of lilac, amid shouts of laughter from the other two.

MATTIE stood still. The thick beating of her heart seemed to suffocate her. So this is where Jacob had been!—here with the Shoop girls!—having a jolly good time while she worked at home "like Stella."

She turned away slowly. She walked cautiously lest they hear her. She would die if those girls saw her and thought she had come after her husband. Dear goodness, they could have him and welcome! What was he to her but a millstone about her neck?

Once out of the sound of their laughter and voices, she sped through the darkness swiftly, her thoughts overleaping each other. After the first instant's shock and pain she was rather amazed to find herself conscious of a buoyant sense of release. Why, surely now she was free! No longer need she bow her neck to the yoke that Jacob had fastened upon it—that "wifely duty" with which he and her conscience had goaded her day after day for eight months. A man who philandered with other girls while his wife worked at home—to such a man she owed no duty of any sort whatsoever. A wild joy sang in her heart. She fairly flew over the road to the Kahn farm. Freedom! Release from duty, the hateful thing! No more rising at dawn and plodding like a dumb mule all day long amidst the spiritual silence and solitude of the ten inarticulate and indifferent creatures for whom she plodded. There was no longer any reason why she should submit to the degrading treatment. She belonged to herself. Not, of course she realized, to live unto herself; but to choose how and whom she should serve.

When Jacob, at ten o'clock, came into their bedroom, he found her, to his surprize, propped up in bed reading a novel.

"Yi, yi, Mattie, why are you burnin' coal-oil as late as this here? Coal-oil's costin' awful expensive just now. And if you stay awake so long you'll oversleep your breakfast yet. Outen that there lamp now. I can undress in the dark."

"I'll read till you're ready for bed a'ready," she answered, turning a page and not even glancing at him.

"But it wastes oil, I tell you."

"It makes me no difference if it does."

"Yi, yi, that ain't a wifely way to talk!"

Mattie laughed quite merrily and Jacob stared at her astonished. He suddenly realized that he had not heard her laugh for a long, long time and he remembered how sweet he had thought that merry laugh in the days of his wooing.

"What's so funny?" he inquired.

"Your takin' me for such a little fool, Jake, as to think I'd go on doin' my wifely dooty whiles you do what you please. I wouldn't near be so unwifely as to spoil my mister like that, Jakey."

Jacob's jaw dropped in utter bewilderment. To hear a wife talk about spoiling her husband was, in his philosophy, like hearing a child talk of spoiling his parent.

"You're foolish!" he stated conclusively. "Outen that there light."

"I want to read," replied Mattie, turning back to her book.

"Are you obeyin' to me, Mattie?"

"Please, Jake, don't talk in whiles I'm readin'. I can't get the sense of it."

Jacob looked at her with sudden anxiety. Was she feverish? "Ain't you feelin' good, Mattie?"

"I'm quite well, thank you."

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YOUR PART IN REBUILDING THE WORLD

CONDUCTED BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

We Face a Grave Danger

THE call to arms on the sixth of April, 1917, was not more vital to the safety of the world than is the call of to-day to American women. We are facing a grave danger—the danger of a "slump" in our morale as we enter upon the great and difficult tasks of reconstruction. Upon the continued devotion and patriotism of our women depends the hastening of a real and lasting peace.

Never have there been so many millions of hungry people in Europe looking to us for food. Never has the world demand for raw material and the necessity for conservation and economy been so great. Never has the world so needed the courage and the faith and the strength of its women. The nations of Europe, bleeding and hungry after four years of war, must rest and relax while America keeps watch.

Don't be impatient for your soldier boy to come home, for there still remains much to be done. When the glamor of war shall have passed, we must face its stern necessities. The boys over there and those in the camps and cantonments here have never wavered in their faith or faltered in their duty. Now that they are without the stimulus of action, they deserve and must have the sustaining knowledge that we, too, will continue at our tasks until "honorably discharged." Don't be a peace-time slacker.

After-the-War Jobs

AN ALMOST untouched field for women in which opportunities will increase steadily and the demand will be permanent is that of the Railroad Administration. Women will be expected to do the major portion of the clerical work of the railroads for years to come. Mr. McAdoo was one of the first of the national leaders to stand for equal pay for equal work and this policy is being rigidly adhered to. The minimum pay for clerical work is $87.50 per month.

When vacancies occur they are filled from the ranks of those already in the service and, therefore, opportunities for advancement are good. The Administration has concerned itself definitely with the welfare of women workers, and Miss Pauline Goldmark is in charge of the section devoted to their interests. In giving me the information concerning the employment of women, the officials of the Railroad Administration made it very plain that only women of ambition are wanted, and I can personally assure every woman who enters this service that the advantages offered are unusual, that the opportunities for advancement are exceptionally good, and that meritorious work will be appreciated. Any woman with business training or ability or with clerical or office experience may qualify. Application should be made to the office of the railroad nearest their home. *Don't write to Washington, but to the local offices.* Women who wish to qualify for ticket-sellers may be trained in one of the schools established for the purpose. These schools are located as follows:

For territory east of Chicago and St. Louis and north of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers—Address, *Mr. George A. Cullen, 90 West Street, New York City.*

For territory east of New Orleans and Memphis and south of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers—Address, *Mr. W. J. Craig, Rhodes Building, Atlanta, Ga.*

All territory west of Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, and New Orleans, Address, *Mr. P. S. Eustis, 2150 Transportation Building, Chicago, Ill.*

What Have You Done?

WHAT have *you* done to bring peace to a war-weary world? Have you made any real sacrifice? Have you added anything to the sum total of national effort? Have you realized your full opportunities for service? Have you done work that has released a fighting man? Have you done your job better than you have ever done it before? If you can not answer "Yes!" to at least one of these questions, you have missed the highest privilege that has ever been conferred on a woman.

But it is not yet too late. Great as our tasks have been, even greater are those that lie immediately ahead of us—the tasks of reconstruction. What are *you* going to do to help bind up the wounds of war?

The watchword of this page is "Service." We are facing rapidly changing conditions as they affect the whole problem of woman and work. While the demand will be less in some lines, there are new fields opening to women daily, and many of the doors that war has opened to them will never be closed.

I shall continue to give the best information obtainable at Washington concerning all of the problems that touch women and their work. If I can help you, write to me. Address, *Washington Bureau, Pictorial Review, 707 20th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.,* enclosing stamped and self-addressed envelop.

Ida Clyde Clarke

Forget the Injustice

EVERY woman physician in America should register with the Volunteer Medical Service Corps. During the demobilization and reconstruction period the need will be increased, not lessened. This opportunity to register for general service is of especial importance to women physicians, as it is their only chance of being listed for military service under existing conditions. Since women physicians were not eligible to the Medical Reserve Corps, this seems to be their only chance to be classified, and their classification tabulated so as to be ready for instant use when needed. Here is presented an equal chance for service at least. PICTORIAL REVIEW regrets that equal protection and equal recognition have been withheld.

Women physicians have been willing to enter the service of their country without rank or pay and without counting the cost to themselves, and their services should have been officially recognized. On every battle-front medical women have been found doing their share. American women physicians are working in their own hospitals, equipped with money they themselves have raised, and the fame of their skill is spreading. Recognition by the War Department of their own country should come, even tho it comes late.

First of a Remarkable Series of War Paintings

PICTORIAL REVIEW is fortunate to be privileged to publish, by permission of the British Government, the remarkable historical painting, entitled, "Taking the Guns," by the famous artist, F. Matania, shown on the opposite page, and which most strikingly illustrates a tense moment during the Battle of the Somme on the Western Front.

From month to month, Pictorial Review will publish a series of full page paintings, by prominent artists, of important episodes of the fighting on land and sea, all of which will be well worth framing. Next month's picture, entitled "Kamerad!" will be by the well-known American artist, N. C. Wyeth.

Don't Stop Knitting

KHAKI and gray wool are almost impossible to buy, but white or colored wools are still obtainable and there is urgent need for stockings for the children in the war-stricken zones. This need will continue. Don't stop knitting, but vary your work by knitting longer legs and smaller feet so that the little children who are without foot covering in lands where fuel and shelter are scarce may be saved from the curse of frozen feet. The American Committee for Devastated France is making an appeal for 2,000 pairs of stockings immediately. Send your contributions to *National Headquarters of this organization, 16 East 39th Street, New York City.*

Can't You Send Something?

EVERY household in America has some spare clothing, worn or outgrown, of little value here, but desperately needed in Belgium and Northern France where 10,000,000 human beings look to us for clothing as well as food. In Belgium they have been making shoes from scraps of carpet and it costs $8.00 to have a pair of shoes resoled. Garments should be clean and dry, but they need not be in perfect condition. A hundred thousand destitute women in the occupied regions are eager to earn a small livelihood by repairing gift clothing. Do not send party dresses or dancing slippers or stiff hats. Ship all goods by freight, charges collect, to *Commission for Relief in Belgium, 101 New Jersey Railroad Avenue, Newark, N. J.*

Do You Like Mathematics?

THE American Bankers' Association has admitted women to full membership and is allowing them instruction in banking methods on the same terms as men. The pending Revenue Bill makes the Commissioner of Internal Revenue responsible for the collection, in 1919, of not less than $8,000,000,000. Taxpayers all over the country must be told all about the new law, and how, when, and where, to pay their taxes. New forms must be prepared and millions of copies printed and distributed by January 1, 1919. In addition, the vast number of returns filed by taxpayers must be carefully audited and in many instances, checked against the original books of account. More than ordinary clerical ability is required for this important work. Accounting experience is absolutely essential. Persons who have accountancy qualifications are urged by the Internal Revenue Bureau to communicate at once with the *Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.* Full particulars regarding the positions to be filled and the procedure necessary to obtain appointment will be furnished promptly. There are places for both men and women. The salaries range from $1,200 to $3,600, depending upon ability and experience.

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TAKING THE GUNS: *Painted by F. Matania*

Google

Three Hundred Thousand Babies Die Unnecessarily in this Country Every Year!

The Government Is Striving to Stop this Appalling Waste—Will You Help?

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

AUTHOR OF "MOTHER," ETC.

THAT the babies of a nation are its riches, and that they *must* be afforded, that they are always worth what they cost, is the new view-point that we are learning now. If the horror of the war-cloud really has a silver lining, it is this: that wars, and the nations behind the wars, need above all other things, men, well and strong and intelligent men, and that all strong and well and intelligent men come from strong and well and intelligent babies.

Four years of war have brought this home to Europe, and deep as she is in munitions and uniforms and camps, and soaked as she is in blood, Europe has turned from her guns to watch her babies. What Europe is doing, you who have read Mrs. Daggett's remarkable articles in PICTORIAL REVIEW already know. She is watching her mothers from the first hour in which the coming of the child is known.

In France, for instance, the Government is godparent to every child—every new mother is given financial support from public funds. If her work is too hard for her, she is given different work. She is advised, helped, and protected by a system that finds nothing too great, and nothing too little, to do for the citizen that is to be. For her confinement everything that science and comfort can supply is given her, and she is taught to regard her baby as an asset, something of which she may be proud—her service-star. Europe knows, what we of American are learning, that greater than our mines and forests and cities, in actual commercial value, are our babies, and more important than our financiers and statesmen are the women who bear them.

Every Baby, Rich or Poor, Must Be Registered and Weighed, must be Helped and Watched

SUPPOSE that we could save one half of the three hundred thousand babies that we lose very year. And suppose that another one hundred and fifty thousand who do not die, but who live sickly and defective, were also raised to strong and healthy and normal man and womanhood? Do you realize that this country would be the richer, in ten years, by three million native-born citizens? Value these children as low as you will—and a colored baby used to sell in this country for three or four hundred dollars—you have something worth saving.

Weigh them in the truer scale of a proud and happy motherhood, that does not know grief and fear and pain, and we enter upon high finance indeed.

For the war has taught us more than that our children are valuable. It has enlarged even the smallest and most selfish vision, and we all know now that the national wealth is our wealth, the national honor our personal honor, and the national ideal our own household ideal. You may never see the babies that your efforts save and protect, but the world will be the better, and your own life the happier, just the same. Just as you want to have every one of the boys over there warm and fed and sheltered, just as you gave to your last penny so that his courage and his ammunition might not fail, so you must feel that every American child must be born to health, sensible feeding, and his own heritage of the sunlight and the fresh air.

The woman who bears a healthy child enters the service of her government by that act. It may give her great joy, and it may be the desire of her life, but she is serving her country whether she knows it or not. A country postman, jogging through green fields, may have a job that fills his soul with content, or a teacher, walking home with a group of adoring scholars, may love her work purely for itself, but the postman and the teacher are government servants, and they are paid by the government, and thanked by the government.

They give something of value, for so many hundreds per year, but neither could give it, if some mother had not first given the State something infinitely more valuable.

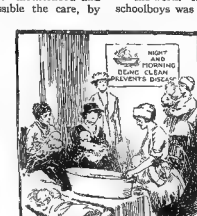
In other words, the government is beginning to take a fatherly interest in its babies, and more and more in Europe, and wherever mothers' pensions are paid, the government is beginning to feel itself responsible for them. There is less hustling of children into institutions, there is more and more inclination to leave them with their mother, and make life easier for their mother. One likes to think of the time coming, when every child will mean more ease, and not less, more honor, and not less, to the woman who bears it. But now we are only beginning.

And the beginning is to say to the mothers of babies everywhere in the Union, "Uncle Sam polices your streets, and delivers your letters, and teaches your older children. Now you have a new baby to raise. Perhaps you can do it without him. But if you want advice and encouragement and help of any description, your government is right behind you!"

This year is "Children's Year." A country-wide campaign to save the children, and the mothers of children, is being carried on by two great organizations, the Child Conservation Section of the Field Division of the Council of National Defense, and the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor. Those are big names, and behind them is an army of men and women whose work is so rapid in its growth, that before you read this article fresh strides will surely have carried the work far beyond anything I can foresee. If the work has not yet come to your town, you need only write to Washington to begin at the beginning—which is, as usual, educational. Simply, the plan is this, that every baby, rich or poor, must be registered, must be weighed, must be helped, and must be watched. Only in this way can the riches of the nation be estimated at all.

But from this skeleton the work naturally ramifies and enlarges in countless ways. The first directions that beginners have from Washington dwell on four essential things as the objective points of the whole plan. First: Protection of motherhood and infancy. Second: Making possible the care, by mothers, of older children. Third: Enforcement of child-labor and schooling laws. Fourth: Protected and directed recreation for all children.

The first step is to interest mothers, to have the babies brought to some center, and to carry on regular weighing and measuring tests. Preferable to simple weighing and measuring is of course a complete examination of each child, but the scarcity of physicians makes this difficult, and the weight and measurement are a pretty accurate gage of the baby's condition, after all. The usual thing is to take a schoolroom or an empty store, and furnish it with chairs, a table, scales, and a crib or two. A nurse should be there much of the time, and a physician at least once a week. Often the nurse forms a class for expectant mothers, and the women who are interested in the work instruct them as to sterilizing bottles, making beds, and the proper dressing of infants. Diets are given, instructions as to milk and milk modifiers, and the general conditions of the baby's environment are made as ideal as possible. The babies and children are card-cataloged, and a careful account of their health is kept. It is a significant fact that in the beginning of this work, little more than a year ago, Miss Julia Lathrop, of the Children's Bureau, in an attempt to begin the card cataloging of America's children, had half a million cards made, supposing that that number would more than supply the then lukewarm demand. At the present time, over seven million cards have been distributed, and still the demand goes on.



The Nurse Forms a Class and Instructs the Mothers as to the Proper Bathing of Infants

Another significant fact, because it is typical, was given me by Doctor Jessica Peixotto, of California, who is Chief of the Child Conservation Section of the Field Division of the Council of National Defense. She said that frequently when women are asked to interest themselves in the Children's Year work, they answer that they live in prosperous towns, and see no need to put the children of their neighborhood to any test whatever. The Bureau responds with a request for some weights and measurements none-the-less, and the women invariably report a condition of neglect and ignorance and irresponsibility amazing and urgent enough to enlist them in the work whole-heartedly, with no further delay. Ignorance is not sin, but ignorance costs as much in blood and tears as sin does. Almost every woman who reads this article has had some such experience as mine. Only a short time ago, while the epidemic of influenza raged, I found a devoted little mother hanging over a beautiful and dying child of three.

"He didn't want anything to eat," she answered me, "I tried him on my coffee, and then I got him an ice-cream cone, but he didn't like it, and the only thing he's wanted was that pear."

The little boy, in a high fever, was gnawing a green pear.

His mother had lost other children; he was her only one, and she loved him with her whole agonized soul. The Children's Year was too late for her, but remember that there are three hundred thousand like her in this great land of ours.

The work varies a little in the various cities that have taken hold of it, but it is alike in its aim, and in its vigor. Only one State, Pennsylvania, has not entered the lists for Children's Year. Every State has its own administrative body, and hence, say the authorities here, the work is just so much more widespread than in European countries, where there is but one central bureau. The President has given his approval, indeed his urgent plea, for the work, and in many States an actual appropriation has been made for it. In some States, even with the present scarcity of nurses, sixty or seventy public nurses have been engaged since Children's Year began.

AN EXTREMELY popular way to introduce it is to have a baby-weighing booth at a county fair; these are so well patronized that in several cases they have been made permanent features of the fair. In New Orleans a house to house canvass was made, for small children and babies, and a 100 per cent. census taken. Under the patronage of the Mayor, in a whirlwind campaign, forty thousand dollars was collected for the work. In Augusta, Georgia, the interest of the schoolboys was enlisted, cribs, ice-boxes, and fireless cookers were made by them, lectures were given, and expectant mothers especially directed and helped. "It is a pretty thing," a correspondent of mine there writes me, "to see the pride of some woman who has faithfully followed directions, when her baby is pronounced perfect in every way." Out of 168 towns in Connecticut, 100 weighed their babies. To the 68 towns that did not, the "Children's Year Special" is going; the big, van-like motor-car, with a nurse on the front seat, and inside, the regular equipment of cards and scales and pamphlets. This will stop at the different farms and crossroads, and bring the State's superb record still higher. Arizona also has a traveling clinic to provide a constant rodeo for the little mavericks of the small villages, and Kalamazoo, Michigan, sends a "Children's Year

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"'It Is True, You Are a Spy. You Have Been Tricking Me, Playing with Me, Defiling Love'"

WRAPPED IN SILK

A Breathlessly Thrilling and Romantic Spy-Story

IN THREE INSTALMENTS—PART TWO

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

AUTHOR OF "SUDDEN JIM," "THE SOURCE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. CLYDE SQUIRES

DOUGLAS LAND was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue with his chum of the Secret Service next morning. Midway between the Capitol and the Treasury building, upon a crowded corner, they saw the droll figure of a dumpy little man wearing green trousers and a brown coat, who harangued the crowd, waving a pudgy hand now and then toward an ornate cage containing a number of little parrakeets.

"My little birds know—all the future and all the past. Are you worried? They will solve your worries. They are wise—so very wise. For ten cents you may peep into the future. Ah, here is a young man—his voice tells me he is a young man—doubtless in love. Ten cents." With a slender wand he tapped on the wires of the cage and a bird dropped into his hand a little folded paper. "Read well, remember. Wise words, true words, are written there. My birds never lie."

Douglas and his friend moved on, threading their way through hordes of young men in uniform, through mobs of civilian employees, job-hunters, contract-seekers; then turned off to find seats in a smoking-room of the Willard.

"I wonder if he's really blind," said Land's friend.

"Blind? Who?"

"The man with the birds. He interests me a lot, and I've been watching him. There's nothing definite on him yet, but in my own mind I'm sure he's wrong."

"You fellows suspect everybody."

"We have to. But this man— If the thing I suspect is true, it's pretty good work, and logical. Suppose you were at the head of the German spy system here and wanted to pass on orders to your subordinates. You wouldn't want a gang traipsing to your office to create suspicion. You couldn't go around to deliver your orders in person. The neat thing would be a clearing-house that nobody would suspect. And what safer, less suspicious way of delivering orders—or of getting reports—than by parrakeet?"

"Pretty far-fetched."

"If you knew some of the things that have been done, you wouldn't say so. I've told you I can't prove it, but I believe that little man is the clearing-house for German Secret Service orders and reports. I do know that the same men pay ten cents and have fortunes told nearly every day. It may be just their way of giving charity, but I doubt it."

"It ought not to be difficult to run him down. He must report some place."

"Not at all. His reports go to headquarters in the same way the orders go to subordinates—by parrakeet. I've had him followed. I can tell you every move he has made for a week—but that's all. By the way, he was hanging around the apartment of your lady friends yesterday. Does that interest you?"

"Listen here, you're crazy on the spy subject. Stay off those girls. It's absurd. Why, man, two more beautiful young women never lived."

"And, of course, beauty is a real disadvantage in a spy. That is axiomatic. Men always fall for homely women more easily than for raving beauties, don't they? If a spy looked like a spy she wouldn't be overly valuable. The most successful woman in the game that I ever met looked as if she had just stepped out of a convent. And she was bad, Douglas, bad."

"You'll get on my nerves pretty soon. Cut it out."

"You're riding to a fall, son. One of those girls is *it*. Maybe both, but I doubt that. Let me tell you a little yarn about the woman I suspect one of them of being."

"Shoot ahead."

"IT STARTED in Liege before the war, but not before the Potsdam outfit knew there was to be a war. This woman was sent to Liege, and lived there for months, conspicuously. She was admired. She was beautiful. She was rich, apparently. A young Major—note the Major—fell in love with her. It was quite a romance. They were to be married. He was terribly in love, that boy—a chivalrous, clean, decent sort of chap. One day she got a letter calling her home to Paris—she was supposed to be a Parisienne—and very tearfully started away on what was to be a two weeks' absence. She never got to Paris. Nobody knows where she did get to. But the plans of the Liege forts went with her—the Major was in the Engineers. That was plenty, but when his rooms were searched, there were found letters that proved he was a traitor and had sold the plans; a large sum of money was found—that ostensibly had been paid for them. Of course it meant ruin and a firing squad. He disappeared and has never been heard of since. But the facts—well the facts, if the lady's technique in former and later cases means anything—are that she contrived to steal the plans—and then planted the incriminating evidence against the boy, wantonly, perhaps.

"Maybe it was to satisfy a grudge; or maybe she wanted out of the way a man who had had opportunities to know her better than she liked. Anyway, it is my belief that the boy was jobbed. And, Doug, one of the women you are training with, is that woman."

Douglas laughed. "Thank God I'm in the army," he said.

"Meaning?"

"That I don't mind killing Germans with artillery and such like, but to make a business of suspecting them! Oh, la, la, *la, la*. Do you look under your bed nights?"

"Yes, and under everybody else's bed I can find. This isn't a joke, Doug. I'm honestly worried about this situation. It was made to order. Who is going to carry back the answer to the communication you brought?"

"I am."

"Well?"

"I don't follow you."

"Do you suppose Germany is interested in that answer?"

"It doesn't know anything about it."

"Germany knew you were bringing something across, didn't it?"

Land made no reply.

"And," continued his friend, "it knows you will take something back—and it means to have that something. I don't know what it is, but I know it is of the first importance to our war plans. Germany knows it. And your job is to look after it and deliver it safely. If you persist in flocking with those women, it will never get to Versailles."

"Piddlesticks."

"You're one of those birds who will learn only by being knocked on the head. Run along, boy, but when it's over, and you're up against it, don't say I didn't warn you. I've got to go back to work."

Twenty minutes later Land was again walking down Pennsylvania Avenue. The little street-fakir was still on his corner, still haranguing the passers-by. Land walked up to the little crowd that surrounded him, and then stopped suddenly—suddenly started, chilled; for Renée Saxe was there, in the act of receiving a paper from one of the little green birds!

HE FELT as if a sudden dank fog, chilling to the bones, had descended, enveloping him. Suspicion breeds suspicion. He stepped back, uncertain, shocked. The thing fitted in so well with his friend's warning, with his friend's suspicions. True, they were but suspicions. There was no certainty that the little man was a German spy. Nothing was proven. But if he were a spy, if orders from higher up were distributed by his hands—then—but he refused to believe it.

He glanced at Renée Saxe, now withdrawing from the little knot of curious men, and watched her as she turned up the street. The thing was impossible. She was too beautiful, too womanly, too alluring for any foul thing to have touched her. Such contacts would have left their mark, and there was no mark upon her. She was ideal. In that instant it seemed to him that nobody could compare with her. And yet his friend had said that it was just such perfect women who were chosen for the work. He thrust the thought from him, believed he had forced it away, but he had not done so. Suspicion had been born and would not die. He was compelled to admit the possibility; he was compelled to admit the evidence of his eyes. And a woman had been concerned in that affair on the vessel. A woman's arm had struck him down as he struggled with Ballard on the damp deck. Was it Renée Saxe's arm? The thought was appalling. It was incredible. Violence and such beauty had nothing in common.

If, by any frightful chance, she were the woman, then, too, she might be the woman who had cruelly, treacherously, wantonly betrayed the Belgian officer who had loved her. That had been a sordid affair. To have stolen the plans and vanished—that would not have been so bad. It was, in a sense, all in the way of business. But what followed—to have deliberately planted incriminating matter, to have plotted murder, for it was nothing short of murder!

He was frightened, not physically frightened, not frightened for himself, but afraid of the possibility that such loveliness as Renée Saxe's could be profaned by such uses.

He started to move away, hesitated, turned and hastened after the girl. Midway along the block he caught up to her.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle," he said, conscious of the strained note in his voice.

She turned, smiled, held out her hand graciously.

"Ah, Major Land. I was so sorry to have been deprived of that drive yesterday. It was a misfortune."

Her eyes were clear, beautiful, innocent. Her face was more beautiful than he had remembered it, womanly, patrician, pure. And by as much as she seemed good and womanly, by that much more was she desirable as a spy! The thought would come.

The Story of the Story

THE war is over, but the good stories of the war are just beginning to appear. Here is "Wrapped in Silk," for instance—a rattling good spy-story that you will read breathlessly, war or no war. Two ravishingly beautiful women are smuggled into America by a clever German trick. One is the spy, but which one? Both fall in love with an American Army officer—one tries to steal his papers on the ship coming over, but to save his life he doesn't know which, and you won't either till the very end of the story. Begun in January, ends in March—a complete book in three instalments. If you don't like to read the story in instalments, save your three numbers and read it as a whole.

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"You are troubled about the future?" he said, striving to speak lightly, jocularly.

"The future? I do not understand."

"If one is not anxious about the future one does not consult a fortune-teller," he said.

She scrutinized his face a moment, he thought with some shade of anxiety. He almost fancied she was startled as he watched her.

"The man with the birds?" she said presently

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"Ah, it was what you Americans call a lark, was it not. The little birds, they were so droll, and the little man and his dog were so droll. I stopped to observe them, and he accosted me——"

"But he is blind, Mademoiselle."

"I do not know. But he spoke to me directly. It is true, the strange, and begged that I take a fortune from the birds. It was a small kindness to the poor, only a few *sous*, so what was I to do. And his bird gave me a tiny paper."

The thing was plausible, almost convincing as she told it. What more natural than that she, in her abounding kindness of heart, should have given alms to a beggar. Yet doubt was there. The thing was of first importance to him. He, Douglas Land, might be in love with this girl. He was in love with some girl, and in this moment he was certain it was with Renée Saxe. So the thing must be explained, doubt must be dispelled.

"But the fortune, Mademoiselle? Was it good or bad?"

"She shrugged her shoulders. "Neither good nor bad."

He glanced down at her hand which still retained the bit of paper. As he looked she crumpled it, concealing it from his eyes. "It is interesting. I have never had my fortune told," he said. "I wonder if you will satisfy my curiosity? May I see what the birds told you?"

"But certainly," she said, opening her hand-bag and searching within. "I deposited it here. A moment." She fumbled inside, held the bag up and peered into it, shrugged her shoulders. "I put it there, but now. It is gone. I am desolated. Oh, my fortune, my little fortune, is lost." She looked up at him and made a little grimace of mock despair. "It is gone."

It was not gone. It was clenched in the hand that she held at her side, for Land saw it there. She had lied to him!

And yet nothing was proven. He strove to find reasons, extenuations. Who knew what nonsense that fortune might contain, and modesty, reticence, some maidenly motive might have impelled her to withhold it from his eyes. The whole affair might be blind coincidence. He wanted it to be coincidence, demanded that it be coincidence. Instead of being her accuser he was her defender. It was the one burning desire of his heart to prove her innocent—not guilty.

"It is so good to be in this land," she said presently. "You can not know the relief of it, the joy of it. Here is no constant menace. Here you are not surrounded by spies and intrigue. Here each may go his way in safety, not looking back over the shoulder, in terror of the eyes of the German man-hunter. I could love your country."

"I hope you may love it. We, ourselves, are just learning how much we love it. The war is teaching us. But as for spies—we are not free from them. Germany's secret arm is long. Of all created things, I believe America hates the spy most fervently."

"It is right. How I have suffered from them—to the point of death! How can men become spies, to betray their fellowmen?"

"Men, perhaps——but women?"

SHE looked full at him, sensing some meaning in his words that hid beneath their surface. "The woman," she said, "who uses her beauty as a lure; who sells herself as a bait to some master of spies, is the most hideous of created beings."

It rang true. It carried belief. Land believed her, was convinced of her sincerity. Looking down into those deep eyes which met his without fear or wavering, he could not but believe. Let suspicion say what it would, let coincidence accuse, he was sure. Renée Saxe was innocent. And he was in love. She forced him to belief, and it was no part of his thought, that the business of such a woman as she might be, was to force men to believe; to seem, more than any innocent sister could seem, to be what she was not, true, honest, womanly.

"Mademoiselle," he said after a pause, "I must ask your pardon for an offense I can never confess to you."

She laughed. "It is an easy thing to forgive—a wrong one never knows about." Then she became serious. "I might even have forgiven you if you had suspected me of being what you abhor—a spy. No doubt some will suspect me. And why not? Am I not in a strange position? Was ever girl in stranger? Yes, I could even forgive you that—if you acknowledged you had been wrong."

"Mademoiselle," he said boyishly, "I shall not be here long. I must return to Europe and the war. Will you think me too forward if I beg you to allow me to see you often before I go?"

Again she looked at him with level eyes, appraisingly, fearlessly.

"It is a risk," she said, "to you—and possibly to me."

"A risk?"

"We are young, Major Land. It may not be well for us to meet too often—and then never to meet again."

"You mean—" His heart beat high with sudden hope, with sudden emotion. In that moment he believed he loved her —her, Renée Saxe, and that no other woman in the world was possible for him.

"I mean that I have had griefs in my life—there is room for no more. And I have not myself alone to consider." Then she shrugged her shoulders, "But you will be welcome. Come."

Either it was perfect innocence, or deepest guile. How more certainly could a woman attract a man to her than by giving him a glimpse into her heart—by showing him that she feared the coming of love—and that love might come for him? The thing was not unmaidenly. Perhaps no girl of American rearing would have said those words, could have said them with the same effect. But Renée was European —different, so different. The words sat upon her as added beauties.

"I shall come," said Douglas, "and—may I say it—welcome the risk."

They walked along in silence for a time, then Mademoiselle Laurens will she said, "I must go home. be expecting me."

Together they walked to her door and there parted.

"And I may come often?"

"As you like," she said. "You will be welcome."

He walked away, head in air, heart aflame, eager, happy. How different might his sensations have been could he have followed Renée Saxe to her bedroom; could he have looked over her shoulder as she read the fortune she had received from the parrakeets!

"You have ten days," it said. "Work quickly. His sailing has been set forward."

His sailing! It might have occurred even to love-blinded Douglas Land that the sailing referred to was *his* sailing; that the work to be done was work of which he was the object.

One might have seen, had there been opportunities for observing, that Rachel Laurens and Renée Saxe did not seek each other's society. In the apartment was room for both. If one occupied the drawing-room, the other kept to bedroom or to the smaller room which, in a bachelor's flat, would be called a den. Their demeanor toward each other was courteous, but cold. They seemed to have nothing in common. When they met at meals they conversed scatteringly in French, but as strangers, and not housemates converse. In short, it would have been seen that they did not like each other.

There was no open breach; no quarrel, simply a tacit avoidance of each other; but, one might have observed as well, that neither seemed to let the other's slightest action pass unnoticed and appraised. The ordinary beholder would have set all this down to jealousy—the natural rivalry of two gloriously beautiful women, each resenting the other's beauty. But as the days passed—no days unmarked by the presence of Major Douglas Land, the coolness increased, indeed, gave promise of flaming warmth.

It was the fourth evening of their residence in Washington. Douglas Land had been there, with them both in the comfortable drawing-room. It had not been a pleasant evening for any of the trio, but more especially for Land. Two days before he had been certain he loved Renée Saxe, to-night he wavered again, the old uncertainty and bewilderment had returned. He had not been himself, but more silent, a trifle moody—and had taken his departure early.

When the door closed behind him the girls faced each other as tho at a signal.

"Mademoiselle," said Rachel, "it is time that we made ourselves understood to each other."

"As you wish," Renée replied.

They stood for a moment, eye to eye, color heightened, panther-like.

"We are compelled to share the same dwelling," said Rachel, "but are not compelled to share the same man."

"True."

"What then?"

"It would seem to be a matter for Major Land to decide. It seems to be man's privilege to choose."

"That is silly. Men think they choose. If women waited to be chosen; if we did not demand to be chosen, what then? It is idiocy. The man thinks he chooses. It is not so. First the woman does the choosing, then she compels the man to her way of thinking."

"Yes," said Renée.

"The business of women is to attract men."

"And to hold men."

"Women are made beautiful to assist them in obtaining the men they desire."

"And are given brains to aid their beauty."

"I think we understand each other," said Rachel.

"Perfectly. I am to comprehend that you desire Major Land."

"I love him," said Rachel, simply.

"I, too, love him," Renée answered.

They measured each other, appraised each other, silently. It was as tho two antagonists in mortal combat stood apart, weighing each other's strength, and skill and endurance—ready to spring to the death-grapple at the first false movement, the first failure in alertness.

"Mademoiselle Saxe, Major Land is mine. I have never wanted a man before, not as I want him. He has become the first thing in my life. I shall allow nothing to keep him from me."

"You have not the advantage in beauty, I think. Nor, unless I am mistaken, in brains—and I love him."

"If it were not for you he would love me. I could bring him to me quickly."

"True. And you, Mademoiselle, are the only obstacle I fear. It has been your intention to ask me to step aside, to leave the field to you. Perhaps you did not know that I loved him. I do. And you are, if you will pardon me, absurd. I do not ask you to step aside. If you love as I do, nothing could force you aside."

"Nothing."

"Then, we understand each other, I think. Words are useless. The game must be played out."

"It must be played out."

"Fairly, Mademoiselle?"

"Is there such a thing as fairness in matters of love?"

"I think I may say so. Every game has its rules."

"No, there are no rules when one loves. The world and its laws cease to exist. There remain but three people, the man one loves, one's rival, and one's self."

Renée smiled, not hardly, but a trifle bitterly. "Perhaps you are right, but does not one enjoy possession more if the winning has been fair?"

"More. But certainly."

"Yet, one must win, fairly or unfairly. You are right."

"And I shall win."

"We are equal in beauty and in opportunity."

"We shall see if we are equal in skill."

The bell rang and a maid went to the door. It was the postman with two letters, envelops addressed in different handwriting, one for Renée, one for Rachel. The letters were opened. Each contained one typewritten word, and one only. "*Duty.*"

As if moved by one impulse the girls turned away from each other and flung themselves into their bedrooms, closing doors behind them.

DUTY! The reminder had come at a moment when duty was forgotten, when all was forgotten except love. It was a bitter word to intrude at such a moment—it was a word harsher than a blow. Duty!

It carried with it a chill of fear—the fear that comes to those who are bound by invisible ties, watched by unseen eyes. It was a reminder of that occult watchfulness. It was a command that must be heeded. In the game afoot payment for failure in duty was promptly exacted, terribly exacted. When empires toss the dice of war for world dominion, what matters the love of individuals? The word *duty* was at once a warning and a threat.

Renée Saxe sat up with her bed tearless, frightened, quivering. "He is mine—mine," she whispered, fiercely. "Nothing—nothing shall take him from me."

She looked at the crumpled paper in her hand. "Duty." The word stared up at her sinisterly, imperiously. Speak as she would, will as she would, that word was there to tell her how infinitesimal an atom she was in this world's affairs; how puny was her strength, and how hopeless her strivings.

She bowed her head in tacit submission. "I love him," she whispered. "I love him—and still I must go on. There is no escape, no escape."

She sprang to her feet, forced to physical action by the turmoil of her soul. From door to window she paced, hands gripped before her until the knuckles showed white. "I love him," she said again and again. "But duty—it must be done, there is no escaping."

Then, "I hate her. But for her." Her eyes, burning, blazing, turned toward the door, as tho to pierce it and search for Rachel Laurens. "But for her."

She threw herself upon the bed, clutching the pillow as tho to tear it to bits, crushing it to her face. She was trapped. She had given herself to a thing, and the thing had swallowed her up utterly. She had surrendered her freedom, her youth.

Everything had been required of her—and now love, newly come, was required as well. And not only love. Duty demanded a worse thing of her—perhaps, even that she betray her love and so metamorphose it into contempt. Duty might not have held her—duty alone. But here was a duty re-enforced by sinister forces which she could not thrust back. She was face to face with the inevitable. Yet she struggled, protested.

And Rachel. Her bearing was more of rage than of fear, tho fear obtruded its squalid face. She, too, loved, and between her and love, duty—an unlovely duty—had thrust it. soul-blackening hand. Duty wears various guises. Service begets duty, and there may be allegiance and fealty demanded by the forces of evil as well as the powers for good. To sacrifice for a great thing, to give all for a noble

THE SHRINE OF GREAT DESIRES

BY

KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR

THE Shrine of Great Desires before me,
I bent low.
"Give me," I whispered, "give me fame
that I may know—Happiness."

I held out hands and they were filled
With work, hard work, and lying flattering—
So I had willed!

I bent, entreating hands outspread before
the Shrine once more.
"Give me," I whispered, "love. Throw
wide the door!"
I found my heart an aching, bursting thing.
I'd heard love sing.

"Give me," I whispered, *"peace!"*
(A dearest one was taken far away.)
And then, with that great one desire,
I brushed aside the rest and smiled —
God came to me that day.

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ideal, a noble cause, may assuage the blackest sorrow. To be coerced to perform a duty at a cost of happiness—a duty that mind and heart must admit to be a duty of degradation—there must be the blackest horror of all!

Rachel, too, whispered again and again those words which should only be whispered with joy, welling from a heart abounding in happiness. "I love him. I love him." And then, "I will dare anything—anything for him. He is mine—mine."

SHE turned to her glass and stared at herself fixedly. Even in her emotion she was rarely lovely, marvelously desirable. "I am for him," she said, "all—all for him. He must not suffer through me."

But she, like Renée, knew in the depths of her soul that she was helpless, entangled inextricably. Volition had passed from her. Love demanded, but duty compelled.

"Land," said Ted Richmond, of the Secret Service, "you're a rotten hand at taking advice—and things are going to happen to you."

"As how?"

"As nearly as I can figure, you spend most of your waking hours with one of those women—and your sleeping hours thinking about them."

"Does the Secret Service want to pick my friends," asked Land, no little irritated.

"When you have a job on hand like the one you are going to tackle—yes. And you are falling in love. No, you are already in it up to the neck. Which one of them is it?"

"None of your business," Land said with a laugh. "I'm not making any announcements."

"You don't need to. One of the hardest jobs I have to tackle is looking after young men who fall in love at the wrong time with the wrong people. Son, more wars have been started, more nations have been wrecked, more State secrets have been stolen by women, than by any other instruments so far tabulated. Look out."

"I'm looking. The war is already started. I haven't a State secret on my person."

"But you will have."

"And when I have, I'll look after it."

"No man in love is fit to look after anything."

"Listen, Ted. I know those girls, and you don't. I've had my suspicions, and I've kept my eyes open. I'm convinced that nothing is wrong. You have nothing but suspicion, which, so far as I can see, is without any foundation. If you have anything on those girls come through with it. What is it?"

"I can't give you a fact—or, at any rate, a fact that would convince *you*. I'm just warning you as a friend. I don't want to see you walking around without that gold leaf on your shoulder, looking for a job in a grocery-store."

Land shrugged his shoulders.

"But one thing I can tell you—I'm going to get the man with the birds. I've more than suspicions of him. I *know*. Now I'm going to find some connection between those girls and that man. Just let me find that one of them has bought a fortune from him, and I've got *her*."

Land was startled. "You've got him?" He was thinking of Renée; of his own suspicions aroused by seeing her beside the cage of parrakeets; by her refusal to show him the bit of paper the bird had dropped into her hand.

"I've got him, but I'm letting him run at large. He's my connecting link. I'm using him for bait.' From now on, every man, woman, and child who gives that man a dime, is watched and accounted for. I'm just waiting for one of your friends to connect."

One of his friends had connected. Land felt a curious, breathless, tingling sensation inside him, to be likened to that of a person falling through space. He sat silent, pondering the matter. And as he pondered a certainty came home to him. It came first as a wish, insinuating itself into his thoughts—a wish that it had not been Renée who had dealt with the fortune-teller, but Rachel. The wish obtruded, demanded analysis. Then he knew. He knew that he had chosen; he knew that never again would there be doubt in his heart as to whom he loved. It was Renée Saxe, and Renée—he could not fail to admit it—was open to logical suspicion. Richmond, he knew, was not given to making unfounded statements. If the Secret Service man said definitely that the man with the green trousers was a German spy, then that man was a spy. And Renée was in communication with him.

YET he refused to believe. It was only coincidence. He knew it was his duty to tell his friend what he had seen, but he could not. Renée might be a spy. It was within the possibilities, but spy or not, he loved her, and loving, could not betray.

The past few days had been a bit bewildering to him. He had been conscious that something was going on about him; that his relations with Renée and Rachel had not been as they had been before. There was a tension in the air that he felt, but did not understand. Being the center of the thing, it was natural that he should not understand as an observer might have done. How was he to perceive what was going on beneath the surface—that two beautiful women were matching wits for his possession; planning, making their intricate moves, checking each other at every play. He was the prize. It is doubtful if the prize in any game understands what it is being played for.

"Well," said Richmond, who had been watching his friend sharply during the long silence that had fallen. "It's a mess," said Land. "But I'll be careful."

"Be more than careful. Get out of it altogether. The danger sign is up."

"I'll think that over," said Land, rising. "I've got a letter to write, and some work to do. So long."

They parted. Land to go up to his room; Richmond to walk slowly down the street, perturbed, solicitous for his friend.

A half hour later a page brought a note to Land. It was from Rachel Laurens.

"I am worried and frightened," she said. "I am dining at the Willard this noon in the hope that you will dine with me, and give me your advice. At one."

At one o'clock he was in the lobby, waiting. Rachel appeared, beautiful as ever, but for all her loveliness, Land was not moved. It was of Renée that he thought; he was disappointed that it was Rachel, not Renée, who had come to dine with him.

"You are kind," she said, giving him her hand. "Can we find a quiet table. I am worried. I do not know what to do."

When they were seated and had ordered their lunch, she leaned toward him appealingly. "May I talk to you—as I would to my brother?"

"Indeed you may," he replied.

"It is—you won't think me hysterical, idiotic?"

"Surely not."

"You would make allowances for me if you had lived where I have lived and seen the things I have seen. Here everything is so safe, so open. But in Belgium—German spies are everywhere, listening, hiding, watching one's every move. I have a terror of spies."

"It is not to be wondered at," he said, sympathetically.

"And more than anything else I fear the woman who works at that disgusting trade. Men—even the most degraded, seem to have some pity, some humanity. Women, I can not say why, are ruthless, cruel. There was one in Liege. It is a dreadful story! I never saw her, but she is said to have been young, very young, and wonderfully beautiful. She used her beauty. She made men love her, and stole their honor. One young man, an engineer, loved her. And loving, he trusted her. She stole from him plans of the forts of the city—and then, not satisfied, left behind her proofs that he had sold them for money. It was not true. It was dreadful. One must think she did it from pure malice. He disappeared. I believe he killed himself. Would you believe a woman capable of such an act?"

"It is incredible—yet such things are actually happening."

"And so, knowing these things, I am terrified of spies, of women spies. I am frightened now, uncertain. I come to you for advice."

"I HOPE I may be able to assist you."

"It is my companion," she said, and watched his face.

His hands clenched in his lap, but he schooled his face to immobility.

"Mademoiselle Saxe?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You—am I to understand that you suspect her?"

"Not suspect, perhaps, only fear—vaguely fear. Shall I tell you why? I have no wish to wrong her. That is why I come to you, for you will do what is right to be done."

"I am listening."

"I knew her but a few days before—before the German authorities imprisoned us. I know nothing about her, about her family, or who she is. She appeared and we became friends

"She seemed a patriot. She helped to do the things I was trying to do, for I trusted her as if by instinct. And then I was betrayed—we were

"He Was even Aware that the Door Opened and that Some One Scurried Past Him"

betrayed. I have wondered since how that came about. Do you understand? I have wondered if she were not a spy who had been given that piece of work to do."

"Yes," he said dully, conscious of a sickening, deathlike numbness about his heart.

"Then, on the vessel—one day you appeared with head bandaged. I knew it was not from a fall. I had seen the man Ballard, and knew him for a spy. The night before I had been sleepless. I returned late to my cabin. In the darkness I heard the voices of a man and woman—on the deck without. The man was Ballard. The woman—I'm sure of it—was Renée Saxe!"

"You are sure?"

"I could not say it of certain knowledge. But in my heart I am sure."

"Go on, please."

"And here. I have watched her. She is secretive. She goes in and out strangely. She receives notes which she burns. And who, besides yourself, does she know, who would be sending notes to her. There is nothing definite, nothing that the hand can touch—but I am afraid—afraid of her."

"THAT is all?"

"It is all. And your advice?"

He sat looking down at his plate, refusing to believe; reviewing what Rachel had told him and insisting to himself that it was of thin fabric, intangible, carrying no proof. All was suspicion, conjecture. There was not one definite fact. At last he spoke:

"You have nothing to fear," he said. "You are safe and will be protected. Perhaps you will soon find you have been mistaken. It may be that you are overwrought by the bitter experiences you have passed through, may it not? I am glad you have spoken to me and to no one else. Such suspicions as yours are dangerous in these days, and might do much harm to an innocent person. They are best unuttered without great certainty. If you will let me advise you—"

"It is what I asked."

"You will speak cautiously—indeed, will refrain from speaking at all to anybody but myself. If you will leave it to me—"

"Gladly."

They spoke no more of the matter. Rachel, her mind relieved, was bright, witty, entertaining. Land tried his best to play up to her new mood, but it was impossible. His apprehension was too great; the possibility of catastrophe hung too imminent. All of his thoughts were for Renée—whom he loved. A spy! He denied it vehemently; strove to hurl the thought out of his mind, but it would not be hurled. It clung tenaciously, maddeningly.

He sought arguments, and there were arguments aplenty, dictated by his own desire. He argued and reasoned, but the black possibility would not be pushed back. It was there. It must be faced—the possibility that he, an officer in the Army of the United States was in love with a German spy.

If it proved to be true, what then? If he himself were to prove it true? Would duty rise superior to love? Would he have the strength to denounce the woman he loved? It was a decision to be postponed with prayers that it would never have to be made.

He regarded Rachel covertly. Had she an ulterior motive in making her disclosure to him? If so he could not fathom it. He tried to tell himself that Rachel had a purpose, unseen by him. He made himself suppose that Rachel herself was a German spy, fearing suspicion, and that she had taken this means to direct suspicion upon another and innocent person, but the supposition was not tenable. Much as he wished to do so, he could not hold it.

One thing was certain—he must *know*.

The luncheon was finished and they arose to leave the dining-room.

"Am I to take you home?" Land asked courteously, dreading lest she should say yes; dreading the possibility of meeting Renée before he had prepared himself, schooled himself to meet her.

"But no, thank you. I have shopping to do and you would be redundant, is it not? No, I shall go by myself. And you have been most kind to a lonely, worried girl, most kind. I am lonely, Monsieur."

"May I say it, Mademoiselle? but you are too beautiful to remain lonely in America. Our men are not blind to beauty such as yours."

She courtesied and smiled gaily. "*Merci, merci, bien.* You would turn my head. But it is not true. I have no admirers, no friends. In all America is only you. And you will come to cheer me soon?"

"Very soon, if I may," he said, as she extended her beautifully gloved hand. "Very soon."

He did not go to his room, but into the streets to walk.

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He could not remain quiet. The disturbance of his mind was such that motion was imperative. He tramped and tramped, not for an hour, but for the afternoon, but he could not walk away from the black load that had settled on him. He could not walk away from his love, nor from the gnawing fear that the woman he loved was unworthy.

He paused before the great dome of the Capitol and looked up at it steadily. Rising against the sky it seemed to typify his country, to be a huge, compelling reminder of his duty and of his allegiance. Did he need such a reminder? He wondered.

STANDING there he made a decision—perhaps the only possible decision for him. He would discover the truth himself, alone, unaided. The truth must be known; *he* must know the truth, and he would demand it. If Renée were honest, womanly, lovely, and worthy of love, he must be assured of it speedily; if she were a woman capable of treachery, of cruelty, of plotting dishonor and death to men who put their faith in her, then he must know that, must have it proven to him by evidence that could not be overthrown. He demanded the evidence of his own eyes and of his own ears.

At seven o'clock he returned to his hotel to dine; but scarcely touched the food that was set before him. He went to his room, but could not remain there. It confined him, restricted him. He could not breathe between walls, so he went again into the streets. He was waiting, waiting for darkness. Just what he would do then, he did not know, but he would do something. He would make a commencement. He felt he could never sleep again until he knew the truth.

Darkness never fell so tardily. At last he turned, walked down Pennsylvania Avenue, passed the Treasury Building, turned over across the face of the White House, and then made his way slowly, impatient of the necessity for delay, toward the quiet quarter of the city in which the Department of State had established Rachel Laurens and Renée Saxe.

At last only a few blocks separated him from their apartment, and he loitered, drawing always nearer, forced to approach as if by the attractive force of some occult magnet.

At the corner he paused, hesitated, walked a block beyond and returned. Then he entered the very street, taking the walk on the opposite side, thankful for the black shadows beneath the row of fine trees. The houses were dark for the most part, for the hour was growing late. The street was deserted.

Across from the apartment house which he had come to watch, was a spot of blackness against the face of a large dwelling. He stepped into it and crouched there, his eyes fastened upon the windows of that apartment across the way. There was a dim light in the window, but the shades were drawn, and he could make out no signs of movement.

Somehow the whole thing began to seem futile—his presence there to seem absurd. What could he do? What might he hope to discover by lurking before a building, separated from its occupants by a wide street and shut out from them by walls? He was of half a mind to return to his hotel, but he did not return. He could not have slept. It was as well to stay there, absurd as his staying might be. He dared not smoke, and he wanted to smoke.

A distant bell sounded twelve o'clock, and still he waited. The apartment was dark, apparently lifeless. Land moved along so that he could see between the building and the one that adjoined it. He stood staring into the darkness.

Presently he started forward. Was that a movement at a window in the second floor? He strained his eyes, made out the black shape of a fire-escape running down the side of the structure, and on that fire-escape a figure which descended slowly, cautiously.

He crouched and waited. The black, moving figure reached the ground, and Land wondered how it had done so; how it had spanned the gap between the first landing and the ground. The descent must have been prepared and a ladder fixed, or the lower section of the fire-escape let down. The figure paused an instant, then moved toward the street.

Then it came more clearly into view. It was a woman, veiled, unrecognizable. She peered cautiously up and down the street and then stepped boldly out upon the sidewalk, turned to her right and walked away rapidly.

Land waited until she was at a safe distance, and then followed, keeping always to the opposite side of the street.

The woman was unrecognizable, not to be identified, but he was certain of one thing. It was Renée Saxe or Rachel Laurens, and he must know which. Upon that discovery hung catastrophe or happiness. He kept his distance and followed, eyes always upon the woman, never behind him.

Had he looked around he might have seen that a second figure had issued from the neighborhood of the apartment, this time a man, and that this second figure was coming at his back, following, stopping where he stopped, turning where he turned.

The woman walked rapidly, without hesitation, as if she were making for a distant point. She seemed to know her way, tho, once or twice, she stopped to read street signs. She made no effort to avoid lighted spots, and apparently had no fear of being followed or observed.

Land did not dare to draw nearer. His whole desire was to see her face, to identify her, but until he determined if her errand were innocent or nefarious, mere identification would not solve his problem. Tho he could not see her face, and tho her figure was muffled, he had not the slightest doubt that she was Renée or Rachel. That it might be some unknown third person was an idea that never troubled his thoughts.

Presently she turned to the right, seemed a bit doubtful of her way, for she paused and looked about. It was but for an instant. Block after block she hurried, Land at her heels, a third figure following Land stealthily, half a block behind.

Presently, to the Major's astonishment, she veered off in the direction of that portion of the city which has been given the name of No-Man's-Land -that wilderness of new structures, erected overnight for the requirements of the war. Block after block they stretched, all new, many incompleted, not a few in the early stages of erection. Lumber, bricks, piles of building material were everywhere, obtruding even upon the sidewalks.

Through this unsightly suburb, which the administration of the war preparations had made it necessary to foist upon a beautiful city, the Major followed his quarry. Suddenly she stopped and stood perfectly still in a dark shadow. Land secreted himself quickly. A minute passed and another minute.

Then the figure of a man approached from the opposite direction, joined the woman, and together they walked away. Once more Land took up the chase.

He saw the man and woman turn sharply between two unfinished structures and enter a little shanty, possibly a contractor's office.

He walked very softly now, and taking advantage of every black shadow, of every pile of brick or lumber, he made his way with infinite caution to the side of the little building. A dim light burned within.

Land crept about the shack, searching for a window through which he might peer. The window was there, but so shaded that only the dimmest glow of light showed through. There was a tiny crack between curtain and window-frame, and to this he fixed his eye. It gave him a view only of a small portion of the interior, but none of the occupants were visible. However, he could hear voices.

A man was speaking:

"It was necessary or I would not have called you here," he said.

"I knew that. What has happened?"

"Many things. First, I think I am suspected. My little birds have told me I am suspected. Wise little birds. Nothing happens in the world that is not told to them."

"What then? What shall you do?"

"Nothing. Suspicion is only suspicion. They will leave me alone until they make certain—and by that time it will be too late. Have you seen *him?*"

"Yes, oh, yes. And it was hard. You do not know how hard it was to see him, and not to be permitted even to speak to him; to have him so near, always so near, and not to touch his hand or kiss his dear lips. And he—he did not so much as look at me."

"Patience. The time is not long now."

"It has been so long—so long."

"And you want to be free? Who shall blame you. You want to be free now, as you have never wanted it before."

"Yes."

"Tell me the truth," his voice grew stern, "do you love this Major?"

"Yes."

"It was a thing unforeseen. It is dangerous. When a woman loves there is no room in her heart or mind for anything but love. It must not be so with you."

"It shall not be."

"But this Major—you know your duty. You know what is required of you. If you loved him a thousand times, you must lay it aside. There must be no pity, no hesitation. Am I understood?"

"You are understood."

"Can I trust you?"

"Yes—oh, yes. There is no escape for me—and I would not escape if I could. I will go on. I know what I must do, and I shall do it. For *his* sake."

"Remember, this Major does not exist for you as a man. He is merely an automaton, useful to us, who must be used. That is all."

"That is all." There was hopelessness in her voice.

"And *her*, what about her?"

"She loves him, too."

There sounded an exclamation of impatience. "Loves? Have you no thought for anything but love. What do I care whom she loves. Have you watched her? Does she watch you? Does she suspect you?"

"I DO not think so."

"If she should suspect you; if she should denounce you, the work of three years would be wiped out in an instant."

"I shall not allow her to suspect me."

"She is clever."

"And I—am I not clever?"

"And very beautiful," said the little bird man.

"To what good? I wish I were hideous. Beauty! Beauty is given a woman to delight the man she loves—and I—I am nothing but the bait in the trap."

Major Land listened with mingled emotions; shame that he should be an eavesdropper to hear a woman confess her love for him; rage that a woman could love and yet betray —and, perhaps, strongest of all—a fierce, overmastering demand to have this mystery solved. Who was this woman? Was it Renée or Rachel? One point he believed he had cleared, he was certain her voice, as it came muffled to him through the thin walls, was the voice of the woman on ship-board. He believed her to be the woman who had talked with Ballard on that dark deck, and then had stricken him unconscious as he struggled with the spy.

He had come unarmed, and now he cursed himself for his stupidity. But, armed or unarmed, he would enter that shack and discover the truth. He felt about the ground at his feet for a weapon, and his fingers encountered a short length of studding. He gripped it and listened again.

He had missed something out of the conversation, something important, with.

"That is why my little birds sent for you," said the man.

"Are you ready?"

"I am ready."

"Have you the strength and courage to go on?"

"Yes."

"It is well. I would have had no fears but for this love. Love! It upsets the world."

"It makes the world."

"Nonsense, child."

"You are old. You have forgotten. But what would your life have been without love?"

"True," he said slowly, "true. One loves and one lives. Afterward—afterward one must search for other occupations. When love is gone, then life must be filled again with dry, lifeless things which we try to conjure into life. We work, we plot, we struggle. But it is not love. It has been many years since I have loved."

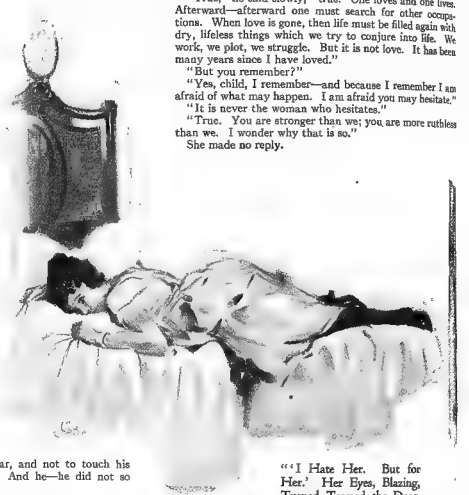
"But you remember?"

"Yes, child, I remember—and because I remember I am afraid of what may happen. I am afraid you may hesitate."

"It is never the woman who hesitates."

"True. You are stronger than we; you are more ruthless than we. I wonder why that is so."

She made no reply.



"'I Hate Her. But for Her.' Her Eyes, Blazing, Turned Toward the Door. 'But for Her'"

Presently he spoke again. "You have your instructions. Is everything clear? You know when and how you must act?"

"It is perfectly clear."

"And you will not fail?"

"I will not fail."

Major Land crept toward the door. It was a flimsy affair of boards, to yield easily to sudden force. He stood back to kick it from its hinges when, without warning, a black figure leaped from the darkness behind him, threw a powerful arm around his neck, wrenching his head backward and upward, and bore him to the ground.

AS HE fell, Land was conscious that his assailant called something to the persons inside the shack. He was even aware that the door opened and that some one scurried past him. Then he resolved into action.

Land was a big man and a strong man, but his assailant was big and powerful, too—and with the advantage of having attacked from behind and by surprize. The piece of studding had dropped from the Major's hand as he fell, leaving him weaponless, but his assailant seemed weaponless as well. It was man against man, strength against strength. Over and over they rolled, fighting silently, with no outcry. Land squirmed around so that he was chest to chest with his enemy, and so they tore and panted and strained, and struck blows which were futile in the darkness.

Land was aware that his assailant no longer sought to overpower him, but was fighting to free himself. Suddenly the man doubled up, knife like, thrust a knee into Land's stomach and tore himself from the Major's grip. In an instant he was on his feet, darting toward the street. Land leaped to his feet and followed, but tripped and fell. When he reached the street the man had vanished. And even him Land had not identified. All he could say of the man with whom he had fought was that he was big, powerful—and bearded.

He went back to the little shanty, now deserted and black. He searched its interior fruitlessly, wasting valuable time that might have been used in hurrying to the apartment to which the mysterious woman must retrace her steps. Suddenly he bethought him of this and rushed away.

He ran. But he was too late. When he arrived the apartment was dark, still, peaceful. He examined the fire-escape down which the woman had descended. It was in place, or, if there had been a ladder, it was now invisible.

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Clearly she had been before him and had re entered. His adventure had been fruitless.

In no pleasant mood he returned to his hotel. He cursed himself for bungling and stupidity; he cursed life that had placed him in such a tangle. He was altogether unhappy.

One of those women was guilty. One of them was a German spy, plotting treachery to himself, even while she confessed to loving him. It was unthinkable, a treachery too black to be conceived. And it was possible that the woman he loved was guilty of that treachery.

Rachel Laurens entered the drawing-room dressed for the street. Her cheeks lacked their accustomed color, and one who studied her face with careful scrutiny as Renée Saxe was studying it, might have perceived a certain tenseness that betrayed mental agitation. It is so that one looks who has spent a sleepless night of mental stress.

She stood a moment looking at Renée, then she spoke shortly.

"I am going out, Mademoiselle."

"*It is apparent.*"

Rachel walked to the door, turned the knob, and then faced about.

"Mademoiselle," said she, "we are not friends, is it not so? We have never been friends, tho we have suffered together. But will you answer a question—with frankness?"

"The question?"

"Do you love Major Land—love him, I mean, as a woman loves who is willing to give her life?"

"Mademoiselle, it is not your right to ask, but I will answer. Until I saw Major Land I had not loved. I had seen no man to whom I would give myself. I had said that never would I love a man unless I could love without reservation—wholly. I did not know what love meant. Now I know."

"You love him so well? And I." She shut her eyes and steadied herself against the door. "There is no more to be said. It is for him to choose. I would not make way for you. It is futile for me to ask you to make way for me."

Renée bowed. "Futile," she said.

"I have known it—of course I have known it. But I had to ask. I shall not return before evening, Mademoiselle."

She shut the door after her and descended the stairs. A passing taxicab stopped and she entered, giving the address of an office building not distant from the Treasury Department. There she alighted to be carried by the elevator to the fifth floor. For a moment she paused before a door upon which appeared the name of The International Sugar Corporation, hesitating as if she feared to enter. However, she gathered resolution and stepped within.

"I wish to see Mr. DeVries," she said to the young man at a desk.

"Your card, please."

She handed him a dainty bit of pasteboard which he carried into a private office, closing the door after him. In a moment he re-appeared, saying, "Mr. DeVries will see you."

HE HELD the door open for her while she entered, then closed it again. Rachel stood just inside the door looking at the tall, remarkably handsome man who sat behind a broad flat mahogany desk. He returned her scrutiny.

"Mademoiselle," he said coldly, "why have you come here? It is contrary to orders."

"I have come because it is necessary."

"Necessary for you, Mademoiselle, or for *us?*"

"For all."

"Will you be seated."

"Thank you. I have come to ask if I am necessary in this affair."

"You are necessary."

"If I have reasons for refusing to go on——"

"You are not permitted to have reasons."

"If I refuse without reasons?"

He studied her with chilling, steady gaze. "Mademoiselle," he said, "you are very beautiful. Beauty is meant to live and to be happy. It would be a regrettable thing to discipline beauty."

"I am deserving of something. I have earned something."

"It shall be paid—after you have succeeded in this."

"I have never asked a favor."

"It should be easy to grant favors to you—and that, Mademoiselle, is why you are so necessary to us. Need I remind you of your duty."

"My duty!"

He replied coldly, unemotionally. "Your duty in this instance is to turn the head of a young American. He is in love you. He is to be mad about you. It is no part of your duty to love that young man in return. You see I am not altogether uninformed. Indeed, I may say, I was rather expecting this visit."

"I do love him," she said tensely. "I love him so much that I have lost my fear. Nothing matters to me but his love. I must have it."

"It is a fancy."

"It is no fancy. I have come to tell you that I have decided. I shall not go on."

He smiled, but it was not a pleasant smile. "You are a fool," he said shortly. "Have you no eyes? He does not love you. You have failed. He loves the woman you live with."

"No. It is not true. I should know. If it were true you would not insist upon my continuing. I should be useless."

"Perhaps. At all events, Mademoiselle, you continue."

"I shall not."

He shrugged his shoulders. "With another I should not waste words. But you have served well. You have been invaluable. I shall not permit you to destroy yourself."

"You threaten?"

"I promise," he said, grimly.

"But I love him. I love him," she said, piteously. "I can not go on. Oh, I can not. I did not think I *could* love, but it has come. I have the right to love."

"What is love? It lasts an hour, a day. Then comes what? Monotony, *ennui*—a search for a new love. You are silly, Mademoiselle. The world is full of men as handsome as your Major, and you, with your beauty, can have your choice for the asking."

"I want him—only him."

"And him you can not have. I have given you my time. I have allowed you to come here when it was a dangerous thing to permit. Because I was willing to show you your duty and to save you from a grave mistake—a very grave mistake."

"I WILL not go on. You shall not threaten me. I will not betray the man I love."

"An ethical scruple? I had not looked for that. No, Mademoiselle, I fancy ethics do not enter into the matter. Yours is a purely selfish view-point. If you could win your man by ruining him, you would ruin him with a clear conscience."

"I shall appeal."

"To whom, Mademoiselle? I am supreme here."

It was true, she knew it to be true.

No course was open to her save defiance—and then dependence upon herself, for she would have no other friend. This man was supreme in his place his word was law.

"Suppose," said she, "that I dropped a word in a certain quarter that a man named DeVries was not the representative of a sugar corporation, but of a certain power——"

He stood erect suddenly and pointed an unwavering finger in her face.

"Go," he said, "I have been patient with you. Go! I shall forget what you have said—for your sake. How long do you fancy you would survive dropping such a word. And listen, Mademoiselle, you are depended upon. You are indispensable. Therefore, you shall continue." He leaned forward and whispered in her ear. She sank back in her chair and covered her face.

"'I Will Dare Anything—Anything for Him. He Is Mine—Mine'"

"No. No. It is not possible. He is dead. You would not——"

"It would pain me, but it would be necessary. Now we understand each other, do we not? There will be no more hesitation?"

She looked up wildly, terror in her eyes, hatred mingled with the terror. In that moment she was not beautiful. His eyes met hers and held them, and his will was the stronger.

"Well?" he said sharply.

She uttered a strangled sob, turned on her heel and tottered out of the office. Fear was stronger than love.

She felt stifled, crushed, helpless, and hopeless. With a blind desire she wanted to see Douglas Land, if only to look at him from a distance. It seemed to her that she must see him, must see him at once. Where to find him, she did not know. The only possibility was his hotel. It might be she would encounter him there.

She sat down in the Willard and waited—but waiting was futile. Not ten minutes before she arrived, Major Land had entered a taxicab and had driven to the apartment she had left but an hour before. He had gone there, driven to see Renée Saxe as Rachel Laurens had been driven to see him.

He loved her. If there had been doubt in his mind, it had vanished. It was Renée Saxe that he loved, and the more he doubted her the more he loved her. While he refused to admit the possibility that she was guilty, he could not thrust away from him the fear that she might be guilty.

"If I can see her—see her face to face," he told himself, "I shall know."

And so he went. He almost rushed up the stairs, and when the door was opened to him, he stood staring at Renée wordless, wildly. She stepped back startled at his tense face and burning eyes.

"Monsieur!" she exclaimed.

"You are alone?" he asked.

"Yes."

"May I come in? I wanted to see you—so I came without permission."

She smiled. "You are always welcome, Major Land. But enter. You are not well? Or has something unfortunate happened?"

Renée was studying his face with anxious eyes; with the eyes of a woman who loves, and who has sudden apprehension for the man she loves.

"No. I am well. There is nothing—except that I wanted to see you—you."

"Sit down, please—and smoke."

He obeyed silently, somewhat nonplused, now that he was here in her presence. He realized how abrupt his manner had been, and it embarrassed him, but she gave no sign except that she watched him keenly. Words would not come, and he needed words. He wished to appear natural, at his ease, so that he might observe Renée, study her, wring from her eyes the truth about her soul.

"Did you sleep well?" he asked with sudden clumsiness, the adventure of last night ever present in his thoughts.

"Very well, indeed, thank you. And you?"

"Not at all, I'm afraid. I had rather an amazing adventure."

"Oh, an adventure. Am I to hear about it?"

"Somehow I don't want to talk about anything but you to-day. I shall be going soon, you know—back to France. Every second seems mighty important."

"But adventures. They happen so seldom."

"But mine was so idiotic. I am trying to make myself believe it was a dream—that it never happened."

"Ah, then you could not have been the hero of it. If you had been—men are vain, are they not?"

"I'm afraid you are right. Have you ever seen the quarter of Washington called No-Man's-Land?"

"No-Man's-Land! How droll! And why is it called that, Major Land?"

He noted that she did not answer his question, but neither did he answer hers. He watched her a moment and then said suddenly, "You are wonderfully beautiful, Mademoiselle."

Her eyes glowed with pleasure, and she blushed. "You are wishful of turning my head." She was wonderfully beautiful, alluring, tempting Land to seize her in his arms and to heighten the pink of her cheeks by his kisses. She was so lovely that she could not be otherwise than good—and yet—and yet—so was Rachel Laurens beautiful, and one of them was not good. One of them was treacherous, cruel, accustomed to use her beauty as a lure to draw men on to dishonor and ruin. The thing seemed utterly impossible.

And then she smiled. It was a tremulous, happy, girlish smile, a sweet, a womanly smile, and she touched his hand with her finger. "I am overjoyed that I please Monsieur," she said softly.

He seized her hand; drew her toward him and held her face close to his own while he demanded the truth of her eyes. "Renée!" he said, hoarsely, "Renée!" And then, "I love you. God help me, I love you. Whatever the truth is, I love you!"

She did not struggle, did not fend him off, but slowly, slowly her lips moved closer to his, her body yielded, her eyes closed, and lips met lips. Wars and allegiances and nationalities and duties were lost in that moment. They two sat alone in a depopulated world.

She lay still in his arms and smiled up at him. "It is sweet—very sweet," she whispered.

He was happy. A sense of peace, of security filled him. Doubts had vanished, fears had vanished. Renée was Renée, and there was no evil in the world, nothing but beauty and goodness and happiness. Such moments are rare, their lives are short. But once they come to man or woman, never to return. Then he remembered. There was a war. In France his comrades were fighting, dying, and his duty was to return to them. It was a duty he would not shirk, could not shirk, but, following that great moment, it was weighted with bitterness. He was going away. He had found her to hold her but for a moment and desert her—perhaps never to see her again.

"RENÉE," he said, slowly, "do you love me—very, very much?"

She answered with a smile, and nestled closer to him.

"Enough to come to me now—without delay? I must go away. I shall have but a few days at most. Then I must return to France. Will you marry me before I go?"

She lay very still, then, slowly, moving like one awakened from a dream, she sat up, with closed eyes, without movement. Her cheeks lost their color. "Marry you?" she said.

"Marry me—at once. To-day."

"I love you. I love you."

"You will? You consent?"

He tried to draw her to him again, but this time she resisted. "No," she said in a small voice. "No—let me go."

"What is it, dear? Have I frightened you? Have I offended you?"

"No. But—Oh, why did you say it? Why could we not have been happy for a day."

"We shall be happy, for many days—for many years."

"No. No. It is not possible. There is no happiness for

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DON'T FORGET FATHER

Mother Has the First Call On Your Sympathies, but Save a Little for "The Old Man"

By ELIZABETH SEARS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUTHERFORD BOYD

IT SEEMS to me," said a practical man to me recently, "that you people who write war stuff are forgetting that there are a few fathers interested. I have two boys in the service and I love them just as much as their mother does. The separation and the anxieties mark my life as deeply. There are many fathers—and nothing is said for them. Can you not write a word for the fathers?"

We do offer the first sympathies to the mothers who give their sons. In family affairs father has generally kept himself in the background and has been willing to let mother take the brunt of the responsibility of bringing up the children. It may not be father's fault—but that is the way it is.

The earnestness of this father's plea took me back to a club meeting I attended years ago out in Kansas. It was in the days when mothers were just beginning to take an interest in clubs and were discussing somewhat ponderously and learnedly the various duties of motherhood. The discourse on the privileges of motherhood was a bit new to the older ones.

Women of their time just expected to marry and be mothers. We were younger and more lacking in working knowledge of the family then. Some of us had been mothers just long enough to be inflated with the importance of being taken into the circle of wisdom that can discuss teething and symptoms and patent foods with superior knowledge, and we seldom missed a Mother's Conference at our clubs. We sought to impress on the older ones that there was a lot to be learned in the business of being a modern mother.

I was one of the younger mothers then; but even with all my eagerness it seemed to me that they were making it a lot easier to talk about the proper rearing of children than really to raise them.

They did not seem to take into consideration the fact that our children were human rather than perfect and that they were seldom likely to conduct themselves according to the book rules. It was after such an afternoon that a quiet mother arose from the back of the room. She had listened much and said little.

"Madam Chairman," she said, "I hope we will not forget that in every pair of parents, there is one father. Don't forget that father may have his trials, too."

In one of the cantonments I visited last Summer, a boy came into the Y. M. C. A. Hut somewhat timidly. He had not been in the camp long and did not fully understand that no invitation was needed to make him free of the privileges of the "Y" Hut. He wanted stationery to write a letter. As he stepped up to the counter where I stood handing out paper, his eyes fell on a placard that hung over the counter:

"Don't forget Dad."

The secretary who had posted that notice there had always wanted a son of his own. In his own youth, when he had yearned for the companionship of a congenial father—when his boyish soul was fairly bursting to make a companion of his father—he had found the barrier of a dignified parent in his way. His father was a parent first and a father after. He had felt the lonesomeness of a boy who had wanted a congenial father with whom he could be on friendly, easy terms.

There are thousands of fathers who are so busy being parents and paying the family bills and providing family food and clothing that they do not have time to be fathers, I suppose. They haven't the time to get really acquainted with their boys and find out what corking good chaps they are. But this secretary had determined that when he had sons of his own he would be to them the sort of friend that he had always wanted his own father to be to him.

And Fate denied him sons!

WHEN the war came, he had given up his office and had gone into the Y. M. C. A. Hut because he looked upon it as an opportunity to be a father to all these boys, and the very first thing he did was to post that notice over the stationery counter where the boys came to get the paper on which to write their letters home.

"Don't forget Dad."

The boy's gaze was sullen as he glanced at the placard. He had not yet fully adjusted himself to the changes of the camp life and he was homesick and too proud to admit it. Many of them are like that. The secretary tapped the boy on the shoulder and held out a bunch of stationery to him.

"I hope you are going to write to Dad, too," he said, casually. "Of course I know you are going to write to your mother—all of the boys do that the first thing—but don't forget Dad. He will appreciate a letter written just to him, I feel sure."

The boy hesitated just a moment.

"I hadn't thought of writing to my Dad," he admitted. "In fact, I left home in a fit of temper a month or so before I enlisted—and Dad was pretty waxy at me. I don't believe he'd care much to hear from me."

"Won't you write, anyway, old chap?" insisted the secretary, gently and still casually. The boys hate to be preached at and the men in the Y. M. C. A. try to avoid it. "You don't know what day you'll sail now and I believe Dad would like mighty well to have a chance to make up before you go."

The boy's eyes grew hard and narrowed to a pin-point.

"Last thing Dad said to me as I left was that I wasn't worth the powder and shell to blow me up," he said bitterly. "He wouldn't be interested in hearing from me."

The secretary contemplated the boy for a moment.

"Tell you what you do," he said. "You go ahead and write him a letter anybow and then you've done your part. I believe he'd feel mighty proud of you if he knew how hard you've tried since you've been here and how much we think of you. And when you've written the letter, you bring it to me. I don't want to read it," he added when he noted the boy's suspicious look, "I only want to enclose a note of my own. I believe your father would like to know how well you stand here."

The letter went out that afternoon. The boy was willing to do his share, skeptical as he might be of the result, and in the envelop of the letter the secretary tucked a note. He spoke of how finely the boy was developing, of how proud they were of his record, and of how well he stood with his officers and his comrades.

"I felt sure that you, as a father, would be glad to know these things," he finished. "The boy may sail any day now and it must be a comforting thing for you to have such a fine boy to be proud of."

A few days later, there came a long-distance call to that "Y" Hut for the boy. It came from a distance that would have surprised us a few years ago. The happy tones of the father came over the wire to his boy. He had discovered that the boy was about to face powder and shot and that he was worth considerably more than he had figured.

"Mother and I are starting East to-night, son," he said, "but we just wanted to hear the sound of your voice and to be sure that we would be in time to see you before you go."

Later, a beaming boy brought his father and mother up to be introduced to the secretary. The differences that had come between them because of the misunderstanding of impulsive youth and unyielding middle age had been wiped out by that frank, manly letter in which the boy owned that he had been hasty and had asked for his father's forgiveness before he faced the enemy in France. It had taken time and absence for that father to reflect that his boy was a man and a citizen as well as his son, and so entitled to an opinion occasionally of his own.

THERE was another day when I rode in a train, seated across from a family group of father, mother, and an older son in citizen's clothes. They were hurrying to the camp in which their son was stationed, to get a last look at the soldier boy before he sailed. As our train pulled into a junction-point where we must wait for a time, we all noted a company of men who were boarding a train across the platform. Suddenly I heard the father give an exclamation. The mother quickly followed the direction in which he pointed and then the three of them raced quickly over the platform.

He had caught sight of his boy, just stepping on the train. It saw them gathered about the surprised young officer with the bar of a second lieutenant, who stood there in charge of the men. His boyish, rather stern young face was flushed with the joy and surprize of seeing them. He hastily explained to them that only for this accidental meeting they would not have seen him again, as it was his last move to the boat on which they were to sail. It was a whirl of greeting, farewells—and then that silence that always comes at such a time—that silent moment when you have said all you can say and there is nothing left but "Good-by, Son—write when you can—take care of yourself."

The boy in uniform kept one hand on his father's shoulder, while he clasped his brother's hand and gazed hungrily into the smiling eyes of his mother.

"Take care of mother and dad, old man," he said to his brother. And then he gave his father a friendly thump on the shoulder.

"Good-by, Dad," he said, heartily. "You've been one of the best fathers and the best friends a boy ever had."

He swung on the steps and stood there as his train pulled out, a slender boy in the uniform of his country, waving his handkerchief cheerily as he was being whirled away.

The little group came back quietly, the elder son carefully helping the mother to her seat. The father openly wiped away his tears and the mother stared unseemingly out of the window. I don't suppose we have any coherent thoughts at such a time—we just bear it as best we may. Suddenly their plans had been all smashed up; but they were thankful for the sharp eyes of the father, who had picked out his boy from the group of uniformed men opposite. And he had those comforting words to remember,

"You've been the best father and the best friend a boy ever had!"

I see them often as I go about—these family parties—the father always just a bit in the background. He expects to let mother have all the attention, and while she is held by the arm by the soldier son, Father walks along without

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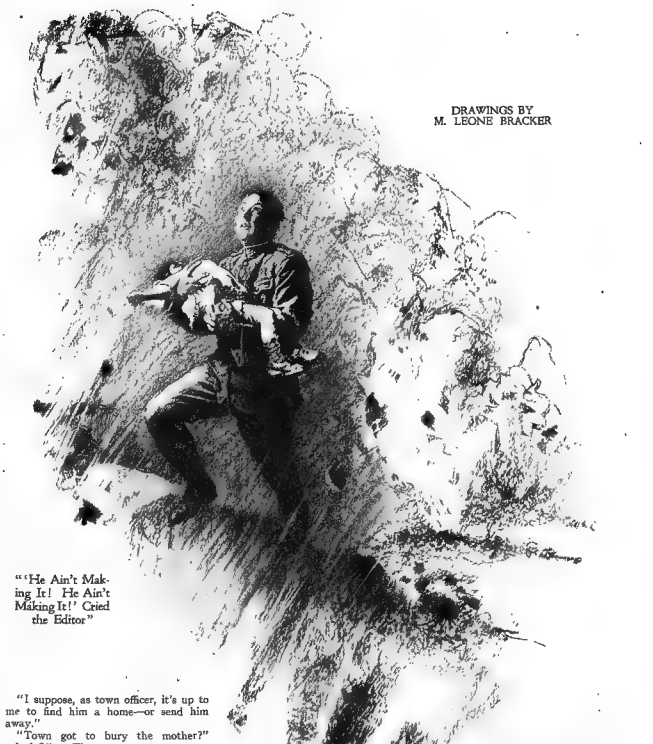
NEW YORK

THE CURSE

"Tho the Mills of God Grind Slowly, Yet They Grind Exceeding Small"

By *WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY*

AUTHOR OF "THE TOAST TO FORTY-FIVE," ETC.



DRAWINGS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

"'He Ain't Making It! He Ain't Making It!' Cried the Editor"

SET high on a terrace at the western end of Main Street, here in our little Vermont town of Paris, is a melancholy, dark-red house with lugubrious pine-trees growing before the door. The shades in the windows are always drawn. There are no signs of life about the place except for the sickly light which can be seen illuminating two of the windows on the eastern side during the long Winter evenings. It is a lonely, self-ostracized structure that only figures in the civic life of Paris when the property tax-roll is reprinted each November in our little local paper. There it is listed as the Collins place. Workaday Paris has a more appropriate name.

Most of our homefolks call it "Collins's Tomb," because in it lives one solitary old man whose name is Rufus Collins.

Rufus Collins is a tall, spare, aristocratic old Vermonter with dress and face as melancholy as his home. He is a familiar figure in our streets—in his sober black suit, his square-topped derby hat, his flowing, gray mustache and his dark, sorrowful eyes. Each morning he comes down from Collins's Tomb—where he lives in a manner that is an enigma to our fastidious womenfolk—goes into Joe Service's news-room and buys the same New York paper he has read for thirty years. Then he crosses Main Street and climbs the stairs to a room over the First National Bank. On the windows overlooking Main Street are the remnants of letters in worn gold-leaf:

RUFUS COLLINS
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law

The old man sits down in his battered swivel-chair. He reads the paper from the first word to the last. Then he lights his pipe. Hour after hour he sits there waiting for cases which never come. Moreover, the old man knows they will never come. The sun of his day has set and the glory has departed from his house.

Paris says that there has been a curse on him through the years—a curse on his family and that house. Moreover, Paris says Rufe Collins placed that curse upon himself.

We are not especially superstitious here in the office of our little local paper. Yet we never see Rufe going to his office in the morning or leaving it at night, and we never pass his house, but we think of him—wifeless and childless—spending his last days alone, and we are compelled to admit that if Rufe had been more altruistic in his younger days he might have been spared all that he is living now.

We make no claim for Rufe's story; advance no theory. The reader may call what has happened in Rufe's life a curse or not, as he pleases. But viewing it in perspective, one is compelled to admit there is something strange about the fatal association of the Ripley boy with the House of Collins.

ALONG, long time ago—when the Red Front grocery went under the firm name of Sampson & Clark, General Merchandise, and Will Seaver, the present proprietor, was only a clerk; when Paris was a little crossroads town and the gold-leaf letters on the windows over the First National Bank were very new and bright—five men chanced to be gathered in the rear of that general store.

It was twilight of an Autumn afternoon. The oil-lamps had been lighted. Will Seaver, drawing three dollars a week for work-to-day commands fifteen, was sweeping the floor preparatory to closing for the day. The door swung open and into the warm and pungent depths of the store came Amos Farmer, afterward "Judge" Farmer, a power in the judiciary and banking circles of our State. He had a little boy by the hand.

He was a squat-down, tow-headed little kid, with a frightened, wistful look in his eyes. The boy wore a ragged cap and was clothed in a tiny threadbare jacket. He had no mittens and the frosty Autumn air had nipped his wrists and the backs of his hands until they were pitifully red.

Wilbur Nieson, a trifle the worse for cider, stopped the narration of the part he had played at Gettysburg, spat with long stripy swish into the stove and demanded:

"Gone into the kid business, Amos? Whose youngster you got there?"

"It's the Ripley woman's boy."

Thereat the five men stared at the child.

"How is the Ripley woman lately?" Wilbur finally asked.

"She's dead," was Amos Farmer's simple answer. "That's why I've got this kid, now. His mother died the first of the afternoon."

"I heard—she was sick," commented Jeff Turner. "But just what was it she was sick with, Amos?"

"Doc Johnson says pneumonia; Dodd of the Methodist Church says—a broken heart."

"Did she give the name o' the kid's father before she passed out?" Wilbur wanted to know.

"No," replied Amos, sadly, "—we tried to get her to do it. But she stuck it out to the last."

"And what are you going to do with her young one?"

"I suppose, as town officer, it's up to me to find him a home—or send him away."

"Town got to bury the mother?" asked Oliver Thurston.

"The Methodist folks calculate to do it."

"Then why don't the Methodist folks make a home for the young one?"

"Some say they will. But they're poor people, Oliver. It seems a pity, boys, that with four or five families in this town who've got all kinds of money and no children, they couldn't show a little unselfishness and give a little shaver like this one a bringing up.

"Ask Rufe Collins to do it," laughed Wilbur.

A quiet smile went around the circle. It vanished when Amos Farmer replied quietly,

"That's just what I aim to do, boys."

"Huh?" gargled Wilbur.

"The Collinses have got all kinds of money and lots of servants. Rufe and his wife only got one kid now—they could raise this one along with him without a bit of trouble."

"Yes, but folks like the Collinses *won't*. You ought to know that, Amos. Gawd!—it's been the brags o' the Collinses' family from way back that they've kept their stock clean. They wouldn't no more think of adoptin' an orphan waif—especially without knowin' the full details about his folks—than they'd adopt somethin' the old family cat dragged in."

There came the click of the latch up front in the store. The tall, narrow door swung inward and a man came in. Under his breath Wilbur Nieson made a remark, something about speaking of the devil and the devil appearing.

The man who entered was a tall, well-groomed individual with a vague suggestion of cold cruelty on his handsome face. He nodded stiffly to the men about the stove and moved through the piles of merchandise until he stood beside Amos Farmer.

Amos turned in surprize when the newcomer spoke. The men about the stove leaned forward in their chairs, forgetting to chew their tobacco.

"Rufe," declared Farmer after a while, "take a look at this young one here and tell me what you think of him."

Rufus Collins took an unemotional, impersonal glance at the little boy in the threadbare clothes with the wet nose and red wrists.

"Quite an ordinary small boy," he replied.

"He's the Ripley woman's child, Rufe. The mother's died this afternoon and left him on the town. It's up to me to find a home for him, Rufe, and it occurred to me, that a man in your position, would make exactly the foster-father that a child like him requires——"

"Are you joking, Amos? You mean you want me to adopt some vagrant boy into my home—as one of my own—and *raise him?*"

Rufe Collins lowered his voice, because the door had opened and a woman had come into the store. She had stopped, however, at the calico-counter. So Rufe went on,

"Such a child would be a discordant note in our family life. It would spoil our blood. Blood will out, Amos. Heredity counts! I might take this young one and raise him, and just when we'd thought we'd made a good job of it and done as you claim—something for society—he might break out and do something to bring us such terrific disgrace that we'd hang our heads in shame and spoil our blood forever. It's too big a risk to run, Amos. There's institutions for this sort. Send him to one of them."

"Institutions! Yes—but you and I know what they are—the best of them. They can't begin to compare with a bringing up in a private family. Look at it from this poor little kid's standpoint, Rufe. He wasn't consulted about being brought into life. He finds himself here—without parents—without helping hands to guide him—no one to take an interest in him or help him. If he grows up and goes to hell, we'll say it was the blood in him. But it won't altogether be the blood in him. It'll be the unkind way that folks have treated him and looked upon him all along—as tho he was some kind of a felon simply because he's existing. It isn't fair, Rufe."

Something in Amos Farmer's retort angered the attorney.

"Amos," he declared with nasty emphasis, to be rid of an argument that hurt his conscience, "—I could adopt a dog or a cat and get more satisfaction out of it and less worry! There ought to be a law that permits the authorities to end the parentless lives of kids like this!"

RUFE COLLINS didn't mean what he said. He was angry because Amos Farmer heckled his conscience. But having said it, the statement stood. And he made it worse by adding,

"Yes, and I know some dogs whose lives are of more value to society than the life of this little——" Rufe was going to say a word that is not tolerated in the best circles. But he caught himself.

"Don't say that, Rufe," said Amos softly. "When we say things like that, they hurt us far more than they hurt the one for whom they're meant. This is only a poor motherless, unprotected little boy. Those words will come back to you——"

"I—ain't scared!" retorted Rufus Collins.

"Then it's final, you won't consider taking him?"

"It is!—final!" concluded Rufe.

He made his purchase and walked out.

After the rich man had gone, Amos looked down sadly at the lad.

"Only nobody," he said thickly, "—looks as if you was

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up against it, don't it? Ain't it hell to be a poor little kid and have nobody want you?"

The youngster started to cry.

The woman at the calico-counter moved down toward the rear of the store.

"Mrs. Pease," declared Amos with a glint of grim humor in his eye, "—want another young one to raise?"

The assembled men smiled. It was a great joke. Dexter Pease had died the Winter before, leaving this frail soul who stood here now in the out-of-fashion coat and the faded hat, with four small children to support and bring to maturity.

"What's the matter, little boy?" the good woman asked. She kneeled down to the child's level and held out her toil-hardened hands. In one of them was clutched tightly a pitifully-thin purse.

This happened a long time ago.

If you should look over the files of the old *Weekly Telegraph*, you will find somewhere in the smudgy items of that bygone year a paragraph to the effect that Mrs. Dexter Pease adopted the orphan Ripley boy.

As the good woman said at the time, apologizing for the addition to her already heavy load:

"Oh, well, it doesn't really matter. One more can't make such an awful difference."

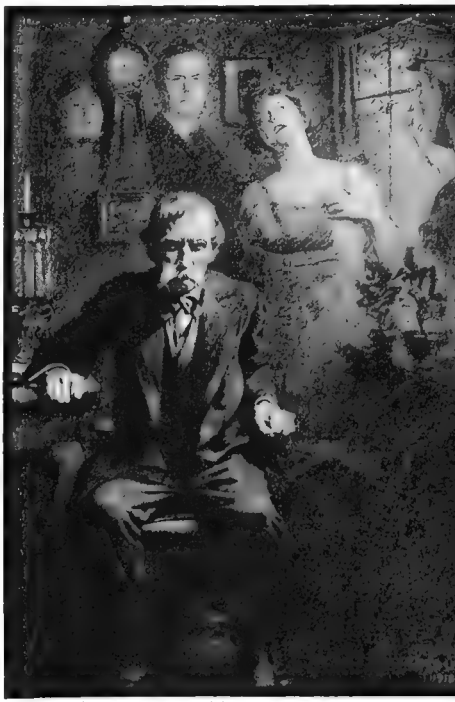
She took the son of the dead Ripley woman to her heart—and the up-stairs tenement on Cedar Street. He became one of her own.

There are many old people in our town who can recollect when little Teddy Ripley's cart was a familiar sight in the village streets. In it always was a basket of washing covered with a red cloth. For three of the widow's small children were girls and one boy of her own was too small to help her in the delivery of her work. As the orphaned boy grew older, that place he filled.

The first affair happened when the lad was about ten years old. He was a harmless, inoffensive little chap, with a wistfulness in his eyes, which Judge Farmer often said haunted him in his sleep.

The lad was playing with other children on the front walk of the Union Street school. They were rolling iron hoops on that inclined tar walk—old carriage tires given them by Tom Wright, the blacksmith.

The Ripley boy's hoop got out of his control. It sped down the walk faster than his little bare legs could follow. It leaped the sidewalk and bounded with an unearthly clatter into the road.



"'And the Lean Years Came and the Curse Descended upon Me—and My House Is Left unto Me Desolate'"

THE files of our little local paper will vouch for the fact that, passing in Union Street at that moment, was a beautiful chestnut-bay horse, harnessed in a neat, rubber-tired buggy. It was the private rig of Mrs. Rufus Collins. Mrs. Rufus Collins—alone behind the whip with the big bow of red ribbon—was handling the reins over that fractious animal.

The little Ripley boy's hoop struck the turnout broadside. The horse reared on his haunches. One tug gave away.

The breastplate of the harness veered around, twisting the reins which had been passed under the shoulder-straps. In an instant the animal was unmanageable. Two plunges and he had started down Union Street. Mrs. Collins screamed as the buggy collided with a lighting pole. Then the vehicle turned over and the distraught animal kicked himself loose.

Some men caught the horse down on Mill Street. He had scarcely any harness left. They brought him back to Union Street where they found Rufe Collinses' wife laid out on the tar sidewalk.

She had been dead several minutes when Rufus arrived.

Children are children. The youngsters in that school yard were quick to point out whose hoop had done the damage.

"That boy!" cried Rufe, hoarsely. "*That boy!*"

He arose from beside his wife. Very deadly he moved through that crowd of children in his terrible grief. The little Ripley boy was crying against a tree, shunned by the others who were waiting to watch him "catch it." Rufe Collins stalked toward him with terrible fingers that suddenly had the consistency of steel.

One of the men who had brought back the runaway horse intercepted the crazed man and protected the boy from harm.

A town's mind is a child's mind. A child's mind passes from one thing to another, one plaything to another plaything, one topic to another topic, with the passing of the moment or the hour. Paris had something else to occupy its attention next day. Mrs. Collins was buried. Rufe plunged into his law business—and the business of bringing up his two motherless children.

Only Judge Farmer, seated alone on gray days in his law office with his feet on the window-sill—watching the town-folks passing below on Main street—would notice Rufe Collins. And the Judge's thoughts could not help wandering back to that day in the back of the Red Front grocery.

"Strange, strange," he would mutter. But he kept his thoughts to himself.

Rufe Collins loved his two motherless children. He loved them so much that he spoiled them—at least he spoiled the boy. While little Teddy Ripley was pulling the Pease woman's washings about Paris, selling papers after school, weeding gardens and running errands, the young Collins boy trotted through our streets on a cruelly-abused Shetland pony, heading a gang of other bluebloods who had taken note that they were permitted to have pretty much the run of the town so long as the financial standing of their parents at the local banks continued At.

The years go quickly in a little town, especially when one looks backward in perspective.

AS THE Ripley boy grew older, he staggered out of our newspaper office each night with enough *Telegraphs* for the paper routes of three ordinary boys. Saturdays and vacations he clerked in the Red Front grocery—owned now by Will Seaver. He got a place as janitor in the Methodist church.

Between these sources of revenue, the lad not only paid his board to help out Mrs. Pease's efforts to raise her own children; he kept on through school and almost before we were aware he had graduated and was talking about going to Dartmouth in September.

He did not go to Dartmouth in September. He went into the First National Bank as errand boy—for one-half the money he had managed to make during school days. He thought he saw a future for himself in the bank. At least that was the excuse he gave us.

But we of the *Telegraph* office knew different. He had not gone to college because he was in love with a local girl. And that girl was Bernice Collins, daughter of the Honorable Rufus Collins, our representative in the legislature.

It came to us then that many years, indeed, had passed. The baby daughter who had been two years old when her mother was killed in a runaway accident, was a young woman—and a very pretty young woman—of many Summers. What was more, she had heard so much vilification of the Ripley boy from her father that it had reacted upon her after the manner of all womankind's sympathy for "the underdog." She made Ted's acquaintance. Finding him not at all the young scoundrel her father had tried to make her believe, that acquaintance ripened into love. All Paris knew. But Paris was kind. They did not advise the girl's father.

It was a soft Spring night back in '93 that the Ripley boy went strolling with Rufe Collins's girl out toward Haystack mountain. By the ragged lilacs that grew along the low stone wall in the road corner of the old Purse Place pasture they sat down under the stars. The lad removed his hat. He laid it down beside him.

"Bernie," he said huskily, "I've—got—something I want to tell you!"

"Yes," she said softly as the warm night air enveloped them.

"Bernie—I love you—Bernie!"

There was a quick intake of her breath. But she did not reply.

"Bernie—I love you, Bernie—I've fallen in love with you—with the girl whose mother I once was the cause of—taking away from her. And I—I want to make up for it, somehow, Bernie. I was made one of the bank clerks last Saturday—at a salary that enables me to say this to you. I've reckoned I'm making good in this community and living down the fact that I never was anybody to start with—enough to come to you this way—and ask you to be—to be—"

"Oh, Theodore!" she whispered. Her voice was hushed with the pain that comes from too much happiness.

"Is it—is it—*yes*, Bernice?"

"I'll be proud to be your—wife—Teddy," she replied softly. The town was right. As it had often remarked, Bernice wasn't a "Collins."

The next day in the bank, he followed down the local items in our paper. And he found this brief item.

> Miss Bernice Collins, accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. Harriet Winthrop, left this morning on a trip to New York City. It is rumored that Miss Collins and her aunt may follow their visit in the metropolis by a trip abroad in company with New York friends of the family.

Alas for the dramas—the comedies and the tragedies, but especially the tragedies—between the lines of the locals in a little country newspaper.

"*That boy!*" Rufe had whispered, as he sat stunned by the revelation after what he had that evening overheard. "Never!" Then he crunched his teeth together. As our paper reported, Bernice Collins had been "bundled off" to New York. Thence she went to Europe and she never returned—alive. It was no secret that her father's interference in her love affair broke her young heart. She died in England. She was not a "Collins."

And the day that the news came of her death, old Rufe sat in the big walnut library of the house on the terrace at the west end of Main Street. Sam Hod, our editor, came up to console him—incidentally to get the obituary for our paper.

Just once the old man let out what was in his heart.

"That boy did it!" he said. "He took my wife; he has taken my daughter——"

"Rufe," said the editor, "Amos Farmer once confided to me a queer story about how you had a chance to adopt that lad when he was a poor helpless little kid. Instead, you said—"

"I—know—what—I—said," declared the lawyer slowly. "I know—I know!"

That evening on his way home Sam met the Ripley boy strolling beneath the stars.

"Ted," declared the editor, knowing that the boy was going through all the tortures of the damned, "—believe me when I say that I'm sorry for you. The whole town is sorry for you—and sympathizes."

"Thank you, Mr. Hod," the boy replied quietly, "I made out long ago that life was going to be a test of what was in me—a challenge. I've—got to show—that the folks I came from were quality—even if they weren't. They've left me behind as a sample of what they were and that's what—I've been trying to do."

"Is there anything I can do for you, Ted?"

"Yes, Mr. Hod; there is."

"Name it, Ted."

"YOU know Congressman Adams—know him intimately, don't you? Well, could you possibly pull the wires and get me the opening he's got to give away—the place at West Point?"

"Why do you want to go to West Point, Ted?"

"Two reasons, Mr. Hod. First, I can't stay here in Paris any more—after this! There's going to be too many painful memories, Mr. Hod. The second is—young Alden Collins is trying to get that place. I've figured it all out. It's exactly the place for me. You asked if you could do something for me. You can! Will you?"

"I will," said the editor.

About a year ago there passed through Vermont on business for the United States Government, a Colonel in the Regulars of the United States. He was a broad-shouldered, finely-built, middle-aged man—straight as a Norway pine,

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NEW YORK

The Time Has Come To Consider Birth Politics

The Mothers Will Have Something Vital to Say about the Next War—Concluding Article of the Series on "Women in a New World"

By HELEN RING ROBINSON

FIRST WOMAN STATE SENATOR OF COLORADO

I HAD intended that this, my last study of "Women in a New World," should be addressed especially to men. But, after two or three attempts, I gave up the plan since, with a theme as practical as carrots, I found I could not get into the swing of the emotional and sentimental language that men, the incurable romanticists, demand in any discussion of the special topic I have now in hand.

While I can be very sentimental about money, I can not be sentimental over carrots. Therefore, this practical study of the rebuilding of a world is addressed to the practical sex—to women.

This morning at breakfast—I am writing now in November—I opened my paper and saw the word "Armistice" spread all over the headline—and, on the strength of that word, ordered bacon for the first time in many weeks.

It appears that the New World which I have been leisurely shaping to my heart's desire has suddenly swung nearer to us than I dared dream last night. Millions of men and women are reaching out to seize it by its four corners.

This has been a filthy war. A leprosy of waste. A monstrous drunken shambles. The beauty of the world has been shattered. Its wealth has been squandered. Its industries have become engines of torture. Its plenty is famine. Its choicest young manhood lies under the tortured earth of France. Ten million men have been killed in battle. Other millions have been maimed and broken. And the wastage of war has not been confined to fighting men.

Invasion, hunger, the diseases that are the camp-followers of war have taken a staggering toll among civilian populations. Even America, which has naturally suffered far less than any other of the warring nations, has been lately swept by a pestilence costing more American lives than Château-Thierry and St. Mihiel and all our other losses in France—and we know that at the obscure roots of this disease is war's underfeeding.

Naturally, then, above even the talk of financial conditions in after-the-war days, above and under and around all discussions of political changes or of Government control of industry there comes always the dogging questions,

"Who is to sweep the ruin and wreckage off the face of the earth?"

"Where are the men to cleanse its reeking lakes and rivers, to reclaim and till its shell-churned fields, to replant its orchards and forests? Who will rebuild its roads and cities and carry on the stupendous work of the world?"

"Who will refill its cradles? Its millions of empty cradles?"

THERE is no more insistent question in Europe to-day than that question of the cradle. That question of population. And if Americans do not yet seem deeply concerned with the problem, they will awake to its importance when employers of labor continue to miss, as they must for years to come, the European overflow of immigrants that used to mine our coal and dig our sewers and crowd our factories. We shall miss more than the immigrants, as young engineers and young farmers of our American fighting forces find work that invites them and a wife and a home in France or Belgium.

Then we also will begin to look anxiously at the empty cradles. Then American statesmen as well as manufacturers will ponder about population.

Now Nature, in the battle-scarred past, has always been trusted to look out for that question of population.

Did a million men die on the battle-field? To take their places, forthwith, there swung through the gates of life a million babies. It was all a matter of blind biologic urge and cosmic balance.

That is one of the reasons why there have been so many wars. The distinguished Dutch Feminist was quite right who told me two years ago in Holland that this last monstrous war happened because the women of Germany had too many babies.

Nature, that unscrupulous old jade, has no interest in Leagues of Nations or pay-envelops for women or the individual happiness of husbands and wives. All she cares for is babies—a steady stream of babies to keep her wasteful old world going.

Babies! Babies! Evermore babies! Born into a world that has treated the vast majority of them as if they were not worth the pains of birth.

And Emperors who make war, men who grow fat on the toil of little children, the wealth that thrives on exploited labor, are all equally eager for a crowded procession of babies. So they cling to the billowy skirts of old Mother Nature, who hasn't a tatter of sentimentality about her, and splutter sentimentally about the sacredness of motherhood.

Yes. But then there comes that matter of civilization.

When human beings began standing up on their hind legs they had to put up a stiff fight with Nature—and with the winning of that fight came the dim dawning of civilization.

The history of civilization is the history of the triumph of forces that are opposed to Nature. It is the story of subordinating natural forces to human intelligence.

It is civilization that orders Nature, the greedy, wasteful old hussy, to watch her step.

There is no possible doubt that the steady stream of babies is being checked in America, as in Europe, for all the demands of war lords and statesmen and sociologists and employers of labor.

This for several reasons.

Children were an industrial, an economic asset in the past. Even to-day, by grace of the United States Supreme Court, the "mill-billy" of certain Southern States finds it profitable to breed a dozen or more children to bring him their wages from the cotton-mill. But the purposes of civilization are plainly set against the labor of young children and the birth-rate falls as parents no longer collect from the child the cost of his rearing—with interest.

A DIRECT, and more or less automatic result, this, of Nature watching her step.

Burdensome war-taxes, the continued high cost of living, the absorbing push of civilization itself—these are other forces acting steadily and automatically to keep many cradles empty.

The draggled mothers of sweat-shops and oyster-shucking sheds and canneries, overburdened with children because in the past they have known no way of escape, are learning the way.

Moreover, women in general, as all signs seem to show, will continue as important economic factors after the war, and there can be little question that the more women find scope for their creative powers in the world of industry or of art, the less is their hunger for children.

And even if they feel the mother passion as strongly as romantic males insist they ought to, one child can generally satisfy it as completely as half a dozen since no sort of passion has ever been felt for the multiplication table.

It is evident then that the "birth politics" of men shows no signs of prevailing.

The time has come to consider the "birth politics" of women.

Now, I am not one of those who delight in glorifying women at the expense of men, or who contend that men belong to a lower order of beings. Indeed, I have always found men interesting—and very helpful! Yet I muse at times with wonder on the fact that the term "he-man" is used with profound respect by the men who apply it to themselves, while the same men use the term "she-woman" with mild contempt.

So we come to the he-man and the she-woman.

It is George Meredith who somewhere conjectures the last thing to be civilized was woman.

That may be. In any case, this is certain: when finally women won a homestead right to an active share in the processes of civilization they brought with them, out of the camps of silence, out of the toiling, brooding, firelit sequestered days, two distinctive contributions to civilization.

Those two contributions, like the home itself, were shaped by the physical and the spiritual meaning of motherhood. They were fashioned from the relations of the child and the mother.

We name those contributions the instinct to guard human life and the impulse for mutual, for co-operative helpfulness.

Now, when I use that word "co-operative" to testify to a distinctive contribution of women to the race I realize how many he-men at this very hour are explaining, "Women can never co-operate." (Come! Come! Mr. Doddy. Just remember that, no matter how much a man may admire himself, no woman has ever thought it worth while to be exactly like him.)

There are two kinds of

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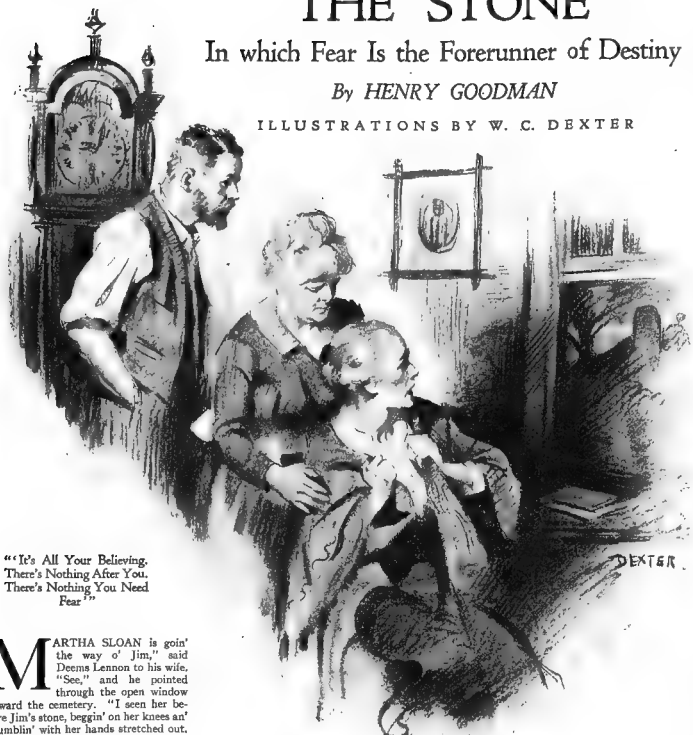
THE STONE

In which Fear Is the Forerunner of Destiny

By HENRY GOODMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. C. DEXTER



"'It's All Your Believing. There's Nothing After You. There's Nothing You Need Fear'"

MARTHA SLOAN is goin' the way o' Jim," said Deems Lennon to his wife. "See," and he pointed through the open window toward the cemetery. "I seen her before Jim's stone, beggin' on her knees an' mumblin' with her hands stretched out. She been that way a number o' times when I come upon her as I was fixin' up the graves."

Mrs. Lennon, a stout, pleasant-faced woman, looked in the direction indicated by her husband. Together they watched Martha Sloan, white-haired, thin, and bent making her way up the cemetery path. She was nervous and her walk was broken by little, sudden pauses in which she looked about.

"Poor soul," said Mrs. Lennon, "she's afraid. She ain't been herself sence Dorothy died. Losin' the two children right after Jim has broken her up completely."

"She's afraid for herself," said her husband. "If you heard her up there by that stone you'd have thought she was speakin' to some one alive, to some one who could do her things."

"Oh, well, that's enough to make any one queer," Mrs. Lennon said. Then she stopped, and watched the figure on the hillside.

"Look," said Mrs. Lennon, "look at her. She's down on her knees."

Deems stood by her near the window.

"That's it," he exclaimed. "That's exactly wnat she's been doing now for some time. I heard her speak. I don't know where she got the idea. She thinks Jim's following her—reaching out for her—trying to grasp her. I heard her plead. I don't know what'll come of it."

They were both startled when, as suddenly as Martha Sloan had knelt, she rose from her place before the gravestone and, moving in nervous haste, ran down the pathway.

"Deems, we must go to her," said Mrs. Lennon. "Maybe we can do something for her." And as they both hurried into the kitchen and out of the house, Martha Sloan, panting and white-faced with fright, rushed to the house.

"Deems," she gasped. "Deems, it's Jim. He's reaching out. He's reaching out to seize me."

"Martha, calm yourself," said Deems, taking Martha Sloan's shaking hand in his. "That ain't right. You're sensible. You mustn't think so much of it. You must keep your mind away."

"That's right, Martha," Mrs. Lennon said, as she helped Martha Sloan into the house. "You mustn't keep thinking of Jim, and keep going up there all the time. There's many things waiting for you at home, and when you're through there why don't you come over to us?"

But Martha Sloan, either not hearing or not heeding the words of Deems and his wife, sat huddled, nervously whispering, more to herself than to her friends. "It's Jim. It's his hand reaching out to me. He took Dorothy. He took Joseph, and he's reaching out now to me. He can't stand having me living."

She was nervous and in the power of a fear that was stronger than her will. She sat uneasily looking about her as if knowing that she was safe in the house of friends, but as if feeling herself momentarily in the presence of something strange and frightful. She cast frightened looks about her, at the room, at Mrs. Lennon, and at Deems. She looked at them in silence as if she did not know how to speak to them until, prompted by great uneasiness, she spoke in a loud whisper, "Take me home. Take me home, Deems. I want to get away."

Deems slipped into his coat, said to his wife, "I'll be back soon," then, helping Martha from the chair, walked out with her.

"Come now, Martha, you know us well enough. We're your friends, aren't we? And we tell you there's nothing to fear. It's all your believing. There's nothing after you. There's nothing you need fear."

"You don't know. It was he took my two children. He took Dorothy. When they laid her out in the parlor, I could just see him standing at her head. He was cruel when he lived. He beat them; Dorothy and Joseph, they hated him. And when they laid out Joseph after his fall, when the bridge gave way, Jim was standing by his head, and his eyes were laughing at me like he'd say, 'I took him, but now there's you.' And he's trying for me now."

Deems was pleased that she was speaking. He hoped that in conversing she would find respite from her thoughts.

"No, Martha," he said, "that wasn't Jim took Dorothy and Joseph. You know there's a God that gives and takes. Their years were run. Can't you see, Martha?"

"It was Jim who took. He couldn't see them living. When he lived he couldn't see them growing up to be themselves. He took them like he took me from you. D'you remember, Deems, how he came and in no time I was his? He owned me completely."

DEEMS was silent. There was no arguing. Even now there was vividly alive in his mind, and, he knew, in the minds of the other villagers, the recollection of that sense of possession which went with Jim Sloan. He recalled that William Carrol had hanged himself when he could not pay Jim Sloan the debt he owed him. It was true that Jim Sloan had owned his children as if they were pieces of property. The whole village had learned to know this fact soon after these children had grown up. Deems, recalling his feelings for Martha Sloan, remembered now the amazement, the astonishment, with which he had viewed the change that came over Martha immediately after her marriage to Jim Sloan.

She had been light-hearted and joyful as if overflowing with the vitality natural to the country about the village. There had been gladness in her laugh. Immediately after her marriage all this had changed.

Martha had been wont to run lightly about her father's house. Her movements had become suddenly freighted with a seriousness that was not natural to her. Her laughter quieted to a restrained smile which in turn gave way to a uniform seriousness. The whole village noted and remarked the change. "He is older than she," they said, "and is making her see things as he does."

When they reached the house, Martha, without a word, left Deems and hurried in. Deems turned away, looking back and shaking his head, the while he mumbled to himself, "There's no good in this. There's no good for Martha."

He was struck motionless when suddenly he beheld Martha by the window. He had thought her slightly composed when she had left him, for her manner was more quiet than it had been. Now he was startled. Out of the window she leaned, her eyes fastened on the distant gravestone—white, large, and dominating—a shaft that rose upright like a gigantic spear on the crest of the hill. He watched her face and head and saw that her movements were frightened. As she moved her head—it seemed she was following something with her eyes which, look as closely as he could, he failed to make out—there was a jerkiness of movement that showed her alert and startled.

FROM the musty, dark parlor Martha looked out on the cemetery. There, clear in the evening light, stood the large white stone—a terrible symbol that held her. To her nervous mind, alive with the creations of her fear, it seemed she could read the lines,

JAMES SLOAN
BORN SEPT. 14, 1857
DIED NOV. 12, 1915

and below it, stamped clearly and illumined by her fright,

HIS FAITHFUL WIFE
MARTHA SLOAN
BORN AUG. 9, 1871. DIED——

At the thought of the word "Died," followed by the dash, she recoiled. The dash reaching out to her—reaching to her—swept into her mind all the graspingness of James which had squeezed the sweetness out of life—all the hardness which had marked his possession of her. Was it her mind, prodded by terror, that visualized it? There, seeming to advance from the hill, from the cemetery, from the very gravestone which was beginning to blot and blurr in her vision, she saw a hand—his hand! It was coming—coming to her, to crush what of life was left in her.

Even in her own mind, it was a miracle that she had survived Jim's tenacity. When Jim had died, she began suddenly to recover her former manner of life. She began to win back to herself. It was as if, the siege of Winter having lifted, the breath and warmth of Spring might now again prevail.

Then had come the horrors of uncontrollable dreams followed by the death by fire of Dorothy. That had shaken her completely.

She recalled their rescuing Dorothy, how they had dragged her out of the fire, her clothes all burned off. They had sought to nurse her back to health, and in the week before her daughter died she had learned something of what had happened the night of the fire. In her sleep Martha had heard herself called and she thought it was her father's voice. She had arisen when she seemed to see beside her her father as he had looked in life.

She had followed him to the barn and suddenly he had told her that he had come back to take her with him as he had promised to before his death. In her struggle to escape him she had flung the lantern. In the parlor they had laid out Dorothy—a blackened, burnt frame.

All her care and love and solicitude she concentrated on Joseph. She thought that perhaps by an intenser, all embracing love for Joseph she would be enabled to defeat the spell that she felt hanging over her life. Then, when it seemed that life would begin anew to take on a definite meaning—Joseph, grown up, was giving purpose to it—she remembered that some one had knocked timidly on the door and had announced in a frightened voice: "Mrs. Sloan! There's been a terrible accident, the bridge fell——" She remembered that she had screamed, "My Joseph! My boy!" and then had found herself in the parlor, the body laid out on the couch.

She remembered suddenly that the parlor had seemed to contain the presence of Jim. She had looked on to see dimly what seemed the figure and face of her dead husband. In the eyes that seemed to be laughing she read the threat, "I took him, but now there's you."

As these recollections flooded and flowed through her mind, a frightened nervousness seized upon Martha, standing by the window. Somehow she was being held by a fear to move. Something seemed to have robbed her of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

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Campbell's Soups

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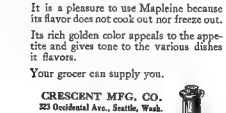

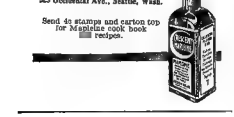

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The Stone: By Henry Goodman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

strength and resolution to turn from the window.

There came to her the impression that there was some one in the room with her. The feeling grew subtly upon her and added to her fear of turning around. So she kept her eyes looking out of the window up at where the shaft of the gravestone stood. But, more clearly now than before, she sensed something that seemed to reach out from the gravestone and carry to her, and at the same time there grew the feeling that the presence in the room was approaching her.

She was held in fright. All her nervous impulses impelled her to flight. Like a whip that was descending over her head, came the mirage from the gravestone until, in a mad, wild attempt to evade it, she flung about in the room as if to dash across and away from the window. Suddenly she was halted in her passage by the presence of Jim. The dim parlor was somehow filled with a sense of his being there, and in the dusk near the mantelpiece and at the head of the couch, there stood in shadowy outline her husband, come back.

"Jim!" she uttered, in a frightened gasp, and threw her hands outward to protect herself from his purpose. But she saw clearly the shadowy face and eyes that said unmistakably, "I have come for you."

She was terror-bound. There was no advance, for moving forward meant coming closer to that presence, meant walking into his very grasp.

She was about to speak, to plead for herself, to beg, "Jim, leave me!"

In her terror and dread of his approach, she turned hastily to the window and leaped down. Wildly she scrambled up, bruised and shaken, and screaming hoarsely, while in unthinking terror she moved her hands, as if beating off unwelcome hands, she ran pantingly up the road which led to Deems's house.

THE silence and the air of happy quietness that filled the house of her friends seemed to lay a spell upon Martha. Caring for her as if she were of the household, Deems and his wife were gratified by the change that apparently was coming over their charge.

In their room, after Martha had bid them good night, Deems questioned his wife.

"And how is Martha behavin', now?"

"You couldn't tell she's the same woman. Remember how she was when we found her at the door that night—all mumbling and frightened so she couldn't talk? Well, now she's quiet and happy like. What she needed was being with some one."

The quietness of her surroundings had had its effect on Martha. They showed in the calm self-possession with which she walked about, persisting in her efforts to help Mrs. Lennon in her household work. The atmosphere of hustling activity—Deems's coming and going from the village, from the cemetery, whither he went with his trowel and spade to keep in repairs the many graves and plots on the hillside—all this seemed to have drawn on some reservoir of unsuspected vitality and composure within Martha.

These were the visible effects. In fact, however, there had grown in Martha's mind a plan a desire to cut herself forever free of Jim's sinister possession—and this plan she drew from a reservoir of nervous power that was fear and terror converted into cunning and despair. She went about the house as if relieved of fear of Jim, but cautiously, as if somewhere in back of her mind was a way out, a way out, to win which required craft and watchfulness.

In this spirit she observed Deems's movements about the house until she learned where he left his lantern and the box where he put away his trowel and mallet and chisel. Now that the plan was clear in her own mind, there was nothing to do but carry it out. She would cut the dreadful tie that held her to Jim—the tie, the potency of which gave to the dead man the power of holding her so completely. Reckoning thus, she became wary of her companions as if fearing that they might in some way interfere with her plans if they got wind of them. She knew that her every move was watched, for she found that Mrs. Lennon had constituted herself her guardian. Since her coming to the house, she had never left its shelter, finding at first that companionship and re-assurance which gave her courage and resolution against Jim and the power to survive the terror of thought of him, and finding finally that, with the formation of her plan, she would have to conceal it from Deems and his wife. She came to this conclusion in this wise.

One day, in the kitchen she came upon a newly sharpened cleaver, its edge invisibly thin and its broad, flat side gleaming in the sun. Mrs. Lennon was by the window and from without came the sounds of Deems chopping wood.

Her mind was filled with a sudden clearness of thought and, swinging the cleaver in the air, she said to Mrs. Lennon:

"You have been so kind I can break away from Jim. When he reaches out—reaches out for me, I can just cut off his hand."

Mrs. Lennon stood motionless, startled by the unexpected words. She had thought Martha's mind free of all fears of Jim. She was brought up sharply by this sudden speech and gesture. "Deems," she called, "Deems come here."

Deems had taken the cleaver hastily from Martha's hands, and that night told his wife that Martha would have to be watched closely. He feared that Martha was becoming deranged.

Martha had discovered that she was watched when one night she left her room. She heard the door open and instantly she felt the hands of Mrs. Lennon on her arm and heard a gentle, persuasive voice asking her to return to bed.

It was the next day, in the dusk of a turn in the hallway, that Martha once more felt the presence of Jim. If her life in the peaceful household of her friends had brought an outward calm, a mantle of repose and quiet, this was instantly torn up by the vision that formed before her eyes in the half dim hallway. Instantly she was the old Martha, held in the grasp of terror. Her face was drawn in tense, white lines, her lips were deformed, and with trembling gaunt hands she thrust back the apparition. Her screams, "Jim, let me be, let me be," brought Mrs. Lennon running and called Deems from his work in the wood-shed

They found her in a faint on the floor. They carried her to her room and put her to bed, Mrs. Lennon speaking to her, soothing and trying to bring her back to her former calm.

There followed a few days of rain which seemed in some way to make Martha less uneasy and restless. Deems and his wife, seeing her silent and apparently resting, felt that slowly the terror she had been suffering was being washed out. Martha's attitude encouraged this feeling. She rested in silence, attentive to the dropping of the rain and learning once more to wear her old-time composure.

WHEN Deems returned toward nightfall one day, it was with the news that the incessant rains had done serious damage in the cemetery. Intriguing from the drenching he had received in his tour of inspection, his boots muddy, and his hands dirty from holding up the precarious bushes, he shook with cold as he reported on what he had found. In his narrative he had quite forgotten the presence of Martha who sat by, silent and waxen-faced.

"And you ought to see," he said, turning to his wife, "how the rain has run down those graves. You know, its loosened Jim Sloan's stone up. I'm afraid it'll fall against the first heavy blow."

Martha's exclamation "Oh!" recalled to him her presence. He stopped talking for a while, then hoping to blot out the effects of his statement he began a lively story of the number of trees that had fallen across the road, and how he had been told that over at Rampaco the post-office had been struck by lightning.

He did not know it, but Martha was deaf to his reports. She had her own thoughts. She felt herself curiously strong of will, and there raced in her blood the high determination to act that very night. Not for nothing had she spent the rain drenched days in terrified silence in her room. All of her energies that were still capable of being mustered to her resolve, she had converted in the crucible of her will, and buddled in terror, she had forged the determination to go out when the time came and to cut herself free of the fiendish power that was searing her mind and slowly crushing her. She remembered that in her faint, when she lay limp and inert, a thing of dread, she had felt herself crumple up at the touch of Jim—Jim reaching out for her. Now she would cut herself free of him at the very source of his power over her. She would go that very night.

She cast a glance toward the closet where Deems kept his trowel and chisel. She would have need of them, she knew. She said "that night" rather high and loudly and vehemently than she had intended, for she was feeling nervous.

SHE was awakened by a feeling of cold. As she sat up she saw that the door was open. What was it drew her eyes through the hallway and out into the open and brought her up suddenly? There came upon her an eeriness that startled and chilled her, and suddenly, as if it were coming at her through the open door, fingers outthrust, there appeared the hand.

She was out of bed on the instant. Somehow in her throat she repressed the upstarted cry, "Jim," by an effort that strained at her nerves and made her face bloodless white. She could not, however, repress completely the instinctive movement of her hands and arms to the opening hand. Suddenly a panic seized her and in terrified haste she moved to the closet and, feeling a moment, took what she knew was Deems's chisel.

Do what she could, she could not stem the flow of panic, and suddenly as she began to pant and breathe heavily with the strain of terror, she began also to gasp her pleadings to Jim.

"Don't, Jim. Don't take me," and, as if not at all of her own volition, but at that of a guiding power, she moved out of the house, ghastly in the night, mumbling and shivering.

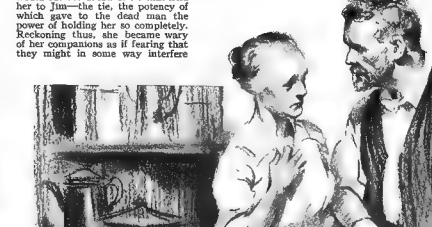
She was still atremble—she was now chilled by the dampness of ground and air—when she stood by Jim Sloan's gravestone. White it gleamed against the sky, and now Martha's trembling and murmuring turned into a furious industry as she raised the chisel to the stone.

"Jim—you'll let me be, won't you? You'll let me be? I want a live yet." She began a frenzied hacking at the gravestone, seeing nothing but the play of her chisel, and the white, fearful stone towering over her, hearing nothing but the rasp of the chisel—not even hearing the rattle of the loosened gravel as it slid from under the stone.

Deems Lennon and his wife were awakened by a heavy crash. "What can it be?" he asked his wife, and then left the bed and ran up to Martha's room. She was gone. Instantly they were both fully awake.

It's Jim's grave she's gone to," ventured Deems. "Remember the way she said 'Oh!' that time I told how the rain loosened the stone? Come on, we'll go see."

In the dark when they were near the spot where the stone used to stand, they heard a moaning. They approached and found Martha caught under the stone, her body crushed, her dying breath coming slowly and heavily, carrying in her words, "Let me go! Jim, let me go!"



"'Here's How I Can Break away from Jim. When He Reaches out for Me, I Can Cut off His Hand'"

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OUR CHANGING HOUSEKEEPING

The Woman at Home Has to Keep Up With the Times

By AGNES ATHOL

THE outstanding fact about housekeeping just now is that there is actually more work to be done—and fewer people to do it. Even if a soldier-father is still absent, and the work apparently lightened, there is likely to be a boarder or relative to help out financially, and in any case certain heavy tasks which were formerly taken care of by the man of the house must be assumed by his womenfolk. It is true that we are all apt to prepare less elaborate meals when the men are away, but the ordinary household work has to go on just the same, with the added care of the furnace and yard to offset the easier cooking.

Every public utility that serves the home is more or less crippled by loss of helpers, so that we have long accustomed ourselves to the resulting fetching and carrying. Fortunately I have a car, which has long served me for cheaper marketing and quick shipment of other purchases. Last Winter I had to use it to bring home a bushel or so of coal at a time; I daresay I will do the same again. The laundry has ceased to call at my door, and I frequently encounter delays and many mistakes, even when I carry the clothes down to the plant myself; the local baker has stopped delivering, and so has my gasoline man. We have had some carpentry work and electric wiring done recently; the only way we could arrange it for the work to be done was to haul all materials for the workmen. It was the same way when I painted the interior walls last Spring; I could buy paint, but could not get it delivered.

Omit the Non-Essential Work

I HAVE just finished the family ironing, for the third time in my experience here in this city of many colored women. One has taken it for granted heretofore that even with domestic servants scarce, one could always get a washerwoman to work by the day. There seemed little else that most of them were fitted for. To-day they clean the many new offices, serve as messengers, run elevators, or work for the government printer. They make more money than they ever did before, and have shorter working hours. Ordinarily the answer to the problem of vanishing domestic help has been the outside public utility; but under present conditions these are as crippled for help as the home. It seems evident that we women with families simply have to get used to doing a lot of work we thought we had permanently escaped. Even when the public servant, like the laundry, is sometimes available, the increased cost forces our inelastic pocket-book to choose whether we will save ourselves at the expense of nourishing food for the children, or do the work in order to have spare enough for milk and meat in plenty. No real mother hesitates long as to which course she will follow.

The amazing thing about the extra work that is being constantly thrust upon us is that we manage to do it. A year ago I thought I was about as busy as a woman well could be, altho I had a competent servant. Looking back on those days I can see that they were largely absorbed by two kinds of activities: some literary work which I have now dropped, and a very steady round of entertaining. Having people to dinner was taken as a matter of course. And I prided myself on these dinners. At the very beginning of the food conservation movement, they represented a great deal of planning and experimentation on my part.

Because of the income I had from my editorial work I was able to hire practically all my sewing done, including even the mending and making-over. With three active growing children this last item is always sizable. I was not long persuaded in my mind that it was unprofitable for me to sew.

The changes in the present weekly activities as compared with those of a year ago show a substitution all along the line of *essentials* for *non-essentials*. I have done a great many different kinds of work in my life, and some tasks are harder and more distasteful than others. At the same time it is astonishing how soon the feeling of distaste is replaced by one of satisfaction when one is thoroughly convinced that a given kind of work is an *essential*.

Under former conditions, it was decidedly unprofitable for me to spend a whole day on work I could get done for a dollar and a half or two dollars—whether sewing or washing—because I had been trained to several types of work at better rates which were not physically as hard on me. Unlike many women of my acquaintance, I have never had any leisure for purely social activities; it goes without saying that they must be immediately sacrificed by any woman who is earnestly concerned over the effect of these times on her immediate family. But when there is no help available for *any* kind of household work, one must choose carefully how one's time is spent. And it helps a great deal to banish the feeling of envy toward the other woman's job. I have taught school—and I do not envy the school-teacher; I have done office work—and I prefer to cook or sew; I have used a typewriter for hours at a stretch, and see in it nothing to be preferred in reality to making my house sweet and clean for the family to come home to. At the moment I am actually writing this article, I would much prefer to be free to put another coat of varnish on a floor I am finishing up-stairs; and I would rather stay home every morning and wash the breakfast dishes than feel compelled, as I happen to'be, to drive my husband to his office, and call for him again just when I ought to be getting dinner on the table, merely because he is unable to drive himself. All work is relative; and when one has done enough of it there is little to choose between scrubbing the kitchen floor, washing an automobile, or standing before a letter-file all day.

To me, there is a tremendous joy in doing anything as well as it can be done. I was more mortified the first time I did the washing, over the fact that the clothes weren't very clean, than I was over my physical limitations. This week they are better, and I'm correspondingly proud of myself.

I'm going to get a washing-machine as soon as I can afford it, because I believe the work will be better done at a less expenditure of energy; but meantime, I hate to think an inferior mechanical-induced woman is a better washer than I am!

Nevertheless, in going over the necessary work of a home in the present time, one must learn the art of slighting the non-essentials, while doing the essentials well. A sweet, clean garage, and toilet are sanitary requirements; if there isn't time enough to do the windows as often as usual, nobody's health will really suffer. The children are just as well pleased with very plain, made-over garments as with elaborately constructed ones; and the new ones I am making now are equipped with few buttons and flat surfaces, to make the laundry as simple as possible. Fine table and bath-room linen is put away along with copper coffee-pots that need shining and living-room ornaments that have to be dusted. We have company, but not so often to dinner, and we do not regale them with as many of the fine foods as we did last year. Since I expect the children to help a great deal, I try to adapt much of the housework to their capacities. I plan to have them save me steps on every possible occasion. When I am canning, I cook a part of the vegetables for both the day's meals. When I am marketing, since I do my own carrying, I try to get everything I can in one or two trips a week instead of marketing every day.

That Extra Hour in the Morning

ONE of the changes in our housekeeping has been earlier rising. Of course "daylight saving" is made everybody change for the Summer; but I mean that where seven o'clock used to be a normal rising hour at any season, for a long time I have set my alarm at six, and found I could accomplish wonders in that extra free hour in the morning. I could do almost any task early in the morning in fewer minutes than I could have in the day's rush later. If I wanted to take a nap in the afternoon, I really lost less time than when I slept till seven. As I always take the furnace, I can usually put the cellar in order in the Winter and then clean up for the day, if I got up early enough. I am sure that if some of the office-girls I see rushing off to business after a hastily bolted breakfast could give up a bit sooner in the morning, and spend the extra time in the morning for a less hurried breakfast, they would be far less tired at the end of the day.

Another effect of earlier rising and an earlier breakfast hour is a chance to have more legitimate help from children before they start for school. Our children have always been expected to make their own beds and straighten their rooms; but when breakfast is late and they must rush for school, this work either falls to my lot, or must be left for my return in the late morning. And, having been a teacher myself, I know only too well how badly they need what fresh air they can get before 9 A.M. from between three-thirty and dark. It is not fair to ask them to come home and do housework, whereas it is not hard on them to do a little, in a good spirit, in the morning.

I knew a girl who was embittered toward her mother throughout her girlhood because the day's dishes were always piled up for her to do when she came home from school. When the children get up early, they go to bed early, too; an advantage any distracted parent can admit after struggling with reluctant boys and girls at nine o'clock.

Perhaps I am dwelling overlong on this phase of the handling of the extra work there is to do. My excuse must be that I am particularly anxious to let the children feel they must do their part in all the household activities, not only for the sake of the training, but because it is the principal patriotic service which falls to their share. At the same time discrimination must be used that they shall not be robbed of a fair amount of play and normal children's fun. On the long, heavy jobs, like cleaning, washing, ironing, and most cooking, there is little for them to do; but they can clear the decks, so to speak, of all the little cluttery, time-consuming duties which do not appear in the usual mother's schedule.

Since they were from five to eight, my children have all been able to wash ordinary dishes and put them away; dust; sweep porches and sidewalks; empty waste-baskets; peel vegetables—every summer they prepare practically all my fruits and vegetables for canning, and that means about two hundred jars; cook breakfast if necessary; put away finished laundry in the right places; pick up trash in the yard; cut the grass; wait on table nicely; set and clear away each meal; brush down the stairs and wipe them every day; run an infinity of errands. These are merely the odd jobs I happen to remember; in every household there are many other ways in which willing children can help without hurting their education. One of my neighbors pays so much for certain tasks, and thinks it brings good results; I prefer the allowance system, except for unusual work, usually hired, for which I sometimes offer a part or all of what the hired laborer would charge.

My little girl of ten shoveled half a ton of coal into buckets last Winter and carried it into the cellar on a cart, as the coal-man refused to put it in this year as extraordinary a kind of work that I was glad to pay her. And it did not hurt her to do it.

Business Women Keep House

THE usual problem in the family where there are no children is that of combining meeting and housework generally with everybody going out to work. The boarding-house seldom proves a satisfactory answer, and most of those I know in government work, are also keeping house.

One of the time-taking tasks in the household with children—the eternal picking up—is usually eliminated in these adult workers' homes, and with a little skill in choosing the food, much better and less expensive meals can be had by getting them cooked. I find that, even with a spare half-hour before I have to drive my husband down-town, I can get the breakfast dishes out of the way, and keep the bedrooms; for some reason, this work takes a great deal longer when I get back.

The same plan of getting up with plenty of time to prepare part of the day's food in advance must be adhered to, with a resulting shortening of the evening hours; but business women, under most conditions indulge in much social recreation, and I know from those who are doing it, that even a home with real housekeeping is better than a boarding. A tireless cooker is of course a great help in this type of household, and probably a can-opener comes next. In one business home the three women take turns at the marketing and cooking, and preparation of box-lunches and the straightening of the rooms; they have not yet reached the question of the washing, I suppose there will be no alternative except the expensive public laundry. In the Y. W. C. A. many of the girls do their own washing and ironing without seeming to mind it. Where there is a man to be fed in one of these business households, the food problem looms a trifle larger, because women manage to get along on less hearty food; but if the man in question will see that he ought to help at the home end as much as anybody, he may be able to compensate easily for any additional cooking that may be necessary.

Undoubtedly it is hardest of all, at the end of a tiring business day, for the new woman worker to turn to and actually clean rooms. Her position is not unlike that of the Y. M. C. A. secretary in one case who said that his hut was so continuously occupied that the only chance he had to sweep it was when the "alert" sent everybody out, and the men all had to rush into line. No doubt his sweeping was frequently done with shells bursting overhead—but like the rest of those who have been on the other side, he was used to that.

After all, it is when we think of the kind of work that has been done to make our homes safe for us—the discomforts our dear ones have endured—that we can turn most cheerfully to every burden that the war has added to the home-maker's tasks. For with it all—late hours, long work, lacking help, diminishing supplies for our money—the most we can do is as nothing beside the supreme gift of youth and life.

"I wonder, Mary, if coffee really harms one as much as some folks think?

"Well, John, you wouldn't give coffee to little Jack, would you? You know well enough that coffee harms children, and it must be relatively harmful to adults.

"Yes, I've been told that if I want to get rid of my indigestion and nervousness I'll have to quit coffee. But what is a fellow to drink with meals?"

Instant Postum

answers this question perfectly. Made of cereals, it is free from caffeine, and mighty delicious! There's no loss, but much gain, in using this pure drink, with its coffee-like flavor.

Instant Postum is made in the cup, at table, in a moment. Very convenient and economical. Needs but little sugar.

Remember! When you serve Postum, the children—"little Jack" and all the rest—may have their hot cup with safety and keen enjoyment.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

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Another Boy

Tastes Puffed Grains

Tomorrow morning another home will be serving these Whole-Grain Bubbles.

The only children who don't get Puffed Grains are the children who don't know them.

The foods are resistless. When a boy or girl once tastes them, mothers are urged to supply them.

And millions of children now know the delights of them.

They Are More Than Food Confections

The Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are far more than delightful. They are scientific grain foods, made by the process of Prof. A. P. Anderson.

Every grain is steam-exploded—every food cell in each grain. Thus the entire kernel of wheat or rice is fitted for easy digestion.

Other forms of cooking rarely break up half these food cells.

Shot from Guns

The grains are subjected to fearful heat. Then they are shot from guns.

Thus they are steam-exploded to eight times normal size. They are changed to flimsy, flaky bubbles with a nut-like taste.

That makes them so enticing. But the great purpose is to fit them for food—to make whole grains wholly digestible.

That's why Puffed Grains are all-hour foods. They never tax the stomach. They are more than breakfast dainties. They are between-meal foods and bedtime foods. They are noon-time foods for business men who want easily-digested lunches.

The more you know of Puffed Grains, the more you will employ them.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains—Each 15c Except in Far West

Ways of Serving

In the morning serve with sugar and cream, or with melted butter, or mixed with any fruit.

At other times float in bowls of milk. These crisp, toasted grains are four times as porous as bread.

For hungry children after school, crisp and lightly butter.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(2062)

THE CURSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

fair as a viking, deadly-capable as a machine-gun. His features were tanned the hue of copper from service in Cuba, in the Philippines, on the Mexican border. He stopped off in Paris en route from Washington to Canada in order that he might visit a certain old lady who still lived on Cedar Street, but who, thanks to the great Colonel's gratitude, no longer dresses in shabby clothes and enters the Red Front grocery to buy goods with a purse pathetically thin.

Paris had heard of his coming. He would arrive on or about the date that the Cobb City Board of Trade was to visit us on one of its "Get-together" junkets lately popular throughout New England. With customary energy, Will Finch, president of the local Board of Trade decided that it should be made a great local holiday and that Colonel Theodore Ripley should be the guest of honor.

HE ALIGHTED on the platform of the Paris railroad station, taller by a head than any of the hundreds of lusty-throated Parisians gathered there to welcome him, and as he moved down that platform to the waiting line of carriages, he was the personification of all that is finest and best in American manhood; a soldier, every inch of him.

The parade got under way. The Paris Marine Band, so-called because of its propensity to bring rain at every function wherein it held forth in its melodious capacity, marched ahead. It wound up Depot Street on to Main. From Main it moved over through Cedar Street.

As it approached a certain little, yellow house, as per pre-arrangement, it stopped.

On the piazza, in a Paisley shawl, was a frail little old lady—an old lady with a sweet, wrinkled face—a face pitifully white with the excitement of what was occurring on that morning. She was out on the piazza to "see the parade go by with Teddy in it!"

But the parade did not go by—"with Teddy in it." When the Colonel's carriage drew opposite the walk, the parade of a hundred vehicles stopped. A tall magnificent figure in olive-drab stood up. He opened the carriage door and came down. With poised military stride, that splendid masculine figure moved up the walk. It moved up the walk—up the steps—before the speechless little old lady, the bronzed faced Colonel in the United States Regulars removed his military cap.

"Teddy!" she cried weakly.

The man did not reply. He placed his arms about her misshapen old body. Head and shoulders towering above her, he took her in his iron embrace.

"I want you to come along with me, Mother," Colonel Ripley declared after a time. "I want you to ride in the carriage with me—with my staff and the Board of Trade officers. It isn't much time I'll have to visit you, Mother. You must ride with me so we can talk. It's a long time I've been away, Mother. And late to-night I must leave town—to go on about my business for the Government."

The little old lady went white to the lips.

"Ride in the carriage with you, Teddy? Land sakes alive!—I—can't—do—that, Teddy!" she faltered.

"No one has a better right, Mother," he said.

"You're—you're a great soldier, now, Teddy. And I'm—I'm—just nothin' but a little old woman!"

"Never mind how big a man becomes, Mother," said the Colonel softly, "—somewhere, some time—there has been a good woman, like yourself. Remember that if she had not lived and worked and loved and protected him when he was unable to protect himself, he might never have become great."

He overbore the frail old lady's objections. One of her near-hysterical daughters brought the woman her little black bonnet. Down the sidewalk she came falteringly; by her side, supporting her, a dynamic, erect, military figure. He helped her into the waiting-vehicle amid the shouts of our populace. And the parade continued on its way.

WHEN it had made the circle of Paris, it drew up before the doors of the Whitney House, where luncheon was to be served. The tall military figure descended from the carriage, holding his sword by the scabbard, in his left hand, as he assisted old Mrs. Dexter Pease on to the walk with the other. Sam Hod, chairman of the committee on the dinner, met the Colonel there for the first time.

"My boy! My boy!" choked the old editor. "You have come back—and I love you—I love you as the you were my own!"

Colonel Ripley did not reply. Towering a head over the old newspaper editor, only his hand-clasp told the story of what was passing in his heart.

"After luncheon, Colonel," volunteered Sam, "the committee has planned to take you up to the big Neoponset Dam that's just been completed seven miles up the Greene River. It's a great sight, Colonel. We're harnessing all the water-power that's been going to waste up-country, through all the years—we're building the biggest reservoir in New England, Colonel—in fact it's the greatest dirt-and-rock dam in the world."

"I've heard about it, Mr. Hod. You forget," said the military man, "I have

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

MotherKnows!

"Hello! Is this you, mother? My new sewing machine just came—and oh, it's a beauty! But they forgot to send any oil with it."

"So much the better, my dear. Those so-called fish oils only gather dust and lint. They really make the machine *harder* to run. Don't oil your machine with *anything* but 3-in-One. I've been using it for twenty years and I know there is *nothing* else as good."

3-in-One

penetrates to the bottom of the deepest bearing. Practically eliminates friction. Never gums or dries out. Instead of collecting dirt it actually works dirt out of bearings and keeps them clean. Makes old machines run like new. Saves repair bills.

3-in-One is a perfect polish for the case. Brings back that "new" look and preserves the wood. Prevents rust and tarnish on the nickel and metal surfaces.

Sold at all stores—in 15c, 25c and 50c bottles and in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

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Northwestern
Safety First High Chair

with its health preserving white porcelain removable food tray. Just a hot cloth keeps it clean and sterilized. Safety strap prevents baby climbing up or sliding out under tray. Wide flare of the chair legs prevents accidental tipping. Surely you'll not expose your child to the dangers of the unsanitary wooden tray high chair when a "Safety First" costs no more.

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"DOVE" Night Gown No. 450. Tailored, slip-over style made of fine white Nainsook. Trimmed with attractive design of feather-stitching and hemstitching in blue or pink thread. Two ribbon bows and shirring at bust. Marches "DOVE" Envelope Chemise No 451 shown here. We cannot fill mail orders but can tell you the nearest store that sells these and other new "DOVE" styles.

SIMPLICITY that is smart, elaboration that is just enough to please good taste—these and assurance of long service are always found in "DOVE" Under-muslins.

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FACE POWDER

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SANITOL
TOOTH
POWDER OR PASTE

A treat for the teeth that makes a smile worth while.

Free from coloring matter Sanitol is white and pure.

THE CURSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

never ceased to subscribe to the *Daily Telegraph*."

"They've staged a great stunt up there for your visit, Colonel. About a month ago they struck a tremendous ledge across the floor of the basin that they're hollowing for the reservoir. They've filled the pockets full of dynamite—seventy-two of them.

"They're goin' to blow them out for you—treat you to a bombardment, Colonel. It will be a great sight," he said. "You're not used to bombardments—what, Colonel?" And the editor laughed.

"Colonel," said Sam confidentially, as he leaned over toward the distinguished visitor seated beside him, ten minutes afterward at the table, "you know about Alden Collins, don't you?"

"No," replied the other. "How about—Alden?"

"When he lost his appointment at West Point—which you received instead—his father got him a place with a Boston engineering firm. He is secretary of the construction company which is building the Neoponset Dam. That is Alden Collins—down the room there at the table by the center post—the man who just came in. See him?"

"I wouldn't have known him," replied the Colonel, evenly. "He has changed."

"Only in looks," declared Sam, significantly.

. . . . . .

OUR little town of Paris will never forget the firing of the basalt rock along the valley basin of the Neoponset Dam for the dramatic entertainment of Colonel Theodore Ripley.

It was estimated that it would require half an hour to fire all the explosives which had been carefully packed and fused. The spectacular event was scheduled to begin—at least the fuses were all to be lighted—by half past three in the afternoon.

It was two o'clock when the first vehicle reached the dam. It was twenty minutes after three when Colonel Ripley's automobile arrived and he alighted with his staff.

The officers, with the Colonel, the local dignitaries of the day, the officials of the construction company—excepting Alden Collins, who was down with the superintendent inspecting the preparation of the final fuses—were all in their places on the grandstand at twenty minutes to four. The crowd was impatient for them to begin.

Suddenly there came a tiny pistol-shot down in the depths below them.

Immediately a handful of men, Alden Collins among them, buried themselves with things lying on the ground. Then one by one they dropped them and ran to the basin walls on the west.

NO ONE knows exactly how it happened, but three minutes had elapsed after those blast men scuttled to safety when up to the left, on the edge of the basin, came a long and agonized scream.

"My God!" cried Sam, gripping the pine railing of the box in which he stood with the Colonel and Mrs. Pease and the officers.

"What is it? What is it?" cried the old lady.

But nothing had escaped the eagle eye of the master soldier who was the guest of the day. In calm accents now he announced, "Down by that jut of rock close to the dam there is a little child!"

Women heard his words, shrieked and fainted. The faces of strong men blanched. Scream after scream followed across the basin as the crowd held an Italian woman to keep her from rushing over the edge and down into that devilishly-mined area.

"God, that's a shame! But there's no saving it now," cried one of the foremen. "I'm glad it isn't a workman. It's only a little dago—!"

"It's a human life," said the Colonel in steady, even tones. "And it is not given to us to judge the value of a human life simply because of the size of the body in which it dwells. Mr. Hod—please hold my sword."

"What for? Colonel!—Colonel Ripley!—Theodore!—You're not going down there!—You're not going to risk your valuable life—!"

But before Mr. Hod could finish, the Colonel had slipped from the rail. With long, firm strides, his eagle eye ever on the white figure below, he was up the rocky incline along the edge of the precipice, hunting for the easiest place to begin a quick ascent.

In another instant he had disappeared over the edge.

"My God," cried Rufus Collins, "—he'll never come back alive."

"There's—heroism," choked the construction foreman. "There's the real stuff—from a thoroughbred!"

"A thoroughbred!" Rufus Collins repeated the word with bloodless lips.

"Teddy! Teddy!" lisped the frail old lady.

Minutes ticked away like ages. Suddenly out on the bottom of that basin we saw the khaki-clad figure of the man whom Paris had gathered that day to honor.

From rock to rock he went, calling to the child. The tense, feverish watchers could hear the sound of his voice floating upward. The child paused. The distance between them lessened.

Another minute passed! Another!

The powerful figure in olive-drab was an eternity in reaching the child. Hoarse

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

One of the 57

HEINZ
OVEN BAKED BEANS

Beans, to be appetizing, brown and wholesome, must be baked—actually baked in dry heat in real ovens. That is the Heinz way. There is no short cut. Beans may be boiled or steamed and put into cans, and that is usually done because it is cheaper, but the result is very different.

The beans themselves also vary in quality, and even the best quality must be carefully picked over—that also is the Heinz way. The best quality, utmost care, skillful cooks and baking in ovens—all go to produce in Heinz Baked Beans a dish so satisfying to the family as to be ever welcome.

To suit all tastes, Heinz Beans are prepared in four ways:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston style
Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat (Vegetarian)
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

The name HEINZ always means good things to eat

Fig Pudding
Tomato Soup *Tomato Ketchup*
Pickles *Vinegar* *Worcestershire Sauce*

57
VARIETIES

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though not naturally wavy, nor does she patronize the hair dresser.

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West Curlers cannot injure your hair like heated curling irons. They work *without* heat. Put them on and forget them. With no sharp edges they cannot catch or break the hair.

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at any dry goods or department store. They have no rivals. Each is *guaranteed* to last a life time and there are

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DIAMOND NAIL ENAMEL In powder or cake form. Free from grit, producing an immediate and lasting polish. Its delicate rose tint will not discolor the skin or cuticular fold of the nails. Diamond shape box, 30c.

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An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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AMERICAN TRAINING SCHOOL, 1552 La Salle Av., Chicago

The Curse: By William Dudley Pelley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

cries of dismay arose from two thousand throats as, when he was almost upon her, the frightened little girl turned and ran from him—further northward across the field that any instant was due to lift in a great convulsion of mangled rock and bury all that was living above it.

Finally the child stumbled and fell. The Colonel stooped and gathered the little body in his arms. It was too far to cross to the west side of the basin. He glanced backward and saw his only chance of escape was in retracing his steps. Backward he came, the small body limp in his arms, for the child had slightly injured its head in that fall.

And just as he had made a third of the way, the very air about those watchers seemed to jolt! It drew away from them! It came back and struck them!

A TERRIBLE convulsion rumbled below them. The sturdy, steady old earth lifted—way down to its foundations. A mammoth vomit of black smoke and rock and gravel made a fearful funnel between them and the man they were watching.

It died away

We expected to see Colonel Ripley gone.

But Colonel Ripley was not gone. With a nerve as cool and steady as tho crossing a country meadow, he was picking out his footing with strong, sure, military strides! Colonel Ripley was coming across that inferno!

Immediately another gigantic detonation came on his right. Again the vomit of smoke and earth and great boulders of rock hid him from view.

When it cleared again, we still saw him.

He paid no more attention to those blasts than if they were occurring thousands of miles away on the battle-fields of France

Then, indeed, that inferno tore loose!

Explosions came to the right of him; explosions to the left! There were explosions in front of him and explosions behind.

The whole earth below us was rocking.

"My God, he ain't making it! he ain't making it!" cried the editor, tears streaming down his face.

But Colonel Ripley, United States Regulars, *was* making it!

Through the smoke, the din, the titanic destruction playing all about him—his head streaming blood plain enough for all of that crowd to see—through the showering earth, the unholy detonations and the nightmare—Colonel Theodore Ripley was coming steadily and surely across, bearing in his arms the inert body of a little child!

And the Colonel came on!

He came to the climb, up the jagged wall of that awful pit. Muscles like cables of steel lifted his splendid body from point to point with its pathetic little burden.

Finally his military cap appeared over the edge. He drew himself upright. Shifting the child's weight slightly, with the same even, poised strides, he came down the incline toward us, the baby in his arms.

He was a splendid man, endowed with all those things by which a man is reckoned great. Once he had been a squat-down, tousled-headed little kid, sniveling behind the charity officer in the rear of a country store. By his own unaided effort he had raised himself; tutored himself; trained himself. The years had gone by. He had grown in moral and mental and physical stature. He had lived down the mangling sorrow of a disappointed love. He had accepted life as a challenge and had triumphed. He had graduated from a great military school. He had become a leader among men. He had grown into the highest type of American. He was a Colonel in the Army of the United States.

A Colonel in the Army of the United States!

The strength that brought him up that Golgotha, out of the mouth of that earthly hell, had meant years of physical training. Inside his well-shaped head, graying at the temples, was an education representing thousands of dollars. To his Government it meant millions of dollars in the wars he had seen, millions more in the lives of America's sons when they went forward into battle. He was a man who stood for all that was best in the development of his country—of his race. Yet this was the man who had not for a moment hesitated to disregard the value of these things—and go downward into a place where every moment might mean frightful death, to save the life of a little child!

Colonel Ripley handed the child to the hysterical woman who spoke to him brokenly in a tongue he could not understand—tho he understood her sentiment. And as that alien mother gathered the child to her, Colonel Ripley removed his military cap in her presence as tho she were one of the first ladies of the land.

"Madam," he said kindly, "the baby's head is hurt where she fell. If there is a doctor in the crowd, I am sure he will see that the little girl receives attention."

Rufus Collins was looking on. He saw all this. Colonel Ripley turned and beheld him. Then slowly, as the final bombardments below died away into a delirious silence—unmindful of the pain in his injured head—the soldier walked over to the old man.

"Mr. Collins," he said kindly, "I—I—am sorry——"

"You—you ain't—half so sorry as I——"

"You misunderstood me, Mr. Collins. Your son was climbing up to safety when the little girl's presence down there was discovered. He might have gone back and saved her. He had ample time. But he neglected his opportunity. I met him coming up as I was going down. I am grieved to inform you that entirely by accident my foot loosened a large stone and the stone rolled down—swept him off his feet—he is lying where he has fallen—I am sorry, Mr. Collins. I think—your son—is down there—badly hurt."

THE crowd shoved toward the edge of that basin. Down there at the bottom was Alden Collins, frightfully injured where a loose boulder had fallen and swept him back down as Colonel Ripley had said.

He passed away in Collins's Tomb that evening.

And when it became known that Alden Collins was dead, Sam Hod and Judge Farmer wended their steps thither to Rufe Collins to comfort him.

He was sitting in the big library of his melancholy house. The son's body had been removed to the undertaker's. He was alone. He was sitting very still beside the lamp, bent over in the big chair, his face in his long, sensitive hands—his haggard, sorrowful eyes staring straight ahead.

What the Judge said, what Sam said, neither of them remembered. But they remembered something of what the old man quoted to them in his fine book-English and his patrician voice:

"—and the gods came to me on a fair morning,—and the light of their countenances shone in my doorway. I looked,—and a little child stood there. But I laughed in scorn—in the vanity of my pride. They turned away—and the lean years came and the curse descended upon me—and my house is left unto me desolate—"

Finally he bowed over completely in a paroxysm as of grief.

"Oh God—God!" he cried. "And I—I—might have had him—*him*—for my son. 'Vengence—is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

Sam and the Judge came away and left the old man to his heartache; to the retribution that by these strange series of circumstances herein recorded truthfully, with the files of our little local paper for proof, had overtaken him completely.

They left him up in Collin's Tomb high on the terrace at the west end of Main Street; left him, as Judge Amos Farmer says, "to pass his days with the curse of his pride and his selfishness of other years to eat like a ganglion cancer into his heart."

And a quarter mile away, in a little yellow house on Cedar Street, day after day there lives a sweet-faced, little old lady.

And we of the *Telegraph* office believe that at last it must come to her what all those years of back-breaking toil to support those youngsters, left to her in her widowhood, have meant. Long, dreary days when she looked forward into a cheerless future and only did her tasks one hour at a time, for the sake of doing them, and for her mother-love that was great enough, alas, to reach out and enfold a poor little motherless kid of another woman to herself because that little boy was without a friend in all the world; long, quiet, evening hours when she had worked into the dark midnight mending tiny jackets and sewing on little buttons while her tears blended with the stitches; memories of the day when she had accepted the addition to her burden with the sweet philosophy as fathomless as the heart of God himself: "Oh, well, it doesn't matter. One more can't make such an awful difference, anyhow;" monotonous back-breaking years working over a wash-tub; lonely days at last when she had wandered through the empty little tenement on Cedar Street and fancied she saw little ghosts toddling about the legs of toy-scarred tables — yes, the memory and the glory of these must come to her now.

And there are people in blood-soaked France who will remember a strong and stalwart man—a man with broad shoulders, square jaws, erect military carriage, stupendous strategic brain—a man who was capable of looking on the awful carnage of battle without the blink of an eyelash; who directed thousands of lads in olive-drab as they pressed forward to victory, in a nightmare of blood and steel, to make the earth a finer and better place in which to live. A hundred million people know of *him*. But those hundred million people know nothing of the little old lady whose great and glorious life-task is almost done; who sat beside the stove through long Winter days, reading the dispatches from Europe. When she is gone, she will be unwept, unhonored, and unsung—excepting for a handful in our little town of Paris.

BUT somehow we feel that God knows, and even in this present world of snarled affairs and the addled and pied skein of our lives, He has sent some little measure of reward into her noble soul. For we know that in her heart there is the peace that passeth understanding—while in Collins's Tomb on the terrace at the west end of Main Street there is only loneliness and sorrow and bitter remorse.

No, we are not especially superstitious in the office of our little local paper. Yet from living long and observing two-legged human folks in our community, we are forced to admit that the lives of many of our townsfolk have worked out queerly. It almost seems as if they have been directed by some higher fate than was theirs to consult, according to the deeds which they have done. We make no claim for Rufe's story; we advance no theory. The reader may call what has happened in Rufe's life a curse or not, as he pleases. But viewing it in perspective one is compelled to admit there is something strange about the fatal association of the Ripley boy with the House of Collins.

Wrapped in Silk: By Clarence Budington Kelland

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

me. I love you, Douglas, but I can not marry you—not to-night—never."

He grasped her shoulders and held her from him, studying her face. "What do you mean? Never marry me? Why?"

"Because—Oh, I can not tell you. You must not ask. I am for no man. There is a thing that stands between me and happiness, between me and marriage. I do not belong to myself. I am not mine to give."

HIS heart chilled within him, and his fingers gripped her shoulder until they pressed into the soft flesh.

"What do you mean? To whom do you belong?" Then, without waiting for an answer he went on passionately. "I have been afraid. There have been hints. They are lies, and I know they are lies, but you must tell me. You must tell me everything."

"I can tell you nothing," she said very softly.

"You must. It is my right."

She shook her head wearily. "It is over—all over. You must go now. I must not see you again." She stopped and took his face in her hands gently, yearningly—and her eyes flashed for an instant. "Yes, once again—once I shall see you. And then good-by. You are going to France. Come to me the day you go—to say good-by. Promise."

"I shall come then—and many times beside. I do not understand. There is something—something sinister and black and terrible—but it shall not keep you from me. Whoever you are and whatever you are—I love you—and I believe you are good."

"Good? I? Oh, my dear, my dear. Love is the greatest good in the world, and I love you—but I have had to choose. I have not chosen love—because I dared not choose love."

"You are afraid? Of whom?"

"You must not ask. I am afraid of no one. It is duty. It is a thing I must do, even if it breaks my heart."

"Renée, did you leave this house last night? Did you meet a man—the man with the birds—in a little shanty in No-Man's-Land?"

"I must not answer, Monsieur. It is because I can not and dare not."

"You did. It was you. I heard. And it is true."

He leaped to his feet, lips white, fists clenched. "It is true, you are a spy. You have been tricking me, playing with me, defiling love. You—you—" He towered over her, beside himself with a rage that was more than half agony. "Mademoiselle," he said, in a moment, "it was not God that made you beautiful."

She moaned.

He strode to the door, snatched it open, and stood there staring at her with eyes that seemed to refuse to believe what they saw.

"You made me love you," he said, hoarsely. "For pay you made me love you. And I shall love you always—and despise you forever."

SHE stretched out her arms piteously. "I do love you. It is real, no lie. You are hard, hard. It is I who suffer. Go, go. But, if you have pity, if you have loved me, you will come again, once more—to say good-by forever."

He advanced a step toward her and then turned, as tho afraid of himself, and strode through the door. For a moment she remained upright staring at the blankness of the door and then she fell forward on her face, stifling her sobs in the silkiness of the pillow.

To be concluded in Pictorial Review for March. If you don't like to read a story in instalments, save your back numbers and read it all at once.

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BEFORE shampooing, rub the scalp thoroughly with the tips of the fingers (not the finger nails). Do not let the fingers slip along the scalp, but make the scalp itself move in little circles. This stimulates the blood that feeds the roots of the hair, and loosens the particles of dust and dandruff that clog up the pores

NOW dip the hair in warm water, separate it into small parts and scrub the scalp with a tooth - brush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub the lather in well and then rinse it out thoroughly

The Right Way To Shampoo

HOW THIS TREATMENT HELPS YOUR HAIR

DO you think your hair grows from the head like a plant? No, indeed. There is a fundamental difference.

For your hair does not breathe as does a plant. No vital fluid circulates through it as does the sap in the plant. Except at the very tips of its roots, hair has no more life than a silken thread.

The whole beauty and lustre of your hair depend upon your *scalp*. Here the hair forms. Here a network of blood vessels feed and nourish the roots. Here lie the color-supply pigment cells. Here thousands of tiny fat-glands supply oil to give your hair its glossy, life-like appearance.

This is why caring for the hair is, in reality, exactly the same as caring for your skin.

To keep your hair lovely and abundant, you must, by the proper treatment, keep your *scalp* healthy and vigorous, on the same principle as you give your skin the proper care and treatment in order to have a lovely complexion.

Which of these is your hair trouble?

Is your hair dull and lifeless? It can be made rich and lustrous.

Is it greasy, oily? Or dry and brittle? You can correct the condition which prevents the tiny oil glands from emitting just the right amount of oil to keep your hair soft and silky.

Is it constantly powdered with dandruff? Or does it come out in combfuls? Begin at once to keep the pores of the scalp as free and clear as you keep the pores of your face.

Keep your scalp healthy

To keep your scalp healthy and vigorous, use persistently Woodbury's Facial Soap, formulated after years of study by John H. Woodbury, the famous skin specialist.

Use the soap treatment given on this page as a regular shampoo. You will enjoy the healthy, active feeling it gives your scalp. You will soon see the improvement in your hair—how much richer and softer it is.

For ten or twelve shampoos, or for a month or six weeks of any of the famous facial treatments, you will find the 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap sufficient. Around it is wrapped the booklet of famous Woodbury skin and scalp treatments. Get a cake today. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada — wherever toilet goods are sold.

NEXT apply a thick, hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and leave it on for two or three minutes

CLEAR off with fresh, warm water. Wash all the soap out carefully and finish by rinsing in tepid water

DRY very thoroughly. To make the hair fluff out prettily around the face, dry it hanging over the face instead of down the back

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

SEND 6 cents for a sample cake (enough for a shampoo or for a week of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you, in addition to these, a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 302 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 308 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

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Saves—

Sugar

What to have for dessert, and keep within your sugar allowance, is a problem for every housewife.

An easy solution is offered by the many new uses for Dromedary Cocoanut, which not only save sugar, but enable you to add food value and variety to your desserts.

Puddings and fruit desserts of all kinds require less sugar if you add a cup of Dromedary Cocoanut, and their flavor is greatly improved.

To make a delicious frosting for cakes, cookies or coffee cakes, simply spread with corn sirup or honey and sprinkle thickly with Dromedary Cocoanut.

Wheat

Wheat-saving dishes are made more delicious and wholesome by the introduction of Dromedary Cocoanut.

Conservation becomes a permanent preference once you have tried dishes made of cocoanut and corn—a natural combination.

Cocoanut corn muffins and pan cakes are so deliciously different that they are made frequently in homes that know how good they are.

Add three-fourths cup of Dromedary Cocoanut to your favorite recipe for conservation muffins and griddle cakes.

Labor

The time and effort of laboriously grating the whole cocoanut is saved when you buy Dromedary Cocoanut. It comes to you ready to use.

All you have to do is to remove the cover and pour out the shreds—moist, tender and delicious.

Dromedary is also the most economical cocoanut because it does not dry out or lose its flavor. The money-back guarantee in every package protects you.

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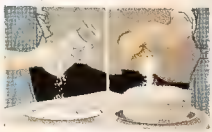

Dromedary

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Don't Forget Father

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

much notice. He is always a trifle gray, sometimes just a suggestion bent; but always reflecting much pride in his boy. Usually he carries an umbrella or a wrap or two, or perhaps a package they have brought the boy. He doesn't say much, Father doesn't; but the possessive pride with which he takes in every word the boy utters, is good to see.

"He's MY BOY!" his look says, and it is easy to see from his bearing that he feels that his boy compares very favorably with any of the rest whom he sees.

The gift of fatherhood to our nation was as great in this war as the gift of motherhood. He gave his boys as finely as did she.

There was a little family group I noticed one day who had come to see their boy. The mother and daughter had had leave for the day from the tailor-shop in which they worked. Their sad, serious eyes—the tragic eyes of the Russian Jew—were bent as often on the father who stood quietly with them, as on the boy. The father, they told me, had risen from a sick-bed to see his boy that day, and they were anxious about him and the effect the excitement might have on him. Sometimes he had to stop and rest and then his thin shoulders were racked with deep, silent sobs. I had helped them to find the boy and they had quite confidently adopted me as a friend of the family and explained everything to me. When it was time for the last farewell, the boy stooped and kissed his father on both cheeks in the impulsive foreign fashion and the little Russian Jew clung to the boy frantically.

"It is all right that you should go," he said brokenly. "America sheltered us in time of trouble and gave us freedom and the chance to work for ourselves—it gave you your chance at an education. It is right that we should give our son to fight for that same freedom for others."

"Yes—yes, Father," soothed the son, patiently.

When his straight form had been lost to view in the group of men who went out, the father sank to a rough bench near by and burst into wild sobbing. His wife and daughter put their arms about him and all gave way together to the grief they felt at parting from the boy. Suddenly the old man pulled himself together and looked at me sadly.

"I have looked my last upon my son," he said to me.

"You feel it because you have been ill," I said. "But he will come back to you, strong and well and perhaps with medals for bravery in action. Think how proud you will be then. Look forward to the meeting and the pang of parting will not be so keen."

"He will come back, yes," he said nodding; "but me, I will no longer be here. The doctor has told me that I have but a few more months to live. But tho I died for it to-morrow, I would have come today to see my son march away with his comrades of America."

IT WAS the courage and the love and the tenderness of fatherhood that had given him the strength to rise from a sick-bed to say good-by to the boy—even tho he knew that it might shorten his already measured days.

I suppose too many fathers forget the personal equation of their parenthood in the stress of practical provision for their family. Perhaps we mothers have taken too much of their responsibility upon our shoulders. It has taken the terrific finality of this war to bring out the quality of fatherhood that recognizes a citizen in a son. It has taught the fathers to regard their boys with respect as well as submerged affection. They have lost their boys only to find them.

I heard a father speaking so proudly of his son the other day. The boy had been cited for bravery in action. The father had not done a stroke of business in his office that morning—he was holding a reception of his friends who had come in to congratulate him on the good reports from his son.

"I'm not a bit surprized," he said. "The boy had it in him."

Yet down underneath the surface—he was surprized. He thought it was all pride—but a lot of it was surprize. For boys so seldom have an opportunity to show the caliber of their souls to their fathers. They have to get away from home, not only to assert their independence, but to waken their family up to the realization that they are really grown—and developing.

A father who is in uniform one day read me a letter from his first son. The letter was the first frank outpouring of a boy's heart in the bond of a common sorrow. The last time he had had when he reached the other side was the last courageous message his mother had left him as she passed over. And then, through the years, the father had just begun to get acquainted with his son. He, too, had put on a uniform, for had plunged into the service of the Knights of Columbus and was up to his eyes in war work.

"You and I are left, Dad," the boy wrote, "and it is up to us to do the teamwork in this war that Mother would have wanted us to do. Some way, since she has left you, she seems even closer than ever to me now. And when this big row is over, I want to come straight home and get better acquainted with you and be of some comfort to you, Dad."

"It took the war to wake me up to the fact that I wasn't as well acquainted with my boy as I might be," confessed the father, as he folded up the letter and put it away, "and for his mother's sake I want to try and understand these boys who come under my direction here and to help them to 'get better acquainted' with their fathers before they go over."

I have never yet heard of a father who attempted to dissuade his son from enlisting. He usually counted on the boy to do what his own age kept him from doing, and he beamed with pride when the boy came home to say that he had enlisted.

THERE was one exciting day in the Union Station in a Western city when a slacker was brought into the place under guard. The boy had been having some very unwise teaching and rather reveled in the notoriety he had been receiving in consequence of his defiant refusal to accept the draft summons. He said he was a conscientious objector; but it was my private opinion, as I watched the group that day, that he was a born lover of the limelight and preferred a disgraceful attention to no attention at all. I won't say anything of the mother who stood by him, because there seems to be so little I could say for her attitude—she gloried in his objections. But the father called the boy aside and spoke earnestly to him.

"Better drop this, son," he urged, "and get into a uniform. The country needs every able-bodied young man just now. If you really have scruples against shouldering a gun, there are other forms of service just as necessary. Take my advice, my boy, get into a uniform."

The boy shook his head. He had intellect; but it was not balanced by good judgment. The father turned away, gray lines of shame and suffering deepening in his face. I wouldn't have traded scars with him for anything in the world and I felt sorry for him from the bottom of my heart. I felt ashamed for that mother.

I remember once, in the early part of the war, visiting a camp in company with a father and mother who were there to see their only boy. Like other only boys, he had had pretty much his own way at home. He had never in his life submitted to any opposition to his desires, without at least a violent argument about it. Generally he won out.

He had asked for leave to go to dinner and the theater with his parents that night. It meant a good deal to the boy, who had been living under strict and unaccustomed military training for two months. It was his first glimpse in that time of his family, and his first chance to have a good dinner and see a good show.

His application for leave was refused somewhat peremptorily. The boy's face flushed for a moment and then he said, cheerfully,

"Tough luck, Dad; but 'orders is orders,' you know."

A comrade who had overheard the refusal paused to extend sympathy and counsel.

"Here, Kid," he said, "it's a shame you can't go. You take my supply-pass—I won't want to get out to-night. The guard will never question you and the cap will never know a word about it, if you are back promptly to-morrow. Go on, old chap, and we'll look after your interests here if anybody inquires for you."

It was meant in the most friendly manner and the plan seemed plausible enough. The father watched his boy curiously. He did not intend to add a word of weight to the decision—there was considerable suspense in the glance.

HE WANTED that leave badly, the boy. He had hoped for it. He saw no reason why he should not have it—other chaps got theirs—things were boasted about them and were not found out. The boy turned for a half moment and faced the big parade ground where the flag was sturdily flying in the breeze.

"It won't do, Dad," he said suddenly. "You don't know much I'd love to go with mother and you to-night—but it won't do to go that way. I'm in the army now and a good soldier must obey orders without question. Sounds queer to you to have me talk about obeying orders, doesn't it, Dad?"

The father reached out his hand and grasped that of his son. Tears stood in his eyes—tears of pride and relief.

"I'm proud to own you, boy," he said. "If army discipline has made you take defeat in such a spirit as this, then I take off my hat to army discipline."

I don't believe the mother, much as she admired the boy, understood the fine quality of the decision as the father did. She may have helped in the development of it; but she did not understand it.

We haven't said so much about the spirit of the fathers in this war, it is true. But side by side with the mothers, these fathers have stood behind their boys. It may be that they are often surprized to find the sons whose immature opinions they have derided, standing out in front of a line of men who implicitly respect and obey his orders. The war may have given him a new respect for his son and a pride in him.

But we mothers know that the fathers have been with us in our sacrifice and that all due credit should be given them for the stand they have made.

Marilyn Miller, the exquisite little dancer of the Follies who has all America at her feet, says "Corticelli 'Satin Patria' is so soft and lustrous. It is ideal for both street and evening frocks."

Charming Marilyn Miller selects a new dinner frock

THE bewitching little star of the Follies sometimes stops dancing to dine. And in the *atelier* of Henri Bendel this delightful dinner frock was especially designed for Miss Miller in soft, gleaming Corticelli "Satin Patria".

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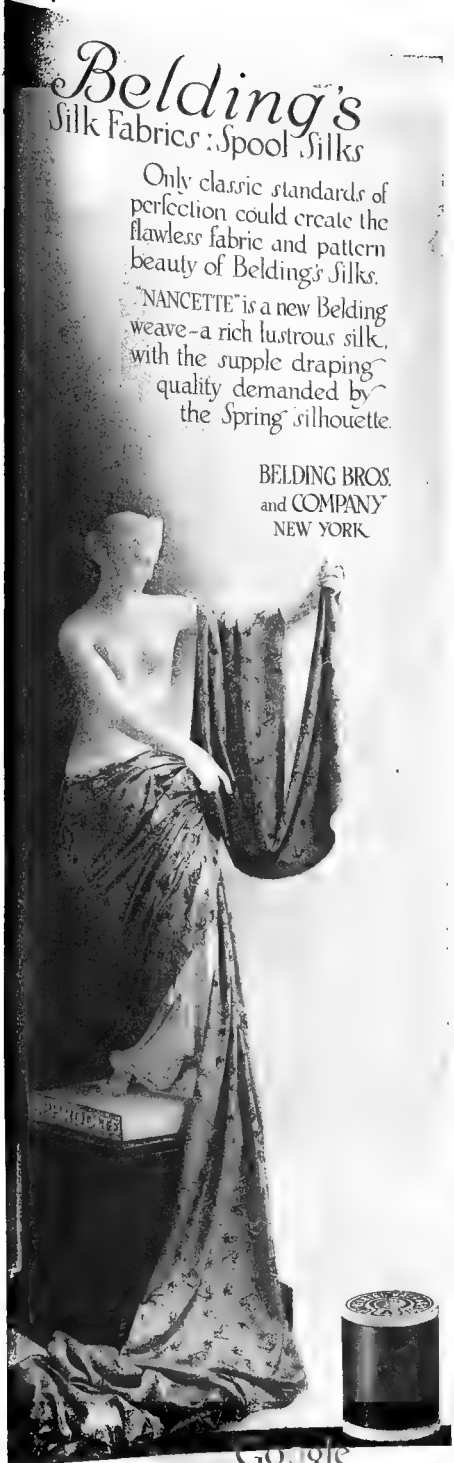


The Work and Waste of Women

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

at a ratio of about one to sixty. Our domestic ratio is one to four, or five counting the cook. These five hundred persons really need a kitchen force of about eight, or nine if we add a manager.

Such a group of experts, in a suitable food laboratory, with the best modern appliances, could in an eight-hour day, prepare and deliver food for the hundred families better and more cheaply than it is now done at home. The present method of one hundred cooks in one hundred kitchens getting one hundred separate meals, wastes first ninety per cent. of the plant—the space and outfitting of ten kitchens would amply provide for the food laboratory; ninety per cent. of the fuel—and that is a feature of great importance to the world this Winter; as well as ninety per cent. of the labor.

EACH family would still be eating in the privacy of the home, but the meal, instead of coming from an all-too-perceptible kitchen, would be delivered at the door in a vacuum food-container, requiring no labor beyond setting the dishes on the table. If preferred, the families could use their own dishes and wash them, but such a container could carry all necessary table service, so that after the meal every dish could go back inside and be carried away as it came.

As to cleaning: The proper cleaning of an eight-room house, without a kitchen, would be a day's work for one woman. But with the swift efficiency of trained experts, using the best mechanical appliances and going from house to house in groups of two or three working together, a hundred houses could be cleaned once a week by a force of nine.

A first-class laundry, with modern machinery and the labor of four could do the hundred "washings" now taking almost two days' labor of a hundred women. One manager could attend to the cleaning force as well as the laundry.

There remains the care of the children below child-garden age, not nursing babies, but older ones quite able to enjoy and profit by competent care while their mothers are at work. For these little ones, of whom there would average no more than fifteen in a given year in a hundred families, a Baby-garden is needed, a place properly fitted for their health and comfort, and managed by two competent women.

This makes a total working force of twenty-five, as against the previous hundred. It means a saving of twenty-five per cent. of the labor of these housewives, or of twelve million women. It means also a saving in the cost of living, impossible to compute accurately, but involving all the difference between wholesale and retail buying. The delivery of cooked meals twice a day would cost far less than our present delivery of raw materials, milk, ice, bread, groceries, meat, and the ensuant visits of the collectors of ashes and garbage.

One of the general changes involved, if women are to work outside the home, is that the school day must be coterminous with the work day. Our schools must become second homes to the children, with provision for rest and play as well as education. So all the family would leave the house at once, and all come home together. To the man it would make no difference at all, except emotionally. Against his inherited preference for a stationary wife fixed in the home and working only for him, must be set the new demand of women for specialized labor and for economic independence, and both of them have to consider the sudden enormous need of the world.

Many will question the quality of work done professionally, as compared with the "home-made" variety. It remains for our women to prove that some of them are better cooks than others, some better managers than others, and that out of a hundred there ought to be at least two, whose love for little children is not only the maternal instinct we share with all animals, but the deeper, larger, human love which is willing to study long, to take training, to devote a whole life to the most noble of all human endeavors, the improvement of the race through true child-culture.

In the establishment and successful carrying on of such new businesses as are here outlined, there is not only honorable employment and good pay for a quarter of our women, but also an improvement in the general standard of living. The inferior quality and inordinate price of so much of our food, is made possible by the helplessness of the individual purchaser. Those women who bought for the food laboratories, who studied their business and understood it, and who commanded a purchasing-power of increasing weight, could standardize the market as well as decrease costs. A group of such laboratories could maintain suitable dairies and henneries for their own patrons and prove to us all what good eggs, milk, and butter really cost.

Such large patronage could also maintain market gardens, and orchards in the vicinity, helping to save in transportation, they could buy to advantage in times of plenty and put up fruit and pickles for later use. If these gardens and dairies were also managed by women, the "employment" of more of the housewives would be automatically provided. The establishment of sewing and mending shops would take more, but there would remain a large proportion free to specialize in any line of work open to humanity, and to do far better service in their chosen professions than they could ever have done in the patient struggle to all do the same work equally well.

TOWN by town we should begin at once to start these so-essential businesses. In any place of above two thousand inhabitants there should be support for at least one Cooked Food Service, one Laundry and Cleaning Service, one Baby-garden. Let the accounts be carefully kept and published, so that town by town might vie with one another in the effort to furnish the best service for the least expense. Short hours, good wages, conditions of health and comfort for all workers, and a climbing standard of merit in service.

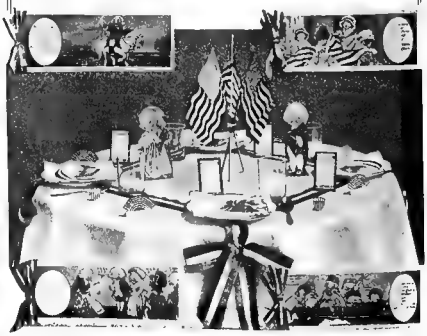
Are not these legitimate ambitions for women? To serve the country and the world in bitter need. To increase the family income, sometimes double it. To have more free time with one's family. To make the food service, laundry service, cleaning service, and child service of America steadily better. To reduce the cost of living by proving exactly what the cost is under honesty, efficiency, and unselfishness.

Our men have died to make the world safe for Democracy.

Let our women live for it, work for it, making it not only safe, but better than it ever was before

Dolly Dingle's Washington's Birthday Party

HERE is the Dolly Dingle Washington's Birthday table decorated with red-white-and-blue ribbon. The centerpiece is made of flags arranged in tripod fashion. Paper napkins, shields, and fans are used and figures of George and Martha Washington. The invitations show famous historic scenes. The cut-outs on page 42 will be charming for your dinner table.



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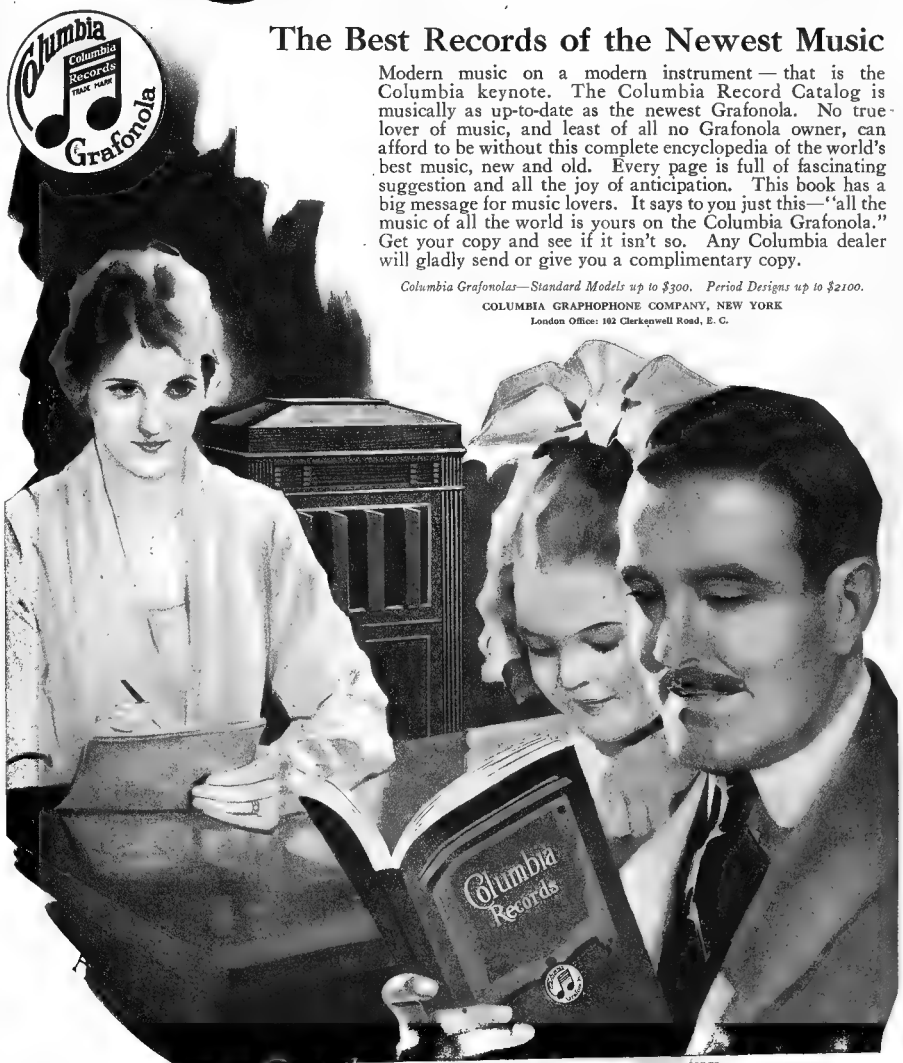

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It's Not Mussy Like Mustard

Vaseline
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off
Capsicum
Petroleum Jelly

is a clean counter-irritant. "Vaseline" Jelly containing Capsicum breaks up congestion in the throat and chest, and serves in every case where our grandmothers prescribed mustard plasters. And it does not blister the skin.

"Vaseline" Capsicum on a poultice at the back of the neck will dull a raging headache. Its warmth bakes out a toothache. Sold in convenient sanitary tin tubes at drug and department stores everywhere. **Avoid substitutes.**

Write for new illustrated booklet, and set of poster stamps.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY (Consolidated)
8 STATE STREET NEW YORK

Use
Open-Mouthed Hygeia

Don't use
Narrow-Neck Bottle

Danger Lurks

In the Narrow, Hard-to-Clean NECK of Baby's Bottle

A MILLION babies died in this country in the last three years. Safe milk would have saved thousands *if the nursing bottles had also been safe.* A narrow-neck nursing bottle is *not* safe. Even boiling to sterilize cannot make it completely safe, for the narrow neck chokes free circulation of water.

Your baby in its first year feeds 2,000 times. Dare you risk the bottle being imperfectly cleaned — and baby sick — even once?

The wide-mouthed Hygeia Nursing Bottle is always safe — it has no place for food particles or germs to collect. Easy to cleanse as a tumbler.

The rubber Hygeia Breast is nearest like mother's breast and aids nursing. There is a rubber cover that snaps over the bottle to protect food while in ice box.

Be safe — not sorry. First made by a physician to save his own child. Insist on Hygeia, the Nursing Bottle with breasts of red or black rubber. All drug stores.

THE HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE CO., Inc., 1206 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Hygeia NURSING BOTTLE

BOOKS AND READING

Apart from the War

BY

HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

WE HAVE all kinds of heroines in our books of to-day, but perhaps the most novel heroine of the season is the ghost in Amélie Rives's latest book, "The Ghost Garden" (Frederick Stokes). This ghost woman is beautifully handled with a delicacy that is unusual, and the book itself, with its quaint old-world setting, is interesting from the view-point of atmosphere if from no other. From dewwet gardens bathed in silver moonlight, we leap to the atmosphere of the sea, and "Land's End," the volume of short stories by Wilbur Daniel Steele (Harper & Bros.)

has the romance of the ocean in every tale. Some of these stories are no more than psychological studies, but each has the haunting sadness of ocean spaces in it and shows the touch of a man who has known the sea well and loved its every mood.

"MISS INGALIS," by Gertrude Hall (Century Co.), is a book that shows the influence of an arrogant family, who have always been leaders, on a young girl of poor family who is brought into unexpected contact with them. How she develops and inadvertently brings her own good points to bear on the character of the son of the house makes good reading and will appeal to every one who liked "Aurora the Magnificent." In strange contrast to this up-to-date story of modern life, is Jeffry Farnol's "Our Admirable Betty" (Little, Brown), a tale of beauty-patches and powdered wigs, of clandestine meetings in the fragrant apple orchards of England's earlier days. This is a nice tale in spite of the fact that the action is slow and the incidents slightly forced, and some of the character portrayal is exceptionally good. Another old-fashioned story, absolutely unmfluenced by the war, is "Lovers of Louisiana," by George W. Cable (Scribner's). This book is typically Southern and has every Southern type that could possibly be imagined, amply described in its pages—the sweetly simple heroine, the irascible old gentleman, the tall stern hero, each and every one, and we like them all. For the reader who wishes to be amused without any of the attendant thrills, this book will prove excellent entertainment.

WILLIAM J. LOCKE has given us the best novel of his career in "The Rough Road" (John Lane). It traces the life of a man from boyhood through early youth to final manhood. "The Rough Road" is the road of life, and the traveler, our hero, is seeking self-respect but does not find it until his weakness is refined by the great fire of the war. A man's book, and yet written with tenderness that only a woman could appreciate. Just as this book of Locke's tells the story of a man, so does Allan Updegraff's "Strayed Revelers" tell the story of a woman. It is the story of a young woman precipitated into an artist's colony where something of her personality was already known. What she does and how she does it forms the content of the book, which is written in a vein of satiric humor, but which ends in an old-fashioned romance.

"SONNICA," by Vincente Ibanez, the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (Duffield & Co.), is a tale of the siege of the African city of Sagentum by Hannibal. Sonnica is a beautiful Greek woman who has arisen from a life of shame to become the wife of one of the wealthiest landowners. The book, which is reminiscent of Salambo, is valuable chiefly for the description of the siege of the city, and the vividness with which the life of that time is portrayed in a strong, virile bit of fiction.

THE books mentioned in this column have been chosen with the idea of appealing to the reader's each and every mood. Thought-provoking or light in fancy, humorous or romantic, each book has its definite appeal, for none is so light that it leaves no question behind it, and none so deep that it bars a lighter moments.

The Faces of Fair Women

At all social affairs, the faces of fair women form the chief attraction. Thousands of society women appreciate that when the lights are brightly shining their complexions must be faultlessly fair and fresh. They have learned to enhance and preserve their complexion by the daily use of

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"

Its effect upon the skin is also soothing, cleansing, refreshing, and purifying. Its use is a dainty and delightful habit of delicacy and refinement

Tubes and jars, 10c to $1.50

Send a tube to a soldier or sailor. It is a comfort they need and will appreciate.

Poudre Amourette: The powder that adds a final touch of softness to the skin. Looks natural, stays on. Flesh, white, brunette, 50c. Both D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourette may be obtained of your dealer or by mail of us. Address

TRY BOTH FREE

Trial samples of Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourette sent free on request.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
DEPARTMENT 311
D. & R. Building New York

our dog 'McW.H.' will tell you that a tooth powder is better than a puppy.

CALOX

the Oxygen Tooth Powder is the best powder

A package sufficient for one week's trial and an illustrated booklet will be sent you. Why a Powder is better Than a Paste will be sent free on request.

McKESSON & ROBBINS, Inc. 91 FULTON STREET NEW YORK

BE YOUR OWN MANICURIST

It's easy and inexpensive to have beautiful nails without cutting the Cuticle when using SIMPLEX CUTICLE REMOVER. It quickly removes ragged skin, giving the Cuticle a beautiful transparent outline. Comes in 30c and 60c. Bottles. At all Good Stores.

FREE Samples Trial Manicures Outfit consisting of Cuticle Remover, Nail Polish, Nail Enamel, Nail Whitener, Orange Stick, Emery Board, also "Home Manicuring Lessons." Send 12 cts. for postage and packing.

Dr. W. G. KORONY, 112 W. Main Street, Louisville, Ky

Simplex MANICURE PREPARATIONS

Tiny Tots Togs - Hand Made

French Convent embroidered. Imported quality at domestic prices. Designs exclusive and complete. For fants' to 3 yrs. on approval. Caps and Boy Dresses a specialty. Catalog for stamp. Vay Balle DeVie, 1030 Marine Building, Chicago, Illinois.

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THE SPRING FASHION BOOK

SHOWING THE CELEBRATED

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS

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Price, 25 cents, including a coupon for 10 cents toward the purchase of a Pictorial Review Pattern

Never before has Pictorial Review's supremacy as style-arbiter of America been so splendidly exemplified as in these Spring designs.

The really expensive dress is the one you make and never wear, because you are disappointed in its appearance or because you see others wearing more fashionable or better-fitting garments. You can avoid these costly mistakes by consulting the

SPRING FASHION BOOK

Contains costume designs for every phase of the Spring Season. Sixteen Plates illustrating the new styles in the latest most fashionable colors.

We call particular attention to the wide variety of chic, sweetly simple frocks so dear to the heart of any woman. Our designers have surpassed all previous efforts in this Spring issue. Before you buy any other Fashion Book see the

SPRING NUMBER
OF THE
PICTORIAL REVIEW FASHION BOOK

That combination of simplicity and refinement, so dear to the heart of the discriminating woman, is provided by the Master Fashion Artists of the world who create Pictorial Review Styles.

There is only one best Pattern; only one that always gives the very latest Styles. Only one that will save at least one-half yard of material on every dress you make. That's why you should use

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY,
214-226 West 39th Street, New York

I enclose 35 cents for which please send me THE PICTORIAL REVIEW FASHION BOOK of SPRING STYLES, including the pattern coupon.

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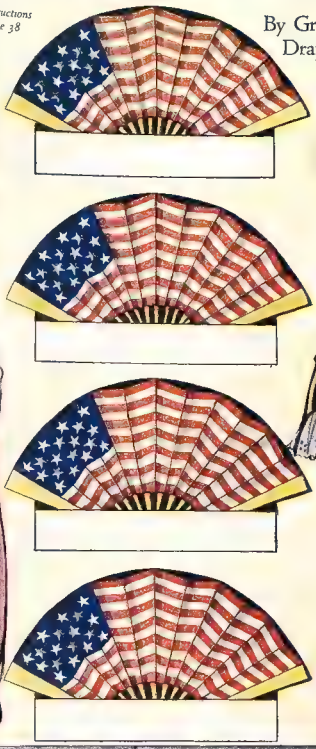
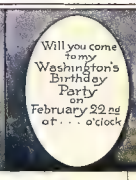
DINGLE'S WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

See Instructions on page 38

By Grace G. Drayton



Will you come to my Washington's Birthday Party on February 22nd at ... o'clock



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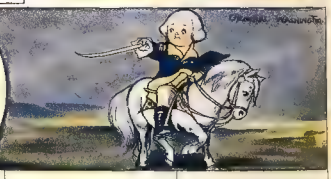

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hail'd at the twi-light's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!
Oh! say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

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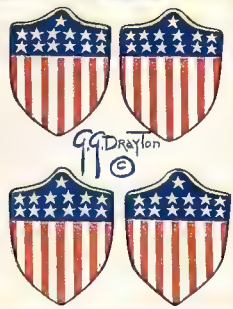

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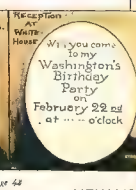

Will you come to my Washington's Birthday Party on February 22nd at ... o'clock

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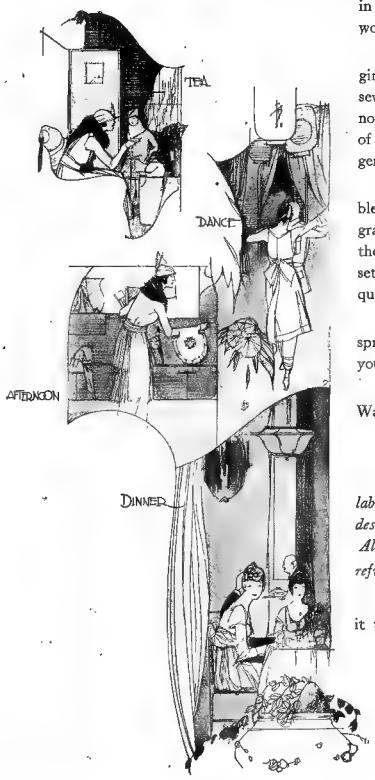
Betty Wales Dresses

FOR the charm of crisp winter sports; the social gaiety of afternoon functions; the joyousness of dances, or the delightful informality of the party that just happens, there is a Betty Wales Dress to fit the occasion and the girl. And the girl in the Betty Wales frock carries herself with the sure charm of the woman who knows her dress is right.



Betty Wales, Dressmaker, is *the* dressmaker of the discriminating girl and youthful women the country over. Style and good taste are sewn into every dress along with the label. Nothing of the bizarre, nothing of the freakish, appears in a single frock—the quiet elegance of good taste is in every line. The simplicity which shows the hand of genius, and which the hand of genius alone can fashion, is always there.

The latest little fashion whimsies taken from Paris and London, blended with the newest ideas of America, then made youthful and gracious as only Betty Wales knows how — make Betty Wales Dresses the dresses you want to wear. Whenever Betty Wales releases a new set of models, you may be absolutely sure that they are right in style, quality and price.

The Betty Wales dealer in your town is now showing the early spring models of Betty Wales. Your new frock is waiting there for you. Take it home today.

If you have moved to a new city and are not sure who the Betty Wales dealer is, we will gladly supply his name upon request.

THE BETTY WALES GUARANTEE

Your protection and our guarantee are symbolized by the Betty Wales label which is sewn in every dress. Every Betty Wales Dress is correct in design and style, honest of fabric, cleanly manufactured and of full value. All dealers who sell Betty Wales Dresses are authorized to make complete refund of money for any Betty Wales Dress that is not satisfactory to you.

The 1919 Betty Wales Fashion Portfolio is ready. May we send it to you?

Betty Wales Dressmakers

602 Waldorf Building New York

Look for this label

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Style No. 1494 Price $1.00

FIT is the first requirement of your Brassiere all else comes second. The Fit of a Model Brassiere is snug, sleek, smooth, soft, neither over-stressing the bust, nor under-supporting. You feel it fits—we know it does.

Richly trimmed, too, with the daintiest of laces and embroideries in white or flesh.

Look for the name, Model, on a Brassiere. It is the particular trademark of the Model Brassiere Co., not a general mark of the Brassiere Trade.

Model your figure with a Model brassière

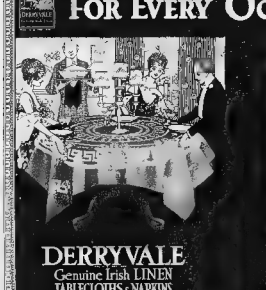
65c to $10.00 in Every Shape and Fastening.

Illustrated Style Book Sent Free

Model Brassière Co.

200 FIFTH AVENUE Dept "C" NEW YORK

FOR EVERY OCCASION



DERRYVALE

Genuine Irish LINEN TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS

Your guests will admire the unusual beauty and lustre of your Linens if they are "Derryvale Genuine Irish Linens." There are no finer Linens in the world, yet they cost no more than ordinary Linens.

The "Derryvale" mark is a guarantee that your Linens will be not only beautiful, but will have the durability found in Genuine Irish Linens.

See the many splendid designs displayed at the store in your city that has the exclusive Agency for the sale of "Derryvale Genuine Irish Linens."

HOW TO SET THE TABLE FOR EVERY OCCASION

is a beautiful board book by Sara Swain Adams that tells you how to set the table for Holidays, Birthdays, special guests and in fact every occasion. How to care for Linens and how to choose good Linens. We offer it to you for the actual cost of production to acquaint you with "Derryvale Genuine Irish Linens."

You can obtain this $1.50 book for 50 cents (the cost of printing) from the Exclusive "Derryvale" Agency in your city, or if you cannot locate the "Derryvale" Agency write direct to us, enclosing 50 cents, mentioning name of your Dealer, and the book will be forwarded prepaid.

DERRYVALE LINEN COMPANY, Inc.
25 East 22nd Street, New York City
Mills: Belfast, Ireland

HOUSEHOLD

Health for Your Hair

By ANTOINETTE GROSSE

THE secrets revealed in beauty-parlors are varied and interesting—but none of them approaches in interest the practical methods in the hygiene of beauty that the professional operator learns. There's as real science in developing beautiful hair as there is in curing a sick body. The prime aim of one is health; of the other, health and beauty.

The great value of our secrets comes, not from some mysterious charm of the beauty-parlor, but from the intelligence with which we plan them and the care and persistence with which we apply them.

Some women are fortunate enough to have beautiful hair, and to keep it beautiful without any great expenditure of effort. Even hair in good condition is entitled to a period of tonic treatment at least once a year, and it is especially important that you look to the health of your hair at any time that your general health falls below par. But thin, stringy hair, hair that is fading or graying, and hair that is falling out must have treatment if it is to be restored to normal health and beauty.

The most effective treatment I know of can be applied at home just as well as in a beauty-parlor. The cause of your trouble is most likely to be due to an under-nourished—and consequently unhealthy—scalp.

IF YOU came to me, I should apply my Camomile Tea Treatment—a treatment which you yourself can apply quite satisfactorily. This method will require about six weeks of a few minutes' daily effort on your part, and a very moderate expenditure of money. The essentials of the treatment are the camomile tea, which can be purchased at the druggist's, some good tar soap, some coconut-oil, the ointment described below—and patience!

PRESCRIPTION FOR OINTMENT

Balsam Peru, ½ gr.
Crude Petroleum Oil, 5 grs.

The bottle should be labeled, "For external use only." Be sure to shake well before using.

The first step in the treatment is the cutting off of at least three inches of your hair, to get rid of the split and dead ends. Then wash the hair with a comb or your fingers, and apply the ointment lightly to every part of the scalp. Then use the fleshy part of the middle fingers to rub the oil in gently, being careful not to irritate the scalp. Be sure that the fingernail does not touch the head. Rub the ointment in, give the head a massage with both hands, using the thumbs and middle and third fingers. Start at the back of the head and work forward, keeping your fingers firmly on the scalp and making a movement as tho you were drawing a circle. Start at the nape of the neck and finish at the forehead. This should take about ten minutes and be followed by a fifteen-minute brushing of the hair. If the hair is very dry the second day, apply a little of the ointment before giving it the daily massage and brushing. The third day, wash the hair again, rinsing with the tea and applying a very little coconut-oil to the scalp, instead of ointment. Massage and brush as before.

Wash the hair every third day, rinsing with the tea and applying the ointment one time and the coconut-oil the next. Keep up the daily massage and brushing. Five to six weeks will show an improvement in the condition of the hair, but a very unhealthy scalp will be slower to respond. Perseverance is the sort of persevering effort I should put in on your case if I were [illegible] results as many women have received from following this treatment.

If your scalp is easily irritated, you may find the Camomile Tea Treatment too harsh for it. In that case, wash the hair every third day with tar soap, dry it, and lubricate the scalp with a little good olive oil. [illegible] and brushing are [illegible] and all [illegible]

AND now for the tonic for the healthy head. If your mother was wise enough, when you were a babe of six weeks or more, to rub your head with bay rum every day after your bath, you probably have an excellent head of hair. At any rate, you have been keeping it in good condition with [illegible] Wash the hair, for a few weeks, every third day with tar soap. Dry it carefully and apply a little castor oil to the roots, massaging the scalp and brushing the hair [illegible] and sure. Probably two to three weeks will suffice to put your hair in perfect condition.

And whatever effort you may decide to put into the special care of your hair, please take my word for this, the very pleasant consciousness that your hair is beautiful and well groomed—full of life—will repay any inconvenience you may have suffered.

A Great Discovery

Gray haired women need not be handicapped by their whitening locks, either in business or socially. The natural color can be restored in from 4 to 8 days with a clear, colorless liquid applied by combing through the hair.

This great discovery is of vital importance now, when so many home women must become bread winners. Now, today, before you start on your new work, send for a free trial bottle of

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Not acrude dye, naturally repulsive to fastidious women, but a pure, clean preparation which doesn't interfere with shampooing or curling. Its use is as permissible as that of the powder which every woman knows she needs.

Send for Free Trial Bottle

Cut out this coupon *now*, fill it out and send it.

Mark on it the natural color of your hair—is it black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown? Better still, enclose a lock in your letter.

We will send a trial bottle and special comb by return mail. You can buy the full sized bottle at your druggist's, or direct from us if you prefer.

Remember when the first gray streaks appear is the time to begin with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and mail the coupon for the free trial bottle *today*.

Mary T. Goldman
921 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Established 50 Years

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
921 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by sending this free offer. The natural color of my hair is

☐ black ☐ dark brown ☐ medium brown ☐ light brown

Name .....
Street .....
Town ..... State .....

Become the Woman You Wish to Be

YOU can't be the useful and happy woman you should be if you are that nervous or depleted in strength, or if you are 10 to 40 pounds above proper weight, if you are ruined by some chronic ailment. May I help you? It's worth everything in the world to you to get rid of such conditions. Good health will double your happiness and quadruple your usefulness—and your enjoyment of life. And you can get good health in much less time, at much less cost and with much less effort than you think. Let me prove that statement. Let me tell you, without cost or obligation, how I have successfully treated over 65,000 refined women just how I have succeeded in this work for them and how I have won the support and approval of leading physicians, of prominent men and women in all walks of life.

Keen walks of life, how I do my work with real medicine of drugs; how I build up thin women, how I reduce fleshy women, how I help women overcome the most baffling ailments; how I help women regain their figures if I may [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ...

Brings Beauty while you Sleep

PURE, fragrant, snow-white Pompeian NIGHT Cream! Leave it on your face, hands and neck while you sleep. Then in the morning—oh, how soft, smooth and fragrant is your skin! But you must be faithful—every night—for time and weather are daily stealing youth and beauty from your face. Pompeian NIGHT Cream is especially recommended for harsh, dry skins and "catchy fingers." Jars, 40c and 80c at the stores. Sample sent with Liberty Panel.

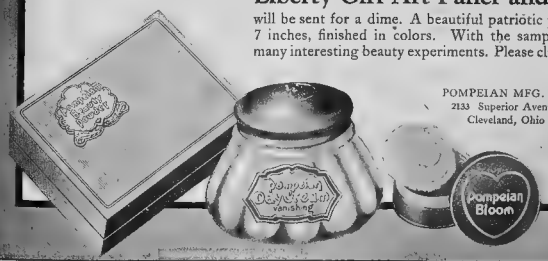
But for Instant Beauty in Daytime—

First a touch of delicately perfumed Pompeian DAY Cream. This softening, vanishing cream should be worked well into the skin so that the cream will make your powder stay on evenly and not in spots. Now Pompeian BEAUTY Powder with its pearly touch and captivating perfume. Then a bit of Pompeian BLOOM on the cheeks. Milady knows that this final touch of color in the cheeks not only adds the bloom of youthful beauty, but also makes her eyes seem darker and more lustrous. Presto! What a change in a few moments. Instant beauty indeed! Samples sent with Liberty Panel.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (flesh, white or brunette), Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing) or Pompeian BLOOM may be used separately or together as described above. Sold by your druggist at 50c for each article. Guaranteed by the makers of the well-known Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (55c, 80c and $1.05) and Pompeian HAIR Massage, for Dandruff (60c and $1.10).

Liberty Girl Art Panel and 4 Samples

will be sent for a dime. A beautiful patriotic panel, 28 inches by 7 inches, finished in colors. With the samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please clip the coupon now.



POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
2133 Superior Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio

POMPEIAN CO.
2133 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for a 1919 Liberty Girl Panel and 4 samples.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

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COLGATE'S FACE CREAMS

What *keeps* the roses in our cheeks?

OUR shrubbery, our bulbs, and our rose bushes we cover carefully and perhaps "house" them, for protection against the harsh, nipping cold of winter. With the roses in our cheeks, the "housing" is the—

Nightly Massage which re-invigorates the tissues and keeps them healthy and active.

with Charmis Cold Cream—which cleanses the pores, supplies them the oil which the nipping weather has dried, and softens the skin which the wind and cold have chapped.

Protection - which is so essential when one is exposed to the chilly winds and dampness of winter.

with Mirage Cream—a dash of this vanishing cream on the cheeks, chin, nose and forehead, keeps the skin in good condition, the tissues softened, and the pores free and active. No need for *your* roses to be kept indoors with such protection.

COLGATE & CO. New York
Established 1806

HOUSEHOLD

House Budgets from Our Readers

How Three Family Incomes Are Managed

ARRANGED BY
HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

THE letters received in reply to the inquiry, "HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR MONEY?" as printed in the October number of PICTORIAL REVIEW, brought a number of replies that made me, as the author of the October article, feel surprisingly meek. The letters received were so frank and honest, those appealing for help so genuine, and those offering it so full of wisdom that I was abashed at my own small knowledge of what could be done with a comparatively small sum. I have selected from those received, certain letters which are either peculiarly helpful or which show plainly just why the writer needs help. The first letter has my unbounded admiration. Here is a young woman—well, contented, happy—with intelligence and considerable mental ability, keeping her family up to a good standard (as evidenced by her letter) on a salary of $1,320 a year!

"Colorado, Sept. 30th.

"MY DEAR MRS. BENNETT:

"I have been reading your article in the October PICTORIAL REVIEW, 'How Do You Spend Your Money?' and while I do not consider myself a wizard at an extraordinary person, my family of four are 'kept going' (whether we LIVE or not) on a salary of $1,320 a year. We have no family budget. I keep an accurate account of what things cost us during a year and we know how much we have put by for a rainy day, but we have no set amounts to be used each month, altho my husband draws his salary by the month.

"Here are my accounts monthly and yearly.

YEARLY ACCOUNT.

	EXPENSES	INCOME
Insurance on House	$9.00	$1,320.00
Taxes	38.00	
Life Insurance	36.00	
Red Cross and Y. M. C. A.	3.00	
Doctors and Dentists	25.00	
Up-keep of House	25.00	
New Furniture or Repairs	25.00	
Lodge Dues	9.00	
Clubs and Church	10.00	
Running Expenses	750.00	
Interest on House 6 per cent. on $1,500	90.00	
Depreciation on House 3 per cent.	45.00	
	$1,057.00	$1,057.00
Savings		$253.00

MONTHLY RUNNING EXPENSES FOR FOUR PERSONS
(This is a Sample.)

Groceries and Meats	$28.50
Milk	2.50
Electric Light	1.35
Daily Papers	.50
Magazines	1.50
Water Rent	1.50
Clothing	12.50
Personal and Recreation	7.50
Coal and Ice	6.25
Total	$62.10

"The first item—*Groceries and Meats*—includes all kitchen supplies, laundry soaps, starch, etc. This item varies from month to month, as you will imagine from seeing the yearly sum, as we buy everything but perishable goods when they are cheapest. We have a garden and chickens, and their up-keep is charged to this item. Any eggs or chickens I sell are deducted from this item.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This appeals to me as a first-class plan for solving that always-present puzzle of subscribers as to how to count in chicken-money and pay for feed.]

"I can all of our fruit and some vegetables. We buy potatoes, apples, and beans in quantities and store them in the cellar.

"The milk item is so small because my children can not be induced to drink milk.

"Our clothing item is comparatively small as my husband is a mechanic and so requires little in the way of 'business' clothes. I buy my own suits and coats and make almost everything else that I and the children wear. I cut down partly worn trousers for knickers for my son, and my dresses for my daughter. I buy very good materials as it pays in the long run.

"As you see from the yearly account, we own our home. I have allowed in my accounts for interest and depreciation as you suggested.

"For savings, we buy at least $5.00 in Thrift Stamps each month, half for each child, and one War Savings Stamp. The rest we hold for a rainy day.

"Now for our recreation item. We don't care for movies and seldom go. We live in a small town and the children are invited to several parties each year and occasionally give one. They go to school and Sunday-school picnics. My husband and I belong to a small informal card-club, and once in a while we attend a dance. We attend Chautauqua and any good lectures which come to town and I belong to a literary club.

"I believe that too many people are wearing themselves out trying to ape the wealthy people of whom they read, and if they would mix a little common sense with their incomes they would find that the income would come nearer doing its part. I am much prouder of the little dress I make for my daughter out of my last year's old serge than I would be to say, 'Yes, isn't it lovely? I got it at Blanks for only $16.50, when I know that my auditor knows that it is half my husband's salary for one week!

"E. W. J——."

I CAN NOT forbear to call attention to one item in this very interesting account. It is "Magazines, $1.50 a month." That tells volumes. That is one reason why "recreation" is so little trouble. I must add that the writer states that her section of the country has not had the very high prices generally prevalent this year.

Contrast this letter with the following one.

"MY DEAR MRS. BENNETT.

"I have just finished reading your article in this month's PICTORIAL REVIEW. I am sending you our expense list. My husband earns $135 a month, which is all of our income. We have two small children, a girl and a boy. We started buying our home a year ago last June, and the debt mentioned on which we are paying $17.00 a month covers extra things we had done when we bought our house. The debt has six months to run, the furniture-bill has three. But meanwhile what am I to do? Here are our Winter clothes and our coal to pay for. It seems every month we have extras, some one gets married or dies or has a baby, and then there is the up-keep of the house.

"C. M. C——."

C. M. C.'S MONTHLY EXPENSE ACCOUNT.

Groceries	$35.00
Payment on House	17.00
Debt on House	17.00
Furniture	19.00
Gas	2.00
Lights	2.00
Water	.50
Telephone	1.25
Ice	3.00
Insurance	3.75
Buying Club	2.25
Laundry	5.00
Magazines and Papers	1.25
Bonds and Stamps	6.30
Doctors and Dentists	4.00
Coal	9.00
Clothes	4.00
Pleasures	8.00
Car fares	4.00
Taxes	6.00
Extras, Gifts, Linens and Bedding, Etc.	7
	$129.50

I think if C. M. C—— will compare her budget with that of E. W. J—— she will see what is wrong. You can not, C. M. C——, buy a house, put a big debt on it, buy a lot of furniture, employ a washerwoman, pay a comparatively large insurance, buy more furniture (the $2.25 item is also furniture), on one hundred and thirty-five dollars a month. You are spending too much on equipment in a single year. Your means do not justify it. As you have assumed these, the only way to meet them is to cut every luxury.

Save as follows until your debts are paid: By doing your own wash, $5.00; by going without ice, $3.00; without telephone, $1.25; without pleasures, $4.00; by taking fewer papers and magazines, 50c., save on bonds and stamps, $5.00—you can not help your country when you go into debt to do it.

By doing this you will have over sixteen dollars a month to tide you over in coal and clothes until your bills are paid. Make no presents. Write letters and let that suffice. It may humiliate you, but it is better than presenting a false front. You are one of the many victims of the pay-by-the-month fever. If you had taken the house without the extra debt or if you had taken half the furniture, you would have been safe. And read the budget just preceding yours to learn how to live on your income.

And here is the budget of a bride of a year who has started out in housekeeping decided to do her best. Her income is less than two thousand dollars a year.

THE BRIDE'S BUDGET		IDEAL BUDGET
Food	25 per cent.	25 per cent.
Rent	14 "	20 "
Up-keep	12 "	15 "
Clothing	10 "	
Church and Benevolences	3 "	5 "
Education	6 "	5 "
Recreation	5 "	5 "
Personals	5 "	5 "
Investment	20 "	

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

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Better than a mustard plaster

Once when grandma's joints commenced to ache and twinge, she used to go to the mustard pot and make a mustard plaster. Now she goes to Musterole and gets relief, but does without the blister and the plaster, too!

My, how good that Musterole feels when you rub it in gently over that lame back and those sore muscles. First you feel the gentle tingle, then the delightful, soothing coolness that reaches in the twinging joints or stiff, sore muscles.

It penetrates to the heart of the congestion. This is because it is made of oil of Mustard and other home simples. And the heat generated by Musterole will not blister.

On the contrary the peculiarity of Musterole lies in the fact that shortly it gives you such a cool, relieved feeling all about the twingey part.

And Musterole usually brings the relief while you are rubbing it on. Always keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

30c and 60c jars—$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE

WILL NOT BLISTER

One Woman to Another

By Henrietta Hoskins

"What's this for, Hetty?"

My friend, Mrs. Williams had picked up a can of Amolin from my dressing table and was examining the label.

"Amolin, The Personal Deodorant Powder," she read. "Oh! it's good,—is it?"

"*Is it!*" I repeated. "It's the only thing I know that absolutely banishes disagreeable body odors. You remember how I used to suffer that way."

"Yes, I've often wondered how you got relief," she answered, setting down the can.

"I always use Amolin now because I wish to be absolutely free from the suspicion of any odor. Amolin saves all embarrassment. It destroys all body odors from perspiration or any other cause. I find it an indispensable toilet requisite—it has so many intimate, personal uses. Amolin is wonderfully soothing and healing, and is unscented. You ought to try it, dear."

A week later we met again. Ethel had tried it. And she was even more enthusiastic about Amolin than I am.

All drug and department stores sell Amolin. The Amolin Co., Lodi, N. J., will send a free sample on request. It's really invaluable.

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HOUSEHOLD

BUDGETS FROM OUR READERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

COMPARE these percentages with those of the Ideal Budget, and you will see that this bride is saving almost just where she should. For rent need not be so high for two, as for a family, neither need clothing, nor up-keep, nor should food, and with experience she will reduce this item. In a few years she will own her own home without the difficulties of C. M. C——. And please note what she says about fuel-saving, both for herself and for her country.

"My Dear Mrs. Bennett:

"I was very much interested in your article on 'Apportioning an Income' in the last PICTORIAL REVIEW. Since we were married, a year ago last June, my husband and I have kept close account of all expenditures, and when we read your article we immediately began making a table of our expenses for last year and comparing it with the 'Ideal Budget.' The one item in our table which compares most favorably with the budget you give is the one headed 'Investment' or Permanent Savings, for we managed by cutting down on several other items to save 20 per cent. of our income last year.

"When we were first married, and before we went to housekeeping, we decided that we would save as much as possible and not let our whole income go for living expenses. We want to own our own home and feel that that is something worth saving for.

"I had never kept books before and did not know what percentage of our income should be spent for food, but we set apart a certain amount (a little less than 25 per cent. of our income) which we decided should cover food bills. I did not know very much about cooking and, since we did not get into our own home until late in the Summer, we had no garden and I did practically no canning; but by careful planning, study of all available literature on the subject, and a gradual abandonment of the pre-war plan of eating, we managed to spend not more than 25 per cent. of our income for food last year. During the last year, altho prices of all foodstuffs have advanced, we are spending no more on our table than we did the year before, even living better on the same amount, since I am learning the right proportions to spend for different foodstuffs and wholesome and appetizing substitutes for prohibitively high articles of food. Our back-yard garden and my canning also help out now.

"Altho we live in the vicinity of a large Government Arsenal, where rents have increased at an alarming rate, the percentage of our income spent for rent is not as large as the 'Ideal Budget' allows, only 14 per cent.

"Since our house is not large, neither is the up-keep item, altho it includes a great many articles needed for our home which we either overlooked or postponed the buying of when we started housekeeping. *One thing which has kept this item down has been our care to keep our fuel-bill as low as possible. My fireless cooker saves, I am sure, 25 per cent on my gas-bill every month. I use it practically every day, often using it working all day.*

"I also use my cooker in canning. We have also tried to keep our coal-bill as low as possible and still be comfortable. We postponed starting our furnace for some time in the Fall by using our coal stove chilly mornings and evenings and even whole days. When we did start our furnace, we did not try to heat all the house all the time.

"I was surprized to find the clothing item in our budget up to the allowed amount for I thought we had been very economical, since I had done a good deal of 'making over,' doing all my own sewing.

"I *am* ashamed of the small per cent. we have given to church and benevolences and surprized that it is no larger, for I thought we had been liberal. We now have a basis to figure from, however, and intend to do better this year.

"Our education item includes an efficiency course, technical books and magazines, magazines dealing with household science, and a part of the cost of a typewriter. According to our estimation this is not one of the items on which it pays to economize.

"Our expenditures for recreation and personals are the same as the Ideal Budget allows. I have kept the personal item as small as possible by doing at home all cleaning and pressing of our clothes.

"The 20 per cent. of our income saved is invested in Liberty Bonds, and we are glad to have made some small sacrifices in order to buy them. "M. S. M——"

Pictorial Review's Correspondence Course in Sex-Education

By LEWIS HENRY LEVY, M.S., M.D.

Not only for mothers, but for teachers, nurses, brides, and brides-to-be who wish to secure information on the subject of Sex-hygiene.

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COOKING

Beating Egg Prices

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

Author of "Mrs. Allen's Cook-Book"

WE MUST uphold the hen. She is a lughly respected member of every community. She gives to us one of our most valuable foods. But we are sure that no self-respecting lady of the barnyard would knowingly be a party to profiteering.

Profiteering in eggs has taken a sudden jump since the historical November 11. Upward, sky high, they have gone until, at the present writing, fresh eggs are selling in certain stores for a dollar and twenty cents a dozen, in spite of the fact that by law only a seven cent profit is allowed the retailer on each dozen, and in spite of the fact that the dealer bought them at the wholesale rate of from ninety to ninety-two cents.

It is small wonder that the Food Administration has taken away the licenses of many of these profiteers. But while the arm of the law is long it is of necessity more or less slow, and it is up to American housewives to aid in the punishing of these present-day food carpet-baggers. There are several ways in which we can do this, first by boycotting the individual profiteering merchant; second, if this is not sufficient, by boycotting the food itself; third, by reporting every auspiciously high price to the nearest food commissioner; fourth, by limiting the consumption of eggs.

If each woman's organization in the country will get together and put notices in the local papers to the effect that each and every one of its members will entirely withdraw her trade from any store suspected of profiteering, the evil will soon cease.

BUT in the meantime while we are waiting for the organizations to act, what can we do? The remedy lies in those innumerable little things which in themselves seem almost nothing, but which multiplied, are a mighty force. We can become acquainted with foods that may be used in place of eggs, the first choice probably being powdered egg, or, better speaking, dehydrated or evaporated egg, which contains all of the egg nutriment, having only the water removed. There are several grades on the market. Consult the nearest food commissioner or home demonstration agent as to purity and then use the reputable brand you have chosen just as you would fresh eggs, adding to a tablespoonful of the powder two tablespoonfuls of warm water to make up for that which is evaporated. This is the equivalent of one egg. Any good powdered egg may be used in all dishes except where the whites and yolks have to be separated. They are comparatively a new food product with an average cost of about three and a third cents per egg.

There are numerous so-called egg-substitutes before the public, but beware of any manufacturer who makes extravagant claims for his product, to the effect that it is a substitute, value for value, for eggs. To my knowledge no such product has ever been invented, but some of these powders contain as much as fifty per cent. or more of actual powdered egg with corn-starch, or other thickening agents to make up the remaining percentage and they may be used with great economy and to excellent advantage in place of eggs in baking, salad-dressings, custards, corn-starch puddings, bread-and-cereal puddings, quick breads, and so forth. They are less expensive than dehydrated egg, and should be used according to the directions on the package.

Much has been said and written about the evil of substituting other products for eggs, milk, and the like in food. Dire consequences have been predicted for our child growth if this is done. But there is no reason why powdered egg can not be used. And if the meal is planned so that the proper amount of muscle-making and mineral-producing elements are present in vegetables and some protein dish, *there is no reason why eggs may not be omitted when economy and conservation demand it, or a reputable substitute be used.*

IF EGGS are omitted from the child's diet while the high prices persist, whole-grain cereals and breads should be freely used, plenty of fresh vegetables, either baked or steamed, extra milk and more milk soup and milk desserts should be introduced.

As to omitting eggs entirely, this can be done in your favorite muffin recipe by adding an extra tablespoonful of milk for each egg omitted, and an extra level teaspoonful of baking-powder. In cake containing fat, use a half-teaspoonful of baking-powder and an extra half-tablespoonful of milk for each egg omitted, and in making floating island or custard puddings, the number of eggs or amount of milk may be reduced to two small, or one large, with a level tablespoonful of corn-starch for each egg omitted mixed in the sugar. Scald the milk, then cooked in the whole quantity for a few moments before the egg is added.

And to "egg" your croquettes—soften a half-tablespoonful of powdered gelatin in a little water, add it to a half-cupful of hot water or milk, cool it till tepid and substitute it for the usual beaten egg in the egging and crumming process.

But in the meantime, as soon as you have read this, call up the president of your club and get that boycott notice in the paper.

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Keep Saving to Make Good Our Pledge to Send Those Twenty Million Tons

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

WHEN we first knew that peace was actually within our hands, that the greatest war in history was ended, I think for most of us there came a period of intense spiritual exaltation. Our joy in the ending of universal carnage was so deep, our happiness so great. And then, after some hours, or days, or weeks, according to our own personal development, we found ourselves settling into a state of comfort, one of relaxation and relief. The strain and tension and horror were mainly over; and half-unconsciously we associated the more humdrum things of life, the little sacrifices, the little makeshifts asked and needed in war time, with these greater things. As Americans, three thousand miles and more from the scene of battle, our country spared direct attack, we have been mainly concerned with the more petty aspects of the great war, and, because of our relative safety, we have not begun to realize that we never shall be able to slip back into the old comfortable groove of the past, because it is no longer there to be slipped into.

Especially we shall not eat as we have eaten before the war, not for many months, perhaps for several years. I know that even I, whose family has made it a rule never to complain about any food sacrifice during war time, have been thinking, during the last months of fighting—"Well, thank goodness it can't last much longer and then keeping house will not be such a trouble-some thing as it has been for the last two years."

I went down to Washington with that idea in mind. I thought I might consult the people who have been studying the world food situation and come back with definite news for you that in so many weeks or so many months, we would have an abundance of certain foods and could begin using them as we did in pre-war times. And when I said as much to the very courteous gentleman who represented the United States Food Administration, what did he reply?

"Why," he said, "the end of the war makes the food situation more critical than before."

"But how," I protested, "can that be? Our soldiers certainly will come home before long and—"

"Oh, yes," he agreed, "But not all at once, and in their places, when they do come home, are the millions of people starving in the neutral countries and the millions who have been Germany's victims. We will have to feed all of them, you know."

I hadn't thought of it, but of course I knew that we would. We have begun to live in world terms, during this war, and a starving people is a people to be fed.

The Millions that Are Hungry

FIRST, there are our Allies. There is not one of us but intends to keep right on feeding them.

With what? When the war ended no new harvest grew overnight. Not a pound more of food came into existence. Nor can the Allies hope, even supposing they can use all their man-power, which seems most unlikely in the unsettled state of Europe, to produce in one year what they have lost in over four years. Eighty millions of men, think of it, eighty millions of men have been taken out of production during this war. This means lasting losses of yield. It will be a matter of years before their fields produce as they did before, before farms are completely restored and herds re-stocked. Meanwhile America is called on to supplement their efforts, and to help to feed them.

What we have shipped during the past years has gone mainly to our Allies. Except where the Belgian Relief Commission was able to extend its services, we could not and did not reach neutral countries or the countries that were Germany's war victims. There is no country in Europe, combatant or neutral, that has not suffered in this war from shortage of food, lessened yield of crops, weakened production. We have had no quarrel with the people of Poland, or Roumania, of Serbia, of Armenia, of unfortunate Russia. All of these are filled with hungry people. We have no quarrel with such neutrals as Holland, and altho some relief has reached Holland, I think we can get some idea of the situation there and what it means to folks like you and like me when I tell you that butter was quoted to me by a returned traveler at $4.86 a pound. And Holland has been pre-eminently a dairy and butter-producing country. What other foods must cost beggars imagination.

In all, it is estimated by the Washington authorities who have studied the situation that there are one hundred and eighty millions of such people who are either, like Holland, paying such prohibitive prices for food that the bulk of the population must go hungry, or who are literally starving.

Now, what have we to do with them? Some ten years ago there might have been a different answer to that question from the one every true American will give to-day. We had not realised then, how little the world is, as well as how big. We had not known how our welfare and safety depended not upon ourselves alone but upon the right relation of all world nations to each other. Lands across the water were thousands of miles away in interest as well as in distance. But to-day you and I have grown beyond all that: what might be termed "continental narrowness." Our President accepted our first world obligation by giving us as our slogan the making of the world safe for democracy. We can't have a "safe" world, we can't make a "safe" world, while we let people starve, can we?

So we have our own one hundred and ten millions and the Allies hundred and twenty millions and these hundred and eighty millions to look after. What have we with which to feed them?

There has been a general belief throughout the country that our 1918 crop was a very heavy one. I know I believed it, and continued to believe it until I saw actual figures and then I hastily reversed that belief. We did increase our yields of wheat tremendously, and we increased somewhat our yields of barley, rice, rye, buckwheat, and beans. But on the other hand we decreased our crops of corn, oats, potatoes, and sweet potatoes. The decrease in the corn crop was almost twice the increase in the wheat crop and the totals of increase and decrease show that actually in these most essential staples we are, instead of being ahead, some two hundred and twenty-six million bushels behind the crop return of 1917. And we have at least one hundred and eighty millions more to feed before the harvest next Summer.

One cheerful fact is that this report is not actually as disheartening as it seems. A great many bushels of corn spoiled last year that will not be allowed to spoil this year. We have learned to take better care of things. Also some part of last year's crop is still available in the form of nicely fattened corn-fed hogs, of which we have many more than last year. Taking these facts into consideration, we start about even with last year with a much bigger demand upon us.

And now I suppose that you are thinking just as I was thinking before I made that trip to Washington.

"But where, oh, where are those wonderful stores of wheat of which we have heard? Where is Australian wheat, where is Indian sugar, where are South American cattle?"

I asked that very question and in reply I received what sounded like an unrelated statement.

"Remember the shortest line to Europe is the straight line."

Hungry Little Mouths Are Waiting

I knew very well the shortest line between two points is a straight line, but it took some time to apply this fact to food conditions. When I did get it settled it was like this.

We could, and we will undoubtedly, release some ships to travel to those countries and bring back food. But the need for food is imminent and immediate. People starve quickly and they are starving to-day. Is it better for them to wait while ships in uncertain, dangerous, Winter weather take a long and devious course to take supplies to starving people, or is it better that you and I and all true Americans should curb our appetites a bit longer and send foods by the quickest route at least for a few months?

Our country's voluntary food restriction has saved the Government the cost of an enormously expensive food rationing machine and has accomplished ends that have never ceased to cause our Allies to marvel. I want to share with you an extract from an article by Gustave Rodriguez, a talented French writer, which was published in *Scribner's Magazine*. I don't know how it will affect you, but such a tribute always has the very excellent practical effect upon me of making me run right home determined to make every pound of flour and every ounce of sugar go farther than ever before.

Says M. Rodrigues:

"But if the military effort of the United States has been beyond compare it has its double in a civil effort that is not less so. The population of this country, which overflows with riches, where harvests and provisions are spread broadcast in abundance, has voluntarily imposed upon itself the severest privations. It has stinted itself of bread in order to feed those nations beyond the Atlantic which the submarine blockade was trying to starve. It has experienced more than France, and very largely for the sake of France, cries in coal and other necessary products. It has accepted very severe restrictions, I will not say patiently, but with a smile upon its lips."

Such words must be music to your ears and mine, but—oh, what a reputation we have to live up to!

Almost every one who has been in Washington expected the present high prices to continue. Food shortage means high prices. If you and I rush into food extravagance because of our feeling that it is "all over" we can expect still higher prices. But during the war food prices have been kept down, no matter how high they have seemed, largely through the work of the Food Administration. In May, 1917, a difference of $5.86 existed between the price received by the farmer for his wheat and the flour which was made from it. In August, 1918, this difference had been decreased to sixty-four cents. Had we had no food contro, it is quite possible that flour would have risen to fifty dollars a barrel. That there will be food control until all necessity is over is pretty well understood.

Now, in practical terms, what can you and I and all the housekeepers of America do to meet this present great food need?

We can continue to save food. We can guard vigilantly against the ever-present inclination to regard it as "all over," our personal obligations included.

Here are some of the ways which the Food Administration has recommended for American women to make good in this great humanitarian undertaking, the greatest ever attempted by any nation in the world's history:

Reduce to the lowest margin consistent with health and strength our consumption of all vital foodstuffs.

Live simply.

Cut out the "fourth" meal—afternoon teas and theater suppers.

Don't eat between meals.

Continue the conservation practised during the war and increase it wherever possible.

Waste nothing—make every ounce of food count.

Make the garbage pail an unnecessary kitchen utensil.

When tempted to eat more than you need, remember the hungry millions of Europe.

The housewife will not have the stimulus of the winning-the-war slogan to help her, but—she is a victor and it is up to her to continue to save wherever she has saved. I do not believe that she is going to fail. I can not believe that we American women who, through our careful adherence to the advice of our Food Administration, actually saved that one hundred and forty millions of bushels of wheat for the Allies last year will slack down one moment when we recognize the need for further saving. Mr. Hoover has believed in us so hard we have come to believe in ourselves.

Make Your Saving a Religion

SPEAKING recently of the wheat situation Mr. Hoover said: "We are able from now on to abandon the use of substitutes in our wheat loaf. The large harvest that we may have here this year is, to a large degree, the result of the guaranteed price and we may rightly be proud that our production and conservation policies have provided the necessary margins to the world, of its daily bread."

Now for other foods. We have had a sugar allowance to keep within, not to store up and hoard because we have not used the allowance for a particular time. It may sound ridiculous, but the really dangerous hoarding of this country has been, not in bins or elevators or even in stores, but in the pinching of little bits, half a dozen to ten pounds a home. This has amounted in the aggregate to a poundage so vast that it seems incredible.

It is very difficult to forecast the position in sugar, but Europe and North America have been living on a much restricted allowance. Our assured supplies under the purchases we have made are the largest per capita in the world. This is not greediness, for throughout the war we have asked our allies to supply themselves first and we would do with the remainder. They have sacrificed sugar to provide ships for other purposes. Sugar will undoubtedly be more plentiful in a few months, but for the present and for some months to come using as little as possible to keep the family contented will mean an asset in feeding the world.

Meats and fats will not be sufficient to feed the world until agriculture is restored in the warring countries. It takes time to build up herds of cattle; not months but years are required, so meat shortage at least seems likely still to be with us. Animal fats being scarce, a scarcity of vegetable fats follows.

I do not believe that we are going to return to meatless days. We are now asked to save food, every kind of food, for some months, some years, to come. We are going to be asked to market and to buy with all our intelligence on the task, to count the cost to the last penny, to watch the rise and fall of prices and to try to use them to our advantage. We are understand why they rise and fall. We are going to be asked to study foods, to feed our families nutritious palatable meals, to avoid waste, to save every atom of food that we can. We are going to be asked over and over again to use our individual initiative and resourcefulness to accomplish these ends and I was assured that—

"These are terms that only an intelligent people can understand, people actuated by a conscience."

That is either rank flattery or the truth. It is for you and I who must prove which.

America's food pledge 20 million tons

Don't Stop Saving Food

EUROPE believes in us. She has faith in the endurance of the American people for self-denial. We are actually pledged to send a vast amount of food and it can not be done without the co-operation of every housewife in America.

America Will Not Fail

The American housewife has served well; she now has a more difficult task before her—one which will continue throughout the entire year. Until we have banished the specter of famine from the world's table we must not relax our efforts.

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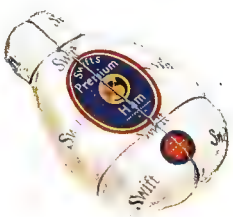
Sweet, mild-flavored ham —the same every time

ONLY the finest hams are chosen for the long, special Swift's Premium cure.

Then they are hung over slow wood fires, and the fragrant smoke creeps in and in, until every morsel has a sweetness and richness you will say you have never found equalled.

You may be always sure of this finer flavor in ham by the distinctive Swift's Premium wrapper and brand.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



Swift's Premium Ham

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Flavored with Essences Made from Fruits

The Flavors are Highly Condensed and Abundant

All Come Sealed in Glass Vials—a Bottle in Each Package—So They Keep

Jiffy-Jell

For Desserts and Salad

The New-Grade Gelatine Dainty

The Only Kind With True Fruit Flavors in Liquid Form —in Glass

Fruity Desserts

For a Trifle

With a Wealth of Fruit-Juice Essence

Think what new delights Jiffy-Jell introduces. And how little those dainties cost. We condense for you the juices of the finest fruits that grow. We seal them in glass vials, so they keep their fruit-time freshness. That was never done before.

Mint For Garnish Jell

We place the vial in a package of sweetened, rare-grade gelatine, ready for instant use. You simply add boiling water, then the flavor from the vial, and pour in molds to cool. Thus you have, at little cost, a rich, fruity dessert for six.

The flavors are abundant. We use half a ripe pineapple to make one vial of flavor. We use 65 Loganberries in another—all for one dessert. These are fruit essences—concentrated fruit juices—with all that's healthful and delightful in the fruits.

Sealed in glass, these true-fruit flavors keep their fragrant freshness. Jiffy-Jell desserts taste like fresh-fruit dainties. Yet one package serves six in mold form, and 12 if you whip the jell. All for 12½ cents.

Zestful Salads, Too

Lime-fruit flavor makes tart, green salad jell. Serve with your salad, or mix the salad in. Use cooked or uncooked vegetables—left-overs will do.

Lime—For Tart, Green Salad Jell

Or mix in meat scraps before the jelly cools and you have a delicious meat loaf—meat in aspic.

Mint flavor makes a garnish jell, rich in mint essence—to serve with cold meats or roast lamb.

You had no such delights as these before the days of Jiffy-Jell. Now they are at your instant call—all sorts of fresh-fruit dainties, healthful and economical. Enjoy them.

Aluminum Molds

Given Users

Tell Us What Styles You Want

We make these six mold offers to urge a test of Jiffy-Jell. Bring these fresh-fruit dainties to your winter tables now.

Try Loganberry, the queen of berry flavors. Try Pineapple—a delightful flavor hercto-fore impossible. Try Lime for salad, Mint for garnish.

Do this today for your own sake. Jiffy-Jell will change all your conceptions of gelatine dainties. It will add new charm to many a winter dinner.

Style 6

Style 5

Style 4

Six Mold Offers

Buy from your grocer two packages of Jiffy-Jell, then send this coupon to us.

Enclose 10c—cost of mailing only—and we will send you three Individual Dessert Molds in assorted styles as pictured. They are pure aluminum.

Or enclose 20c and we will send six of these molds—enough to serve a full package of Jiffy-Jell. The value is 60c per set.

Or enclose 10c—cost of mailing only—and we will send your choice of these larger aluminum molds, valued at 50c each.

Pint Dessert Mold, heart shaped. (B)
Or Pint Dessert Mold, fluted. (C)
Or 6-portion Vegetable Salad Mold: (D)
Or 6-portion Fruit Salad Mold. (E)

10 Flavors in Glass Vials

One in Each Package

Mint
For Mint Jell
Lime
For Salad Jell
Raspberry
Cherry
Loganberry
Strawberry
Pineapple
Orange
Lemon
For Desserts
Also Coffee Flavor

Two Packages for 25 Cents

Mail Us This Coupon

When you buy Jiffy-Jell from your Grocer

I have today received two packages of Jiffy-Jell from

(Name of Grocer)

Now I enclose ..... cents, for which mail me the following molds as per your offer:

(Give Mold Wanted)

Write plainly and give full address

Your Name _____

Address _____

Be sure you get Jiffy-Jell, with package like picture. This alone has the true fruit flavors in vials. *Mail coupon to*

WAUKESHA PURE FOOD COMPANY, Waukesha, Wis. (PR P.R.)

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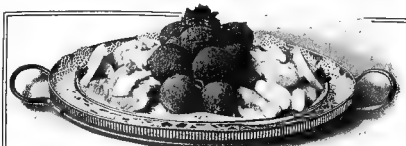
A Whole Meal in One Dish

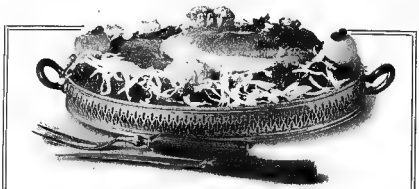
By MARION HARRIS NEIL

A DISH of this kind should be hot and savory. It is easy to cook and serve—this is one reason why it will be a favorite. Only one dish for cooking, few plates to wash, and many steps saved. Serve good, nourishing food to your family and feed them with dishes which contain all their bodies need to help them work and grow strong.



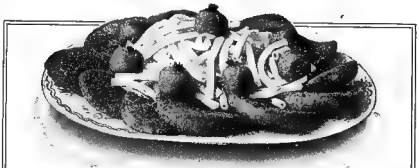
RICE FLOUR BALLS WITH FISH

MIX two cupfuls of rice flour with three eggs, one cupful of grated cheese, half a cupful of milk, and a teaspoonful of salt. Drop this mixture from a spoon in ball shapes into smoking-hot fat and fry until brown. Pile on a hot dish, then place hot cooked fish at both ends and garnish with sliced cucumbers. Serve with a fish sauce flavored with minced parsley.



PLANKED HAM

STEAM two large slices of ham until almost tender. Place the slices on a hot, greased plank and place in the oven for fifteen minutes. Serve the ham garnished with baked onions stuffed with peas, cauliflower, and shredded cabbage. A generous amount of vegetables should be ready for the garnishing. Dish them up quickly so that they have little chance to cool off. This dish takes the place of the old-fashioned corned beef and cabbage and gives variety in the way it is served.



FISH CUTLETS WITH MACARONI AND PARSNIP BALLS

FLAKE one pound of cooked or canned fish. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter-substitute and add to this a quarter of a cupful of barley flour. Mix until smooth, then pour in one cupful of fish stock or milk. Stir until the mixture boils. Cook for five minutes, then take from the fire and add the fish, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, the yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Turn out on a plate and set aside until cold. Form into cutlets, brush over with the beaten whites of the eggs, toss in corn-meal or bread-crums and bake in a hot oven or fry in smoking-hot fat. Drain and serve hot with paranip balls and cooked macaroni.

To Make Parsnip Balls—To one cupful of mashed cooked parsnips add one-half cupful of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of melted butter-substitute, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and the yolk of one egg. Mix this over the fire for a few minutes then turn out to cool. When cold, form into small balls. Brush them over with beaten white of egg and roll in corn-meal. Bake in a hot oven for a few minutes.

A SAVORY PEA DISH

TAKE one pint of dried peas and lentils and soak them overnight in three pints of water. Cook them until tender in the water in which they soaked. Then add six sliced onions and cook until they are tender. To one pint of tomatoes, fresh or canned, add one and one-half cupful of cooked rice or hominy, two teaspoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, and half a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Cook the tomatoes and seasonings for fifteen minutes. Pour into a hot dish, cover with the peas and onions, and garnish with parsley.

They Bake Beans

In a New Way Now

The Scientific Way

The Van Camp kitchens, in late years, have made Baked Beans a vastly better dish.

Culinary experts, college trained, have applied scientific methods. And we urge you to learn the results.

Sauce No. 856

The sauce we bake with them is the final result of 856 tests. Step by step these scientific cooks attained the utmost in delicious zest and savor.

Now this perfect sauce is baked for hours with the pork and the beans, so that every atom shares it.

The Old-Style Dish

Old-style baked beans were underbaked—always hard to digest. Yet the baking crisped and broke them. Some were hard and some were mushy.

They were boiled in hard water, so the skins were tough. And one often got low-grade beans.

They Never Vary

All these steps to an ideal dish are now fixed in a formula. The Van Camp chefs follow it exactly. Then our laboratory experts constantly watch the results. So this dish never varies.

Beans Are Analyzed

The beans for Van Camp's are grown on rare soils, rich in nitrogen. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook.

They are boiled in water freed from minerals. They are baked for hours by live steam under pressure at 245 degrees.

This super-baking fits them for easy digestion. Yet the beans come out uncrisped and unbroken, because of these new-type ovens.

The Final Result

As a result, you now have at your call a new-type Pork and Bean dish. The beans are whole and mealy, uncrisped and unbroken. The sauce marks the pinnacle of delicious tang and zest. And digestion is made easy.

One test of Van Camp's will give Baked Beans a new place in your diet

VAN CAMP'S

Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—
Also Baked Without the Sauce

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups — Evaporated Milk — Spaghetti — Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne — Catsup — Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Soups 18 Kinds

Each based on a famous French recipe. But each perfected through countless tests by these scientific cooks.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

An Italian recipe perfected so greatly that we value the recipe at $500,000.

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made from blended peanuts, with every skin and every bitter germ removed.

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Pictorial Review Mother Club

Sign and Send in the Registration Blank and Become a Member

THE February meeting of the PICTORIAL REVIEW Mother Club will open with a talk on the care of the baby during the first month

These first thirty days represent a critical period. Not only do thousands of babies die annually during this first month, from preventable causes, but the future health and happiness of both mother and child depend upon the habits which the baby forms at this time.

The very large majority of babies are born under normal conditions. The mother's inestimable privilege is to build on this good foundation.

The four factors of infant care which contribute most heavily to Baby's present and future health are quiet, warmth, cleanliness, and food. The first right of the baby is—privacy. He does not want to be handled. The most disturbing element in his very young life is being mauled. Warm, dry, free from chafing, properly fed, he will sleep twenty-two hours out of twenty-four, protesting only when he is wakened to be fed, crying only while being changed or washed.

If he does not want to sleep at this age, there is a reason. Find it

He may be cold. He should be wrapped in a light-weight shawl or blanket and left alone in a well-ventilated room, temperature 68 degrees. A vessel containing water should be placed on the radiator if the room is heated by steam; on the back of a stove, if stove heat is necessary. His wrappings should not be heavy enough to exhaust him, and while his head may be covered, the shawl should be turned back far enough for him to breathe pure air.

He may be disturbed by strong light or loud noises. The baby's room should be dim and protected from loud talking, slamming, or banging. This does not mean tip-toeing in the nursery, nor whispering, but merely avoiding unnecessary and very loud startling noises. Only the other day, I heard a young baby cry for half an hour, purely from fright, when a neighbor, with an unusually sufficient voice, called out to a person in another room, while the baby lay dozing in her arms. Baby woke with a shriek and could not be quieted even at his mother's breast until the nervous attack had subsided.

He may be wet. A baby should be changed immediately the bowels or bladder act; before and after feeding if necessary. The large proportion of water in his food stimulates the kidneys.

He may be getting too much attention. No one except mother or nurse, or the one person responsible for the baby's physical comfort, should handle him during the first month. He does not need "amusing" nor "jogging." If he falls asleep while being rocked or shaken in his carriage, it is from exhaustion, not because the rhythmic movement has reached and removed the cause of discomfort.

He may be getting too much food. This condition will be discussed later.

Bathing the Baby

YOUNG babies should be kept clean to prevent chafing, discomfort, and infection, but they should not be scrubbed and scoured as some zealous mothers attack the daily bath. Until the cord drops off, a sponge bath on the nurse's lap is sufficient If the skin chafes easily, blisters, or develops any sort of rash, soap should be dispensed with, and a little almond meal, bran, or baking soda should be tied in a cheese-cloth bag and shaken in the water. This soothes and heals the irritated skin. Any soap used should be a pure white or castile brand or a medicinal soap recommended by your physician.

Bathe the eyes with an absorbent cotton dipped in a two per cent. boric acid solution which any druggist will prepare for you Warm the water and never use the same piece of absorbent cotton twice.

Doctors do not agree on the question of washing Baby's mouth, but the majority of specialists in infant care are opposed to the practice. They claim that the softest of old linen or gauze wrapped around the most cautious and gentle of fingers may break the tender mucous membrane and start those troublesome white specks known as thrush. Some specialists advise an occasional sip of water that has been boiled and slightly cooled, given after nursing, to rinse out the mouth.

Scalp irritation is easily started at this time. If milk-crust, scab, or dandruff appears in the hair, do not scrub with soap and water Use no water at all, but at night, apply cold-cream. In the morning, gently remove the crust with a clean, soft rag, dipped in cold-cream. If the scales or scabs do not come off with this treatment, apply more cold-cream and persevere in its use until the objectionable spots disappear.

Do not dig at the baby's nose and ears with rags wound around matches or toothpicks. You may do serious damage. Tiny pledgets or rolls of absorbent cotton, moistened with warm water, should be used for ordinary cleansing. If the nose becomes clogged, a few drops of liquid albolene, which can be bought of any druggist, should be dropped on cotton and used for cleaning out the nose.

If the buttocks chafe persistently, look to the washing of the diapers and also to the quality of the powder used in dusting the parts. Diapers should be washed with good, white soap, rinsed thoroughly, dried in the sun, and folded when perfectly dry. Do not iron them Do not use fancy, perfumed powders, but a standard brand of talcum.

The new baby deserves the simplest clothes, a diaper, band, shirt, warm nightgown or wrapper, and perhaps bootees, but nothing more during the first thirty days. Later you can add the Gertrude skirt, the tiny slip and kimono you scalloped or embroidered so daintily. The clothing should be changed from skin out. once in twenty-four hours, preferably at the time of the morning bath.

And now we come to that vital problem—food for the newcomer.

On this subject I speak from bitter experience. Of my three children, two were raised on the bottle, one on the breast. The difference in the mere physical effort of nursing and bottle-feeding was great. The bottle meant constant worry about the quality of the milk, for I lived in a small town where sanitary dairies and certified milk were unknown. Eventually, I turned to condensed milk for safety. Sterilizing bottles, piercing nipples to insure just the right flow of milk, separate cleaning of all utensils used for modifying milk, heating bottles over an oil stove on Winter nights—these rise in memory, a nocturnal nightmare. And, in addition to such preparations, I had to expend exactly the same amount of time feeding the babies from the bottle that nursing would have required. With my breast-fed baby, the nursing period represented a chance to sit down and rest. And to this day the two bottle-fed children have weak digestions, while the breast-fed boy is much stronger.

Never let any nurse, relative, or neighbor convince you that it will simplify your day's work to raise a baby on a bottle, that it will give you more liberty. If nursing a baby ties you to the baby, bottle-feeding ties you to the bottle and the sterilizer. You will find the ramification of milk a trying task which permits of no deviation, no relaxing.

Finally, raising a baby on a bottle at present prices for milk, cereals, bottles, and utensils is an economic factor. Better far to expend the same money on nourishing, milk-making food for yourself, or on help with housework which might drain the strength of a nursing mother.

To stimulate the supply and flow of milk, avoid overwork, nervous tension, fretting, and excesses of any sort, in eating as well as in emotions. Eat what you can digest easily. As your condition permits a more general diet, introduce vegetables and fruits slowly, and watch the effect on your baby. You may find that certain foods affect your milk and disagree with your baby.

Avoid particularly pastries, sauces, pork, veal, and any foods which distressed you before you became a mother.

Never nurse your baby when you are excited, overheated, or greatly tired. A few moments of calm preparation for nursing will save you the effort and trouble needed later to quiet your child. When nursing the baby, lie down or sit in a comfortable chair, with your feet on a low stool. Make it a period of relaxation, not an irritating interruption of other work. This rest will be good for both you and the baby

If your milk does not satisfy the baby, try alternate breast and bottle - feedings, keeping up the flow of milk until, with increasing strength, the quality may improve and the quantity increase. For a normally healthy baby, the simplest formula is best—one part plain or whole milk, two parts water, boiled together. Boiling prevents the curdling in the delicate little stomach. Do not add sugar, salt, pepsin, or any cereal water until you have given this simple formula a fair trial. During the first two weeks, give two ounces or four tablespoonfuls at each feeding. The tiny stomach will hold no more. At four weeks, give five tablespoonfuls of the food, gradually increasing the proportion of milk and decreasing the amount of water, until you have one part milk and one part water To this you may add half a tablespoonful of granulated sugar, milk sugar, or malt sugar, for the amount of modified milk used in twenty-four hours. If you feed your baby every two hours, this means ten feedings in twenty-four hours, of which five will be breast and five bottle. The half-tablespoonful of sugar must be divided between the five bottles.

If the formula of plain milk and water does not agree with your baby, try top milk and barley water A good formula at one month is one part top milk, two parts barley water, with very little sugar. This means at each feeding, two and a half ounces of food, or five tablespoonfuls. Of this amount, three and a fourth tablespoonfuls should be barley water; one and three-fourths top milk, with half a teaspoonful of milk sugar dissolved in boiling water. Barley water is easily digested. Recipe for making it will be furnished on receipt of self-addressed and stamped envelop.

"Top milk" is sixteen ounces dipped from top of a quart bottle of fresh milk. Whether you give your baby breast, cow's milk, or proprietary food, bear in mind that many babies die of overfeeding and resulting ailments than of underfeeding. Send stamped and self-addressed envelop for feeding-chart, which will explain just how much milk your baby should have, and how often he should be fed in twenty-four hours.

MOTHER AND BABY PROBLEMS SOLVED

Prevention, plus a little common sense, often solves problems in baby-raising.

PICTORIAL REVIEW offers you this invaluable help free, in the following pamphlets, compiled by the editor of our Mother and Baby Department, Anna Steese Richardson.

The Prospective Mother's Own Book.
Feeding Chart for Bottle-fed Babies.
Colds and Its Cure.
Diet Suggestions—Ten Months to Four Years
Diet for Listless Babies.
Hot Weather Dishes for Young Children.
Treatment for Constipation in Breast-fed Babies under Six Months.
Treatment for Constipation in Babies from Nine Months to One Year.
Treatment for Constipation in Children of Two Years and Over.

Decide which pamphlet will meet *your* needs, and send a stamped and self-addressed envelop to the Public Health Editor, Pictorial Review Building, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Conducted By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

AUTHOR OF "KEEPING BABY WELL," "THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHER'S OWN BOOK," ETC.

PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB

REGISTRATION BLANK

Please register my name as a member of THE MOTHER CLUB and send me in return, free of charge, a copy of Baby's Weight Record.

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....

February '19

Start a Mother Club

WHAT have you done toward forming a PICTORIAL REVIEW Mother Club in your community?

You will remember that last month I promised to tell you about the work done by one of our readers along this interesting line. Here is her letter:

"Three years ago PICTORIAL REVIEW gave me an inspiration. I decided to form a Mothers' Club in my own town in connection with my church. I gave monthly lectures and most of my material was obtained from PICTORIAL REVIEW.

"At that time I had but one child—a boy of seven—and I little thought then that I would be applying the results of my studies and talks to the care of a second child born two years later. This younger child is by far the strongest of my two children. At birth he weighed only seven pounds, but doubled his weight in two months; and now at seventeen months weighs twenty-three pounds, has eleven teeth, and has walked for two months. Best of all he has not had an hour's illness in his life. My older boy has had numerous attacks of illness caused by colds and stomach troubles; and this difference in the two children I attribute to those things—prenatal care and abiding by the advice from PICTORIAL REVIEW and medical experts, instead of listening to inexperienced persons.

"Before my first child was born, I foolishly heeded the advice of a friend who told me that I should have only one confinement if I ate no meat during pregnancy. I now consider that this was harmful to both my sister friend and the child While carrying this last baby I ate whatever I felt like eating, and I had such a good appetite that my sister termed it 'Hungry Elizabeth.'

"I did my own housework up to the last; rode out of town in a street-car three afternoons a week to instruct a couple of pupils; and conducted a private kindergarten at my home up to two months before my baby came. I traveled to Boston several times during the nine months—in fact, did everything I would have done had I not been in that condition; and the result is a healthy child and an easy confinement. I speak of this, for some people do not approve of expectant mothers traveling or riding in cars or automobiles. I have decided that the more active and normal a woman's life is at such a time the better the result."

The reproduction of Mrs. Rankin's invitation card follows:

MOTHERS' CLUB

A Course of Addresses to be Given in the LECTURE ROOM, BAPTIST CHURCH, HUDSON, N. Y.

MRS. BERTHA C. RANKIN
Wednesday Afternoons at 3 o'clock.
November 3rd—"Prenatal Care and Influence."
December 1st—"Better Babies and Child Welfare."
January 5th—"Discipline of the Child."
February 2nd—"Physical Development of the Child."
March 2nd—"Mental Training of the Child."
April 6th—"Moral and Religious Life of the Child."

All Women and Girls, Especially the Mothers, Are Invited to Attend.

When you have read Mrs. Rankin's letter once, go back and read it again. Then think of how you can utilize her idea in your life.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

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You can see that this hosiery is made strongest where the wear is hardest

DURABLE
DURHAM
HOSIERY
Trade Mark

Every pair is *strongly* reinforced at points of hardest wear

Hosiery is one of the constant expenses of every American family. It is well worth while to know hosiery; to know what brand to buy in order to save money and avoid darning.

Ask your dealer to show you Durable-DURHAM Hosiery. Examine it and you can see the extra reinforcing that means extra wear. You can feel the fine quality of the yarn and notice the careful finish and splendid appearance of the stockings.

Then when you wear this hosiery, the longer wear proves its economy. There are fewer new pairs to buy—less darning—more satisfaction. You will realize that it is possible to buy really good hosiery at reasonable prices if you get

DURABLE *DURHAM HOSIERY*

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

There are other good features that have made this hosiery a great favorite throughout the United States. The tops are amply wide and elastic; legs are full length; sizes are accurately marked; soles and toes are smooth, seamless and even. The Durham dyes prevent fading after wearing or washing. There are styles of Durable-DURHAM Hosiery for every season of the year, for work, dress, play or school, retailing at 25, 35, 40 and 50 cents per pair.

For coldest weather Durable-DURHAM Fleecy-lined Hosiery is full of warmth and full of wear

Fleecy-lined stockings and socks for women, children and men, strong and good-looking, with soft, warm fleecing throughout.

You should be able to buy Durable-DURHAM Hosiery at any dealer's. If you do not find it, write to our Sales Offices at 88 Leonard Street, New York, and we will see that you are supplied.

A Free Catalog showing all styles will be mailed if you will write for it.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, Durham, N. C.
88 Leonard Street, New York

Some of the many fine values in Durable-DURHAM Hosiery

BIG SISTER
A fine, wide elastic out-size stocking with extra wide elastic top. Medium weight. Made from soft combed lisle finish yarn. Strongly double-reinforced heels and toes. Ballbuggan, black and white.
Price 40c pair

MISS NANCY
A light-weight lisle stocking with extra fine silk finish. Special anti-run stitch. Black or white.
Price 35c pair

BANNER
All year wearing stocking. Medium weight. Soft combed yarn, lisle finish. Wide elastic tops. Strongly reinforced heels and toes. Black and white.
Price 25c pair

TAR HEEL
A medium weight sock with 3-thread, strongly reinforced heels and toes. Elastic ribbed top securely knit on. Feet and toes are smooth, seamless and even. Black, tan and white.
Price 25c Pair

ALPINE
A warm and comfortable stocking. Double fleecy-lined throughout. Full of warmth and full of wear. Extra wide and elastic fleecy top. Double reinforced heels and toes. Black only.
Price 35c pair

Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is not a product of child labor. No person under 14 years is employed. Average working day is 8 hours and 15 minutes.

Industrial conditions under supervision of experts trained in U. S. Government courses on employment management.

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The house of Heinz stands squarely behind every Heinz product with authority to your grocer to return the full purchase price should any of the "57 Varieties" for any reason fail to please you.

ONE OF THE

57

HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP

Many plain but nourishing and inexpensive foods only need a little Heinz Tomato Ketchup to make a delicious dish at a very low cost. In these times when food economy is a national necessity Heinz Tomato Ketchup gives a delightful relish to the most simple meal. A combination of flavor garnered from fruit and vegetable, from sugar and vinegar, and spices, combined by chefs who know the uttermost secrets of successful seasoning—that's Heinz Tomato Ketchup.

Some of the 57

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

DAUGHTERS OF THE GOLDEN TREASURE

The Way For You to Make Money

LOOK at these plucky young "farmerettes" whose picture appears on this page. Seeing them at this kind of work you would hardly believe that they are young college girls, accustomed to every kind of luxury that money can command. Working hard from morning till night on a farm in Westchester County, New York, was the way they chose to spend their entire vacation last summer. And they are only three out of thousands and thousands of girls who did their bit to release a man for important war work that only a man could do. From one end of the country to another the response from our women was magnificent. Every real American girl is doing something to relieve the economic burdens which war has placed on the shoulders of our citizens. The achievements of our girls make particularly happy reading for me, for in my own small way I have helped over ten thousand mothers, wives, and daughters to financial independence. Not a day passes without my receiving a flood of grateful letters from my "Daughters" who are tasting the joys of making money for themselves, buying things for others out of their own money and relieving their fathers, husbands, and brothers from the task of supplying them with their many costly needs.

A Happy Daughter

READ this letter from one of my Daughters in Minnesota:

"DEAR PEGGY"

"You have made me the happiest girl in Duluth and I can't begin to tell you how glad I am that I wrote to you. Father has always given me a weekly allowance—not a very large one, as there are six of us and he isn't a millionaire—well, when he offered me my money this week I said, "No, thank you," and then told him I was now earning money myself. You should have seen his face, dear Peggy. I told him all about you and the wonderful club and he was delighted. I feel so proud I can hardly see straight.

"Lovingly, AMANDA L. B ——"

That is only one letter out of hundreds in a similar strain. You can picture the scene in that home or in any home where a new source of income arises unexpectedly. With this war at an end there are new demands on all of us and it is really our duty to be "up and doing." Every dollar earned means a dollar toward reconstruction Every dollar saved means a contribution to the forces that are going to build up the world after having freed it from the menace of German autocracy. You, dear reader, can help. Yes, you can, I don't care how inexperienced you are, I don't care how young you are or how old you are. You can help. It does not matter if you are married or single, wife or mother. I can show you how to make money for yourself. Here is a letter I received from a Daughter in Oregon which may help some of you girls who read this page.

"DEAR PEGGY:

"I wonder do you know what a splendid thing you are doing with your club. Three months ago I was an idle, frivolous girl. I spent most of my time thinking about having a good time, parties and that sort of thing. Your letter made me realize myself for the first time and to-day I am a changed person. With my last check I bought a complete comfort-kit for my brother at Camp—— Yours gratefully,

"ETHEL M "

That letter made me happy for days I know only too well that there are many, many girls of fine instincts and thoroughly healthy tendencies who have not yet made the most of themselves, probably through lack of opportunity. To all girls in this position I say, "Write to me. Tell me all about yourselves Tell me your likes, dislikes, desires, and fears All I ask is, do you want to make money? Then if so, write to me and I'll show you how to do it.

A Message from France

THE other night here in New York I had the pleasure of listening to a lecture by Floyd Gibbons, the celebrated war correspondent, who received the *Croix de Guerre* at Château-Thierry. In the middle of his thrilling narrative he stopped to tell us how the boys "over there" look to us "over here" to back them up in the work that must still be done. Mr. Gibbons said that every cheerful letter from home helped the spirit of the army. He said that the boys are thinking of us and their homes all the while. Considering the tasks that still confront our boys in France and the work that they are there to do, it isn't asking much, is it, to write to them regularly, to write to them cheerfully and lovingly and, as far as we can, to send them gifts that express our love to them And here is where I can help you.

You don't wish to be constantly asking some member of your family for your spending-money do you? No girl of spirit does. The best of men with the best of intentions do not always understand a woman's needs. They don't mean to be unkind, but frequently they misunderstand—that's all. Well, you really do not need to depend on others any more You can do what 10,000 others are already doing. You can join the Daughters of the Golden Treasure and become your own banker You can earn your own spending-money. And more than that, you can spend it your own way without having to account for a single nickel to a soul.

W N U. Photo Service

Each of these Girls Did a Man's Work on a Farm Last Summer

That's another glorious difference between making money for yourself and having to ask others for it When you receive it as a gift from some one else, you sort of feel compelled to give a complete accounting for it, to tell where it went and how and on what. Money received from others always has a string tied to it It is never quite free, whereas money you earn yourself is yours. Yours to do what you like with in every way. I will here print a few extracts from a letter received from a married woman in Maine.

"——and the wonderful part is that I earned it. I never get a cent from my husband now except for household expenses—even buy most of the children's things now. I wish all other women knew about you and your club, but don't use my name if you print this, will you ——

"S. F.—"

Another Daughter wrote me recently that she had bought and paid for an entire set of kitchen utensils out of money earned through our club. Another girl paid for the dress she got married in Another (a mother of a six-year-old boy) earned the money to pay for a complete vacation outfit when he visited his aunt in another State And so on. From North, South, East, West, in they come like an avalanche of good tidings And you who read this may do what these others have done.

Now that peace is with us once more the economic problem looms up more vividly than ever.

The reconstruction of the world is a task that will tax all of us. In some way or other we will all be called upon to contribute our bit, and the finest effort any woman can make is to realize her own money-earning capacity. The time to do it is now. The letters I am now receiving prove to me conclusively that there never was a time in our history when our women realized their opportunities for independence more than they are doing to-day.

The Time to Act Is Now

DON'T let anything stop you from putting your desires into deeds Don't just read this and imagine you can't earn money like the others I say you can And I know As I said before, don't think because you may be inexperienced that you can't earn money. Thousands and thousands of my Daughters began without any knowledge of money-making and to-day they are successful. Write to me and tell me you want to earn money yourself. That is all you need to do Do it to-day. Don't put it off. Write while your hopes are high and your enthusiasm keyed up. Write now while you're thinking of the joys of independence Putting it off won't get you anywhere. You will soon have an earning capacity that will be of greater value than ever if you start in now. Make up your mind to succeed and I'll show you how easy it really is. Now is the time for action.

Peggy Key Scott

President, Daughters of the Golden Treasure,
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW BUILDING,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Ready to Use

HIP-O-LITE is the same preparation used by caterers for Marshmallow Sauces and Sundaes and for Cake Filling and Frosting. *It is absolutely ready-to-use.*

The following are the three professional recipes for its use in economically adding a touch of the Caterer's Art to home desserts.

Marshmallow Sauce

Put two or three tablespoonfuls of HIP-O-LITE into a small mixing bowl. Add a teaspoon or two of water or milk. Stir together half a minute—and you'll have the same marshmallow sauce that's served with sundaes at soda fountains and with so many luxury desserts in hotels. Delicious with gelatine desserts, tapioca, cooked and fresh fruits or *any* dessert that needs a sauce. *Costs less than plain cream and sugar!*

Cake Filling and Frosting

Spread HIP-O-LITE, just as it comes from the jar, on the layers and over the cake the same as you would spread butter on bread. That's all for a filling that will Stand Up, a frosting that Will Not Run. No cooking, no possibility of failure—*and NO eggs, sugar or other ingredients required!*

"The Richest Whipped Cream"

Soften HIP-O-LITE to the consistency of a *heavy* syrup and whip the same as "double cream." *Whips easily under any conditions,* has more body than ordinary whipped cream, is richer, can be made one day and used the following, will not sour and is the most *economical* way to use HIP-O-LITE. Wonderful, you'll say

Order HIP-O-LITE of your grocer and avoid disappointment by refusing substitutes.

The Hip-o-lite Book of Caterer's and Chef's Recipes will be sent free upon request to "Dept. "E 9."

THE HIPOLITE CO., ST LOUIS, MO. U S A

COOKING

An Every-Day Use for Maple-Sugar

By ELISE MORRIS

TO ATTEMPT to use maple-sugar as an every-day substitute for cane-sugar is not practical, as the supply of maple-sugar in the country is not large, but it is always possible to get. At any season of the year maple-sugar is to be had and can be kept on hand For desserts, and all kinds of dainty sweets, which the conservation of sugar forbids too frequently, maple-sugar can be most excellently used. A smaller amount is required than when using white sugar.

Try filling the hollow of a cored apple prepared for baking with maple-sugar instead of white sugar. The results will be surprisingly delicious. For boiled custard, cream pie, or almost any form of gelatin, made by their usual recipes, maple instead of white sugar adds to their tastiness. Here are some excellent recipes intended for the use of maple-sugar.

Buy the sugar in pound cakes and scrape it off with a knife as needed.

Maple Bisque

1 Cupful Maple-sugar
1 Pint Whipped Cream
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla or Almond Flavoring
4 Eggs

ADD sufficient water to the sugar to make a syrup. Let the syrup cool and add the yolks of the eggs. Put in double boiler and allow it to come to a good boil. Add the flavoring, set aside and when cool add the beaten whites and the whipped cream. Pour into a mold and set away, packed in ice and salt, for four hours.

Maple Musse (Unfrozen)

1 Cupful of Maple-sugar
2 Cupfuls of Whipped Cream
Large Tablespoonful of Gelatin
½ Cupful Boiling Water
3 Eggs

LINE a dish with thin slices of sponge-cake. Whip the eggs together and add the sugar, which has been dissolved in boiling water. Cook in a double boiler until it begins to thicken. Dissolve the gelatin and add with the beaten cream. Beat all together for a few seconds and pour over the cake Set in a cold place to harden.

Maple Filling for Cream-Puffs or Custard

1 Pint Milk
1 Cupful Maple-sugar
Pinch of Salt
1 Tablespoonful Cornstarch
2 Eggs (yolks only)
1 Tablespoonful Vanilla

BLEND the corn-starch with the milk, add the other ingredients, and pour into a custard mold. Set the mold into a pan of boiling water and bake. This is quite simple to make, and can be used as a filling or served as it is with sponge-cake.

Maple Frosting

1 Cupful Maple-sugar
Whites of 3 Eggs
1 Cupful Nut-meats
Pinch of Cream of Tartar
1 Cupful Water

BOIL sugar and water until it forms a soft ball. Add cream of tartar. Pour in the nuts after it is removed from the fire and beat into the stiff whites. When sufficiently thick to spread, add to the cake This can be made without the nuts, but it is better with them.

Two Simple Maple Candies

1 Lb. Maple-sugar
1 Cupful Nuts
1 Pint Rich Milk
1 Tablespoonful Vanilla

PUT the sugar on with the milk and let it cook to a soft ball in cold water. Add the flavoring and nuts. Pour out into greased tins to harden

Use the same ingredients, only, when removed from the fire, beat into a rich cream and drop with a tablespoon on oiled paper in thick cakes.

Maple Junket

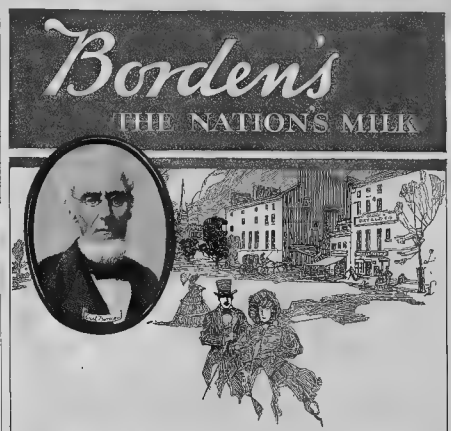
½ Cupful Maple-sugar
1 Quart Fresh Milk
1 Junket Tablet
1 Tablespoonful Vanilla
½ Cupful Chopped Nut-meats

MAKE a sirup of the sugar, cool, and add to the milk. Heat the milk to lukewarm and add the dissolved junket tablet. Flavor and pour out into individual cups. When ready to serve, sprinkle a few nuts over the top of each and add a tablespoonful of sweetened whipped cream. This changes the plain nursery dish into a well-worthwhile dessert.

Maple Tapioca

1 Pint Milk
½ Cupful Seeded Raisins
2 Tablespoonfuls Tapioca
1 Cupful Maple-sirup
2 Eggs

INTO the heated milk stir the tapioca and the raisins, allowing it to boil fifteen or twenty minutes. Remove from the fire and add the beaten yolks and the maple-sirup. Three-fourths cupful of sugar and one-fourth cupful of boiling water make the sirup. Put back over the fire and let it thicken fold in the stiff whites. Serve with or without cream. When almost cold,



The Pioneer-1857

Gail Borden was the father of pure milk. His life work was to secure pure milk, preserve it in all its purity and have it reach the consumer in the same pure state.

This was a large conception—nothing less than the nation-wide distribution of milk of guaranteed purity. Gail Borden made this possible.

The same thought and guarantee is today back of every milk product which carries the name of Borden. Summer or winter—in city or country—from one end of the nation to the other—you'll find a Borden Milk Product for every use—pure, safe, dependable.

Borden's is the nation's Milk.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
Borden Building New York

Makes the Best Dishes Better

Faust Chile Powder is a "different" seasoning. You use it instead of pepper, spices, etc. It is a combination of all of these, except salt. For salad dressings, meats, gravies, stews, soups, there's nothing quite so good. Sold by most dealers in 10c, 25c and 1-lb cans. If your dealer hasn't it, send 15c for ½ oz can and Recipe Pamphlet prepared by Henry Pieta, famous chef of the historic Faust Cafe and Revo Mill

DEALERS—Ask Your Jobber, JOBBERS—Write Us.
C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Manufacturers of the world-famous *Faust Francais Coffee and Tea.* Faust Instant Coffee is now in the service of the Government and this product will therefore be unobtainable until victory crowns our arms. Faust (Faust) Tea however, is still available at 50c a pound dealers or by mail

"Mm—m—m—" Baby just loves his

Baby Educator FOOD

Teething Ring

Made of honey-sweetened cereals, baked hard. *Soothes—Feeds—Nourishes*

At Druggists or Grocers—or send package post paid for fifty cents.

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OUTFIT FREE! Cash or credit. Sales in every home, for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, underwear and General Dry Goods. Write today
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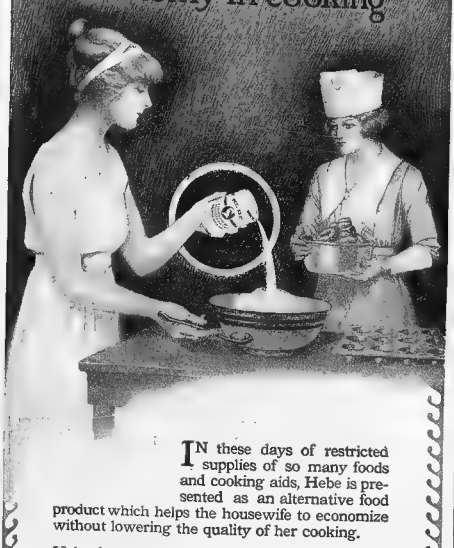
HEBE

-means

economy in cooking



IN these days of restricted supplies of so many foods and cooking aids, Hebe is presented as an alternative food product which helps the housewife to economize without lowering the quality of her cooking.

Hebe is a compound of evaporated separated milk and highly refined cocoanut fat. Separated milk is a dairy by-product of high food value. Cocoanut fat, highly refined, is endorsed by authorities for palatability and wholesomeness. Hebe scientifically combines the two into a nutritious alternative food product.

For baking purposes Hebe is excellent; breads made with it are light and fine in texture. It gives splendid results in all cooking processes, such as making gravies, soups, stews, creamed dishes, sauces and desserts. It adds to the food value as well as the flavor of all foods prepared with it. Hebe makes a delicious cocoa and chocolate and enhances the flavor of coffee.

Hebe is produced in modern condenseries—is properly labeled and sold for just what it is. Every can is sealed airtight and sterilized, so that the housewife gets it from her grocer in the same pure condition in which it left the condensery.

Send for our booklet containing the story of Hebe, and recipes—address The Hebe Company, 2220 Consumers Building, Chicago.

Hebe (pronounced He-be) takes its name from the character in Greek mythology who was cup bearer to the gods on Mount Olympus. Buoyant, beautiful, appealing, she served the nectar to them and typified youth, health and happiness.

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HEBE
A COMPOUND OF EVAPORATED SKIMMED MILK AND VEGETABLE FAT
CONTAINS 7 8% VEGETABLE FAT 25.5% TOTAL SOLIDS
THE HEBE COMPANY
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COOKING

Inexpensive Winter Desserts

By ELISE WARD MORRIS

TO MAKE desserts at all means a compromise with one's conscience, but a certain amount of sweets is an almost indispensable factor in the daily menu. This was proved when the Government issued sweet chocolate as a necessary part of the rations for soldiers. There are many desserts to be made that require few of those ingredients we are instructed to save, and, can therefore be made with a clear conscience. Here are a few tested ones:

An Eggless, Butterless, Sugarless Pudding

½ Cupful New Orleans Molasses
½ Cupful Corn-starch
½ Cupful Chopped Figs or Prunes or Dates
½ Teaspoonful Soda
½ Cupful Currants or Raisins
1 Cupful Sour Milk
1½ Cupful Flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt

HEAT the molasses and add the soda to it before mixing with the other ingredients. Coat the fruit with the corn-starch so that it will not stick together in a lump, beat all together and steam for two hours. Serve with hot sauce. The addition of salt lessens the amount of sugar required.

Steamed Fruit Pudding with Suet

½ Cupful Chopped Suet
3 Eggs
1 Cupful Raisins
1 Cupful Flour
1 Pint Milk
Pinch of Salt

BEAT the eggs light and add the milk and salt. Mix the raisins with the flour and stir it into the milk and eggs. Add the suet last, pour into a pudding mold, and steam for three hours. Serve with hot sweet sauce.

A Pint Pudding

1 Pint Milk
1 Pint Suet
1 Pint Raisins
1 Pint Currants
1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder
1 Pint Flour

MIX the flour, into which the baking-powder has been sifted, with the milk to form a batter. Add the suet and the fruit. Steam three hours and serve with a sauce made as follows:

Beat the yolks of two eggs until thick and add a half-cupful of maple-syrup. Cook in double boiler until it begins to get smooth and creamy. Remove from the fire and add two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream. Stir smooth and serve cold. This is good on any of these steamed fruit puddings given here.

Lemon Pudding

Rind and Juice of One Lemon
½ Level Teaspoonful Soda
½ Cupful Milk
1 Cupful Buttermilk
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Tablespoonful Corn-starch
3 Eggs

BEAT the eggs separately and into the yolks put all the other ingredients except a small portion of the milk and the corn-starch, which are blended smoothly before adding. Bake till a jelly. Use the whites for meringue, add and bake to a light brown.

Half-hour Pudding

1 Pint Milk
Peel of One Lemon
6 Slices of Stale Bread
1 Cupful Currants, or Stewed Fresh Apples
3 Eggs
½ Cupful Sugar

BOIL the milk with the lemon-peel and add gradually the beaten yolks and the sugar. Set aside to cool. Slice the bread thin and spread lightly with butter. Place in a baking-dish and cover each slice with a thick coating of whatever fruit is used. Pour the custard over it and bake a half hour. Use the whites for meringue and serve with cream.

Ginger Pudding

½ Cupful Hot Water
1 Cupful Molasses
1 Egg
½ Cupful Any Kind of Shortening
1 Tablespoonful Ginger
1 Teaspoonful Soda
1 Cupful Raisins
Flour to Form Stiff Batter

MIX all together, using sufficient flour to form stiff batter, put in tins and steam two hours. Serve with any kind of sauce. Lacking the means to steam puddings, this can be baked.

A Cheap Rice Pudding

½ Cupful Rice
½ Teaspoonful Grated Nutmeg
1 Quart New Milk
½ Cupful Sugar
½ Cupful Raisins
1 Round Tablespoonful Butter

MIX all together in baking-pan and cook slowly for two hours, stirring every little while for the first half hour. Bake till a nice brown, and serve with or without cream or sauce.

Continental Pudding

2 Tablespoonfuls Shortening
2 Eggs
½ Teaspoonful Each of Nutmeg and Cinnamon
½ Cupful Buttermilk
1 Cupful Blackberry Jam
1 Scant Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Flour
1 Teaspoonful Soda

PUT the soda into the buttermilk. Beat the eggs stiff and add all ingredients together. Bake and serve with the maple-sugar sauce given above.

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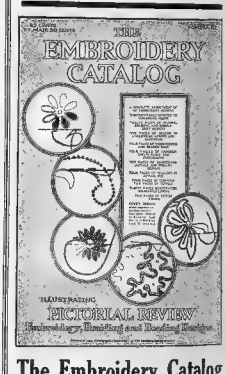

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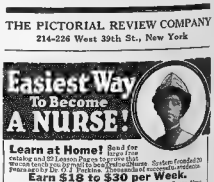

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HOUSEHOLD

Burn Wood in Your Cook-Stove

How You May Have a Good Fire and Still Save Coal

By NELLIE KEDZIE JONES

I BEGAN life by the side of a wood-burning cook-stove. Since then I have seen my Mother burn great golden ears of Kansas prairie corn, in our cook-stove. "Shameful!" I hear ye conservationists cry, but it is the solemn truth. Then much Kansas corn had to be hauled a long way across the prairie black mud to the railroad, and the coal hauled back, at a high price. The corn was the cheaper fuel.

How Mother sighed for the good wood lot back on the old farm in Maine! Every year our wood-shed had been crammed full to the very ridge-pole, with good, solid, seasoned body, hardwood. A cord of it would make as much heat as a ton of coal, while it takes two cords of soft wood to be worth as much. Since then I have cooked with coal, gas, gasoline, kerosene, and electricity.

For the last eight years I have been using wood in my cook-stove on our Wisconsin farm. But I found it a far cry from putting a dry stick now and then into Mother's well managed fire, to kindling and keeping my own fire, with all sorts and conditions of wood, ranging from very good to very, very bad.

"Oh," some one protests, "wood nowadays costs a king's ransom;" another cries, "We shall all have to go to bed this Winter to keep warm." Even if wood does cost, all ought to use it who can, at a cost not very much more than coal, for we are warned that there will be a 14,000,000-ton coal shortage this Winter.

"Catch me smoking my eyes out with green wood." I hear some one say, "I keep right on with coal." Mrs. Dainty remarks smugly, "Gas is so clean I shall stick to gas." True! Gas is clean, but it takes coal to produce gas, and coal is the prime essential for our factories, and our ocean steamships that are going to bring our boys back to us.

Our coal beds do not grow, but our forests do grow all the time, and there is a great deal of timber that can be cut out at a real benefit to the young timber left to grow. Timber cuts last Winter found a great deal of wood near to the towns and villages, that the farmers were glad to turn over to these organizations of business men and school boys.

Save Heat by the Dampers

MOST coal-burning kitchen ranges will do nicely for wood by pulling out the heavy cast-iron plates from the fire-box, thus affording ample room for rather coarse wood. If the stove-pipe on your range has not a damper in it, put one in, by all means, before trying to burn wood. I know no greater saver of heat than the damper in the pipe. A wood fire is much quicker than coal and the blaze carries a great current of heat into the chimney, to be lost in the open air, unless dampered down. Then the damper in front of the stove below the fire-box needs careful watching. If these two controls are carefully regulated, you can manage wood almost as steadily as you can coal, tho you must fire much oftener, for wood does not last like coal.

I have heard women complain, "I can keep a wood fire but I am not good at kindling one." Put the paper, shavings, finely split wood, bark or chips, whatever comes handy, under the coarser wood and somewhat in front of it. Open the damper in the pipe wide, to carry off all smoke and steam if the wood is damp. Open the lower damper and put your lighted match underneath and in front, the laws of nature will do the rest. "Well, my kindlings burned up and my wood did not catch; with my kindling gone I was worse off than at the start;" yes, this is a common experience with the inexperienced fire-woman. The trouble was that you had put little kindling, and too much coarse wood, perhaps the wood was dry wood that had gotten damp again through poor storage, or maybe you are trying that nerve-racking job of burning green wood, that is, wood full of the active sap.

It is a waste of kindling to try to start coarse wood. It is almost impossible to kindle green wood, with any reasonable amount of kindling, and green wood is what the wood clube will get hold of mostly, this Winter. Have a lot of the green wood split up not coarser than your thumb, and the afternoon or evening before put it in your oven, with the door partly open to allow the escape of the steam, and give it a good baking, yes, roast it till it even begins to smudge and you will be surprized to-morrow morning at the way it will go, even with a moderate amount of kindling. Have a jealous eye for anything that will make kindling, and do not burn a bit of it when your fire is going strong enough to burn coarse stuff. Save your old barrel staves, box covers, old papers, chips, pull off the bark whenever you see a piece loose enough to peel off, decayed, punky wood, that is soggy as a sponge will make capital kindling with a little drying.

A nice straight-grained piece of stove-wood that will split readily, do not burn, but lay aside to be worked up into little stuff the size of your thumb; that kind of wood you can split yourself, with the hatchet, if there does not happen to be a man around to use the ax. The last thing at night I often put in a coarse chunk that can not be split, and shut up my stove as tightly as I can. This will smolder and season all night and maybe in the morning there is a nice nest of glowing coals left from it that makes starting the breakfast fire a joke and a real joy.

Be Your Own Fireman

THE thrifty fire-woman will always have more than enough kindling, and that, too, without being too dependent on the man of the house. Most husbands are more than glad to start the fire in the morning; but the housewife who is going to successfully cook with wood, must be master of the firing problem, for the man is more apt than not, to be gone just at the crucial moment. When your bread is ready to go into the oven you must have a just-right fire. Unless you can make and mend your own fire you are always going to be getting into a deal of trouble.

The bread in the pans, and so light it is beginning to run over, and the fire down, and nothing on hand but coarse, green wood. Heaven help you! Yet you have only yourself to blame. Half an hour ago, you should have been timing that fire to reach just the right condition when the bread would be ready to go into the oven. What is wanted is an "old fire." By that, I mean a stove and oven well heated and a good body of live coals, but not too much fresh wood. If the fire-box is stuffed full of wood at about the time you put in your bread, there is no burning of a fire that will burn things up. But an "old fire" fed judiciously, a stick or two at a time, will bring your baking along just to your liking.

Soft wood—bass wood, pine, hemlock, poplar, willow and the like—burns much much quickly than hard wood, such as oak, maple, hickory, beech, elm, ash. We prefer the hard wood, of course, for with it we are not having to feed the fire all the time but as patriotic fuel-savers, we are glad this year to burn anything at hand, soft wood, green wood, even wood so much decayed that the exercise of feeding it into the fire warms us as much as does the little heat that low-grade stuff yields. Select for the range with the big fire-box, then, rough coarse wood which can be burned with the minimum amount of splitting, thus saving labor. The big fire-box will burn, economically, small wood; but the little fire-box will not take in, at all, coarse stuff nor hold enough to make a steady lasting fire. The skimpy fire-box has done more than anything else to discourage wood burning. A big fire-box, well filled and dampered down as closely as possible without throwing out smoke and gas into the kitchen, is the ideal arrangement, not only to save wood and labor, but to avoid the humiliation of being caught at meal-time with the food still uncooked and the fire burned out. A poor fire ruins many a good dish. Ye patriots, rally round the wood-pile!

Make the Most of the Kitchen Range

From "Fuel Facts," United States Fuel Administration

AVOID too much shaking. A short, quick stroke of the shaker-handle will sift the ashes through the grates.

Leave grates in flat position when through shaking. Clean ash-pit daily to prevent damage to grates.

Avoid poking and slicing the fire-bed. It causes draft-holes and clinkers.

Clean the entire stove well inside, on top of the oven and below the oven, frequently and thoroughly.

Stoke frequently and in small amounts. Disturb the fire as little as possible.

Never shake a low fire until a little fresh coal has been added and given time to ignite.

Keep a pan or kettle of water always on the kitchen stove. Moist air makes for comfort, health, and economy.

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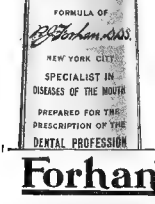

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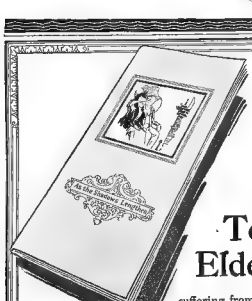

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Straight As a Flame

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

"War-widened," he added.

A long silent walk in the sunlight; then they were on a slope which ran down into a hollow between two hills. In the bush they heard bees' wings—the beating of a million wings. After that, the sound of a mower. They reached the field and crossed to the last swathe of fallen hay, waiting for the machine to come to them.

HE DROVE in quietly. The woman stood back. It was something she never understood. There was something fierce about the two faces—no smile. Culberson stared steadily into Blenner's eyes. His cheek twitched. He tossed the lines over the backs of his team, climbed down and stepped forward with hand out.

"I heard you were dead; Milk," he said. "They told me you let us down easy enough, but that you got yours up yonder from that Goggle-eyed—who laughed at us——"

Milk said something about bearing the same in regard to him. The woman saw that their faces were tired. Culberson apparently had not seen her—his whole thought for Blenner. "I didn't like that morning," he added.

It was plain to see that the fact of Blenner's wound reached the surface.

"And so, that was where you got it?" he muttered.

Blenner nodded.

"I didn't like that morning," Culberson repeated. "I wasn't ready. I yelled to myself at going out that daybreak I knew we'd catch it, and I wasn't ready——"

"What do you mean, Culberson?"

"I couldn't forget Kleber——"

"I know that was nothing you, but it's all in the war. No personality stuff, a mile high—we used to say."

"I raced Kleber once. I liked Kleber," Culberson said.

"But you, the iciest of the aces—you'd like any of 'em!"

"Kleber died in the German service. It will be a long time before they get around to pensions in his case. He had a woman, a houseful. Did you see her?"

Blenner saw a glisten in June Stansbury's eyes. She drew closer to the twitching cheek. Blenner cleared his throat.

"I saw the woman back at the house," he said, "a child at her side, and——"

"That's Kleber a woman," Culberson declared. "I'm glad you didn't find me at the house and speak unawares. Of course, she doesn't know I killed him. I found her when I got here. I was just in time. Lot of people hungry already. She's got a right to believe Kleber left her something. I put what I had in the little place here. It's turned over to her—so when I escape——"

"Escape?"

"Oh, this is a good old wagon"—Culberson placed his hand upon the big rusty brake of the mowing-machine—"but I'm accustomed to the lighter makes. Maybe I can get a jobon some of the training-fields. By the way, Miss, haven't I seen you before?" For the first time he appeared to look into June Stansbury's face.

"I saw you—back of Pernic, but—but I never saw you quite as now!"

IT WAS as if the knees of all three gave way at once, and they sat down together in the fresh cut hay—hands still holding.

"—Yes," Culberson was saying. "Washington was very generous about my wounds. It was all I had to make good with Kleber. This little place will help her. The pension is already made over. You see, I've got Kleber's papers about some fortune in Stuttgart. Anything you say to make her feel this is straight, will help me through. But touch it light—that I am merely advancing at most, until after the war. Oh, you have to be careful with her. That's why I am setting you straight before you go back to the house."

Culberson arose to slap a blue-bottle that was boring into the shoulder of one of his horses.

"It's the least I can do," he added. "Something personal to me in Kleber's case. The others were all to the account of the war. I always say, France killed the others, but I killed Kleber——"

Pictorial Review Mother Club

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

You will notice that Mrs. Rankin does not boast of helping the inmates of her town. She speaks only of what the experience meant to her later on, the wonderful profits which she drew on the work done for others. She *learned* through study for others. She *gained* personally through her effort to help others. The time and energy which she gave to make this club a success represent a profitable investment which repaid her in healthy motherhood and a sturdy son.

You can make the same investment in your community, no matter how small. Form a PICTORIAL REVIEW Mother Club and draw dividends in health and happiness.

"Ah, but Mrs. Rankin was a teacher," you exclaim. "A well-fitted club is a success represent a profitable investment which repaid her in healthy motherhood and a sturdy son.

Have you ever tried? And you need only the will to succeed. The leader will be found in the person of a doctor, nurse, or teacher. We are giving you the opportunity to start a patriotic work, at our expense, for all your neighbors, who may not have had your privilege of belonging to the club in the magazine.

Send me a stamped and self-addressed envelop with the names and addresses of your neighbors interested in forming the club, and we will send you the necessary literature free.

THE program will close with an appeal to you, dear mothers who, for five years, have helped me to make this page the success it is.

In your arms are innocent babies. Around your home tables are happy children who are unafraid of what the morrow may bring. As I write you, I see the devastated section of Northern France through which I rode this Summer. I see pallid, gaunt women hugging to breasts in which there is no milk, shadows of babies. I see little children quiver at the coming of an automobile, fearing it may contain more cruel Germans. I see tired women carrying in their arms children of six, eight, ten, even twelve years whose legs were torn away when their homes were bombed.

To-day the American army of nearly four million men, organized to protect your children from such horrors, is being demobilized. Part of these men have seen hard fighting in France. Many have been maimed. Others have spent dreary months of hard training in American cantonments. *But all have been serving you and yours.*

Many of us feel that we have shown our appreciation by buying Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, by supporting the Red Cross and other large welfare organizations, so we are relaxing our efforts. But here in New York City I have come upon a work still to be done—and by women.

Thousands of soldiers and sailors are still passing through New York or spending their leaves here. For months to come, they will continue to pass through the great city. Most of their pay goes into insurance and allotments, but when they reach New York they want to see the big town. For such men New York maintains Service Houses where, for the small sum of twenty-five cents a man can enjoy a clean bed, bathing, reading, and writing privileges.

I am particularly interested in the men who flock to the Service House run by the Stage Women's War Relief at 251 Lexington Avenue; 2,000 of these boys are entertained here every month. Oh, how they do enjoy those clean beds, the evenings filled with games, books, and home letters. And oh, how we wish we might give them a hot breakfast before they start out the next cold, crisp morning.

But you know what breakfasts cost these days. We just can not do it unless some of you mothers outside of New York will help. Will you? Will each one of you send me one dime—the price of hot cakes and coffee for one boy? You are so many—thousand, you sailor, protected mothers of America. You can treat so many of our fighters to a hot breakfast if you will spend the dimes to me personally at PICTORIAL REVIEW, 216 West 39th Street, New York City. And write your name and address on the coupon below because we want to have a PICTORIAL REVIEW Mother-Club Day at the Service House, with your coupons covering the walls. Think how a boy from *your* town would feel to find your name on the wall of the House which bids him welcome.

Everybody together, now, a big PICTORIAL REVIEW Day for the S.W.W.R. Service House. You may not appreciate what this means to our boys, but I will tell you in an early issue of the magazine just what they say about our Mother-Club Day at the Service House, with photographs of the wall bearing your coupons.

(COUPON)

PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER-CLUB DAY
Stage Women's War Relief Service House
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Greetings to American Fighting Men

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Nose and Chin

For her own good reasons, Nature feeds the little oil glands here generously. Fairy Soap helps Nature by carrying away surface oil and dust without "drying out" the necessary oil glands. Pores cleansed twice a day with Fairy Soap are safeguarded against becoming enlarged or coarse.

Cheeks and Forehead

No soap must lodge in the pores or "dry" this delicate, transparent skin. Pure Fairy lather gently creams in *and out* of pores. It rinses away perfectly—leaving clear satin smoothness.

Neck

Your neck will pay the price of haphazard methods and soaps. Necks should be "kept young." Help Nature and your neck by twice a day *abundantly* creaming in pure Fairy lather—so invigorating to the skin because so free from "drying" effects.

FAIRY

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Helping the Wounded to Help Themselves

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

man who owns it, wills. Our own Senator Gore is a blind man. Mr. F. R. Bigler, handicapped by the loss of his right arm and his left leg, offered himself to the Surgeon-general's motion-picture department so that films might be made showing our wounded boys how a man could get along very well with an artificial leg and an empty sleeve. Mr. Bigler is purchasing agent for the Kansas City Gas Company. For these films Michael Dowling also offered himself. Mr. Dowling is—well Mr. Dowling's story must be told. Thirty-five years ago he was as sound a young man as one could wish. Then he was caught in a Minnesota blizzard. When he recovered—if one can use such a term—he had lost both legs, his left arm, and the fingers of his right hand. A helpless cripple? Ah, you do not know the spirit of Michael Dowling. Should you see him, you would probably only note a fine, well-built man who keeps one hand in his pocket a good deal of the time.

HE WALKS, rides horseback, and drives a car. His two artificial legs take good care of him—and legs, as one disabled man said to me, "are after all only to walk with." His artificial arm also does good service and what is left of his other hand has been taught to be very skilful in helping out. Instead of becoming a public charge, Michael Dowling entered the business world, just as any other man might enter it. He asked no odds in his favor. He worked, and he prospered. He entered politics. He became speaker of the Minnesota House of Representatives. He married and the Dowlings had three children. At present he occupies the position of President of the State Bank of Olivia, Minnesota. He has everything that an ordinary whole man can win, His extraordinary man who lost part of his physical self in that blizzard, and who shall say what more he has, in the knowledge that, handicapped, he has run the race and won!

Are these men gifted? Listen for a moment to a few items from the records of England, Belgium, and France, items recording ordinary soldiers, wounded, brought home and trained for new work.

A—— C—— (English). Paralyzed in the right arm. Before the war he was a butcher. After training he is succeeding as a telephone engineer.

B—— (French). Wounded in right thigh and right wrist. Had been a waiter. After training he has succeeded as a wireless operator.

H—— B—— (Canadian). Mechanic. Badly wounded. Now earns double his former salary as foreman of a machine shop.

N—— (Belgium). Hand crippled. Was a waiter. Has been trained to be a sign-painter and is succeeding.

These are the ordinary soldiers. You perhaps noted that H—— B——, the Canadian, is not listed as minus a particular member. I do not know, but I have an idea that H—— B—— is one of the soldiers who carry about with them the invisible wounds of which I spoke. Such are not listed.

There seems no limit to what a "disabled man" may do. I have before me a little record of the different trades and professions that have been taken up by wounded and disabled men. One man is working on submarine fittings, as a machinist; another is a diamond-cutter. A third is a private secretary; he can hold a telephone very nicely with his artificial arm while he writes with the good left hand. There are blacksmiths, linotypers, an accountant with two artificial arms, farmers working very well with artificial arms and legs. As for clerical, commercial, and allied subjects, every country at war has provided that disabled soldiers shall have preference in appointments to civil service positions.

Our first blinded man—I shall not tell you his name, but please remember he is a real person—our first blinded man, Sargeant Z—— came back—but of course you will want to know the whole story. I warn you that it is not romantic. Sergeant Z—— was Over There it is true, but he was blinded and suffered other injuries with no attendant blaze of glory. He was driving an auto truck filled with supplies essential to an "advanced post," when the auto skidded, turned turtle, and dumped him into a shell-hole with truck and contents on top of him. When he was well enough to be sent back to a hospital on this side, he came with two ideas firmly fixed in his mind, the first that he would have to give up his girl; the second that blind men can not make a living unless they do it by the shoe-lace or lead-pencil street-corner method. He took these two ideas to Evergreen, the Army Blind Hospital School near Baltimore, Maryland. He went to Evergreen simply because he could not do otherwise. He was still a soldier, still under orders. At Evergreen he learned for the first time that there were other occupations for blind men besides selling shoe-laces and lead pencils. He chose and tackled a typewriter. Meanwhile some one at the hospital sent word to the girl. She came to the hospital. Now could there have been a more appealing situation? Here was her soldier, wounded in the war in which she believed, blinded, disabled for life. It looks as if her cue was plain, doesn't it? Filled with love and pity for her hero, naturally she would throw herself upon his neck and murmur,

"Dearest, I shall devote my life to you. I will be your eyes, etc, etc." Did she? She did not. All that she did say I never will know for the gist of it, as reported by Sergeant Z—— was,

"Bill, if you make good I am going to marry you."

After which Bill said quite simply,

"You see, I have to get a job now."

Can I make you see what a wonderful thing that "if" was for Sergeant Z——? Can I make you see that it did for him what no medical promise could to be his eyes could ever have done? For that wise, loving American girl had in that one "if" put him again in the running with the strong men and the well men and the men who have eyes. She admitted his chance to make good—put it up to him just as she might have done had he been whole. And just in the moment he accepted her classification, he stepped out of the lead-pencil and shoe-lace-peddler class forever, and admitted it.

"You see, I have to get a job now."

THERE are not sweethearts for every American soldier who comes back to us sick, in mind and body, with arms or legs left on the battle-field or in the operating room, or minus sight or hearing. And where there are sweethearts and mothers fond and loving, some of them are far from wise. Some of them, most of them in fact, want to take their wounded ones and put them in the chimney corner, there to stay far from prying eyes, nursed and coddled and cared for, while each one of them honestly answer the questions.

Do you want to do this, forever?

Who will do it if you die? And more pertinent still,

Will you love the man you make over in this fashion five years hence? And will he thank you then for making him what he is?

The way back to life and the earning of a livelihood is long and arduous and the way is often weary. But no one who has read the story of Michael Dowling will doubt that it is worth while to keep on. Our country is ready and waiting to give every man his best chance, ready and waiting to give him such opportunities as no other country in the war has as yet been able to provide; willing to pay him while he learns, to support his family while he learns, through the country's own facilities, how to make a living; willing to give him compensation for his injuries in addition to that living. All this if he wants it; if you and I and all sweethearts and mothers and friends of the men who have fought for us and who have come back to us—changed, will quell the sentimental impulse, stand between them and the hardships of life, and patiently and hopefully and cheerfully help them to believe (for their dear sakes) that they have still "to make good."

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Don't Be a Sugar-Slacker

Our Own Supply Is None Too Plentiful and the Rest of the World Is Still Short

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

Indorsed Lecturer U. S. Food Administration: Author of "Mrs. Allen's Cook Book"

You ask why we still have to save sugar. The Food Administration has given us

SEVEN WHYS FOR SHORT SUPPLIES

1. Our great war program has reduced our sugar-carrying fleet.

2. The sugar requirements of our overseas army will continue to be very large.

3. Our own sugar crop is less than we expected.

4. The small island, Cuba, must feed the world with sugar.

5. We have diverted 5,000 tons of sugar-shipping in order that Belgium should have food.

6. Germans have destroyed sugar-beet fields and factories in Northern France and Italy.

7. More than 50,000,000 pounds of sugar have been sunk off our shores by German submarines.

I have quoted these "whys" because I have become convinced that the American people, at least in certain sections, must be ignorant of the true sugar situation. This very Winter I found that the woman's club, made up of wives of professors on the faculty of a well-known theological seminary, were still holding club teas at which they were serving sugar!

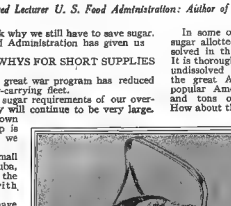
I have on my desk a program of a woman's club for this season. There is not scheduled at a single meeting even one talk calculated to aid in any way our food problems. This case is typical of thousands, and yet the members of this particular club are made up of the so-called "best people of the town."

Don't know how to use the sugar-substitutes, and don't know how to cut down on your sugar-ration? Is there any real reason except unwillingness to learn, in many cases? What can one think, when many of our influential bodies of women fail to grasp their big opportunity to further food-knowledge and food-saving? When it was the fashion, nearly every woman was proud to be seen with her knitting-bag. And yet those socks would have been useless to starving soldiers. It is a pretty poor patriotism that will not go behind the public eye into the unostentatious four walls of the kitchen.

In some of the cantonments, breakfast sugar allotted to each man has been dissolved in the milk for cereal and coffee. It is thoroughly blended and not a grain is undissolved and wasted. How about the great American coffee-cup and the popular American teacup with its tons and tons of undissolved sugar dregs? How about the little lots of sugar spilled in cooking? Does not amount to much, you think? But multiply it by twenty - two million households and the possible teaspoonfulwasted each week makes an appalling amount of sugar for the year.

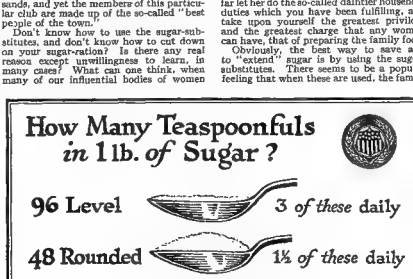
Inspection of garbage cans has shown not only considerable waste of good food but another waste which is just as unnecessary, that of food so badly scorched and burned, and otherwise so poorly cooked that it was inedible. How many tons of our precious sugar have gone into this inedible food during this last year, no one can tell. But this waste can be absolutely stopped if every housekeeper will pay more attention to her cookery. If this particular form of wastage strikes home, the parrying answer may come. "But my maid did it." Every manager of a business is responsible for the mistakes of those under him. Every housekeeper is responsible for the shortcomings of her cook. and if she can not be trusted not to waste or burn up that which is more precious than gold, better by far let her do the so-called daintier household duties which you have been fulfilling, and take upon yourself the greater privilege and the greatest charge that any woman can have, that of preparing the family food.

Obviously, the best way to save and to "extend" sugar is by using the sugar-substitutes. There seems to be a popular feeling that when these are used, the family



Maple Beet Rounds

INTO a saucepan put one cupful of maple-sirup, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of cooked and mashed beets, one cupful of milk, and one cupful of crushed maple sugar. Cook, stirring constantly, until it forms a firm ball when tested in cold water, or reaches 250 degrees Fahrenheit by candy thermometer. Remove from fire, add one-fourth teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg, and pour into a greased tin. When cold, cut into rounds and roll in crushed maple-sugar



These Amounts Per Person a Day for Table Use Will Leave Plenty for the Cooking

last year, no one can tell. But this waste can be absolutely stopped if every housekeeper will pay more attention to her cookery. If this particular form of wastage strikes home, the parrying answer may come. "But my maid did it." Every manager of a business is responsible for the mistakes of those under him. Every housekeeper is responsible for the shortcomings of her cook. and if she can not be trusted not to waste or burn up that which is more precious than gold, better by far let her do the so-called daintier household duties which you have been fulfilling, and take upon yourself the greater privilege and the greatest charge that any woman can have, that of preparing the family food.

Obviously, the best way to save and to "extend" sugar is by using the sugar-substitutes. There seems to be a popular feeling that when these are used, the family health will suffer. It is not generally known that sugar is lacking in the salts and vitamines, absolutely essential to health, and that the steadily increasing use of sugar has been crowding out foods supplying these essentials Three of our best substitutes, honey, maple-sugar, and maple-sirup, are rich in vitamines and minerals, while molasses is a valuable mineral food. These three, plus corn-sirup and the more localized sorghum are the most available sugar-substitutes.

Because of a certain percentage of water that each contains, none of them has, bulk for bulk, as great a calorie, or energy-creating value, as sugar. So the amount of energy material in the meal should be increased by adding a little more potato, rice or other cereal, bread, or other like food. It may be roughly estimated that the substitutes furnish from two-thirds to three-fourths the fuel-value of sugar. If this is taken into consideration in planning meals, and the tremendous advantage of the added vitamines and minerals is kept in mind, the use of the sugar-substitutes will not decrease health but increase it.

How to Use the Substitutes

IN LEARNING to use sugar-substitutes, we have turned back to the cookery of years ago, when sugar was a rare article to be used only for guests and on state occasions; when maple-sugar and -sirup, our great treasure-trove, were appreciated, and when honey and maple-sirup were staple articles of food. In adapting home recipes to present-time cookery, it will generally be found possible to leave out the sugar from a dish when molasses also is called for. Molasses combines well with fruits and spiced flavor.

Honey may be used in sweetening nearly every kind of pie, custard, cereal, or tapioca puddings, gelatine, and ices, in the proportion of three-fourths as much honey as is generally used of sugar. The amount of liquid used must also be decreased a fourth, because of the water in the honey. In combining honey with milk the two must be scalded together, as otherwise the honey, which is a predigested sweet, curdles the cream, and certain digestive elements which it contains, will digest, or curdle the milk Honey as well as molasses necessitates the use of soda in baking. It is not possible to substitute honey for sugar in most cakes and cookies calling for sugar. Special recipes should be used.

Maple-sugar can be substituted for brown in nearly every recipe Maple-sugar should be used in the same quantity as white sugar, but the twenty-five per cent. of liquid which it contains must be considered, as with honey. Either maple-sugar or -sirup is suitable for use in making tapioca, cereal, bread, and custard puddings, blanc-mange, coffee jelly, and in sweetening apple and other fruit sauces. Maple Bavarians, parfaits, and ice-creams are also delicious and easy to make.

Corn-sirup, both white and brown, has less sweetening power than any of the other substitutes, so a larger percentage must be used. It seems to call for the addition of a little extra salt, and combines into any dish that is well flavored, particularly with fruit. If properly used, corn-sirup will furnish enough sweetening without the addition of sugar. The proportion of liquid should be reduced about two-thirds.

In making up any dish containing raisins, figs, dried figs, shredded cocoanut, prunes, and the like, we should reduce proportionately the amount of sugar if we are going with it, or use these foods to supplement the sugar-substitutes, as they naturally contain considerable sugar.

All of which is a statement in favor of an increased intelligent study of foods and food-values. This will mean a still greater spirit of co-operation with the Government, a better National health, and better-fed guests at our common table The ending of the war gives us more reason to feed. Millions must be fed nations in Europe. facing starvation, now look to America.

SUGAR-SUBSTITUTES IN EVERY-DAY DISHES

All Measurements are Level

Dainty Maple-sirup Cake

3 Tablespoonfuls Butter substitute
1 Cupful Maple-sirup
1 Cupful Thin Cream or Rich Milk
1 Egg
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla
1½ Cupfuls Wheat Flour
½ Cupful Rice or Cornflour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Baking-soda

SIFT together the dry ingredients. Then melt the butter-substitute (a liquid shortening may be used), and stir in the sirup, cream, the egg—well beaten, and the vanilla. Then beat in the dry ingredients, transfer to two good-sized layer-cake pans and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) Put together with jelly or jam, or maple- or corn-sirup frosting. If desired, this may be baked in a loaf, or as cup-cakes. This amount will make eighteen cup-cakes, and if sprinkled with a little shredded coconut before putting in the oven no frosting will be even desired.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

A Little Goes a Long Way

YES, we are having more sugar than we really need, because we have been eating too much, all unwittingly, as such a small amount of it contains so much energy, and consequently we have upset the balancing of our ration. It is an easy matter to supplement what we are allowed with other foods that will afford us the necessary sweets and make possible the use of even less sugar.

You do not know the delicious flavor of fresh fruit until you have learned to eat it without sugar. You do not know how good the dried fruits can be until you have soaked them at least twenty-four hours and cooked them very slowly without additional sweetening to develop the natural flavor and the latent fruit sugars. You do not know the real flavor of cereal, tea, or coffee until you have learned to appreciate it by omitting the sugar. You do not know how good your meats will taste until you have stopped indulging in sugar luxuries between meals. You do not know what an appetizing taste your desserts will have until you learn to make them up with the sugar-substitutes.

If the family craving persists after two or three weeks of sugar reduction, and the introduction into the menu of the sugar-substitutes, the trouble is not "lack of sugar," but the way in which you combine your meals. Hunger produced by an insufficiency of any food in the ration is popularly interpreted as a desire for sugar! One of the most patriotic ways in which you can help the Government to send overseas sufficient sugar is in learning *to balance your family ration.* Other foods being properly proportioned, one sweet at a meal is enough. This means that if you serve sugar with the coffee, none is needed with the cereal; that if you serve jelly or jam for lunch, no dessert or sweetened tea or cocoa is necessary, that if you serve a dessert for dinner, neither a "spread" for the bread, nor a sweetened beverage, nor cake, cookies, or candy are needed.

The English have rejoiced at their two pounds per person each month. The people of France have been glad, indeed, for a pound and a half. Those of Italy have blessed us for even seven-tenths of a pound per person each month. The retail prices per pound in these countries have been—England 14.1 cents; France 18.4 to 19.3 cents; Italy 19.9 to 35.4 cents. In Neutral countries the price per pound has ranged all the way from 12 cents to 26 cents. War is a great leveler, it is no respector of persons. It has brought the Allied nations together in the most friendly of ways —at a common table. We *are* "at table with our Allies," and who would refuse to pass on the sugar-bowl to an honored guest?

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New Gingerbread

Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Mildred Maddocks, Director.

½ cupful Crisco
½ cupful sugar
½ cupful molasses
2 ounces chocolate, melted
1 cupful thick sour milk
2 cupfuls wheat flour
½ teaspoonful salt
1 tablespoonful ginger
1 teaspoonful cinnamon
¼ teaspoonful cloves
1 teaspoonful soda
1 teaspoonful baking powder
(Use accurate level measurements)

Cream the Crisco; beat in the sugar, molasses, chocolate, and milk; add the other ingredients, sifted together; bake in a shallow Criscoed pan.

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THE HOME GARDEN

Making Your Garden Fertile

The Soil Must Be Fed if You Expect to Gather a Harvest

By LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

EVERY new religion has converts as pupsied as they are sincere in their new beliefs; and it is not surprising that converts to the new doctrine of economic salvation through gardening should cry out in their bewilderment, even as that puzzled young man of Palestine appealed to our Lord, demanding, "What shall I do to be saved?" For the actual shortage of food, coupled with soaring prices and a lagging pay-envelop, have made gardening not merely a desirable activity, but in many cases an actual necessity. With enthusiasm thousands of newly-made gardeners have turned to the shovel and the hoe, only to find their hopes as deceptive as the mirage of the desert. Nothing that they plant prospers. In complete discouragement many such would-be gardeners have given up in despair.

A familiar jingle tells us that

"For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there is none.
If there is one,
go find it;
If there is none,
never mind it."

Fortunately there is a remedy for the troubles of these perplexed gardeners, and that remedy is not hard to find.

The raising of food products, as such persons have learned, is a highly skilled occupation; yet the principles underlying vegetable production are so simple that one can grasp them. So the puzzled gardener need no longer feel discouraged. Let him put but half as much thought into his gardening as he puts perspiration and energy, and his garden can hardly fail to be a success.

Improper condition of the soil is the cause, in the vast majority of cases, of the failure of the home garden. The most helpful thing the beginner can do, perhaps, is to acquire a proper conception of just what soil is or should be. Then, if his ground is at fault, he can intelligently set about changing its character.

Approximately eighty elements are found in the composition of the earth; and of these, thirteen are needed for plant life. Ten of these thirteen are found almost everywhere and in great abundance; but of these ten, vegetables use relatively small amounts. The three other elements, however, are needed in large quantities—and these three are relatively scarce. They are nitrogen, potassium or potash, and phosphorus. Agriculturists are beginning now coming to believe that sulfur, also, is needed in larger quantities than was hitherto believed to be. Where these three elements are lacking they must be supplied.

But making good any deficiency in the soil itself is not all there is to bringing a garden into fertile condition. The task of the gardener is to provide not only for one crop, but for a succession of crops; and to see that the garden soil contains all the necessary materials, but he must see that the soil materials are properly arranged.

A suitable habitation, be it for man or vegetables, must have light, heat, water, ventilation, and drainage. If your garden is so situated that it can not have at least five hours of sunlight a day, it is not worth while to try to raise vegetables. Most vegetables ought to have all the sunlight there is; but they can get along on five hours a day.

WATER is your next great essential, and in the humid sections of the country the matter of water supply presents no problem. As the householder sometimes arranges a tank or cistern to catch the rainfall from his roof, being careful to keep it closed to prevent evaporation, so you have only to arrange the soil in your garden in such a way as to catch and hold the water that falls on it, and you will have sufficient moisture for your crops. This arrangement of soil is accomplished by constant cultivation. In arid regions the matter of water supply presents a real problem. There irrigation of some sort must be employed.

Ventilation is secured for plants in the same way that water is obtained—through constant cultivation. The continual stirring of the soil enables the sunbeams to penetrate into the loose earth, and the air to circulate among the earth's pores.

And drainage is just as essential to vegetable well-being as to human health. A wet, soggy soil, like a damp, moldy cellar, is to be avoided. If your soil is of this sort, you must remedy the difficulty before you can have a really successful and profitable garden.

Anything that will tend to make the soil more porous will improve the drainage. Humus will do it. Manure will help. If it is possible to obtain sand, a few loads of it worked into the garden will help lighten the soil. Sifted coal ashes in considerable quantities can be added to heavy soils with beneficial results. A friend of mine, a part of whose rather extensive grounds were once too soggy for successful gardening, has so transformed this particular portion of his yard that it is now perhaps the best and richest ground he has. Every Winter he sifts the ashes from his furnace, scattering the finer portions over this space, where he also applies some of the droppings of his poultry. The clinkers he uses for making walks and other concrete construction about his property.

In extreme cases excess soil moisture can be got rid of by laying one or more lines of tile drains the length of the garden. But this is possible only where there is, or can be constructed, some place lower than the outlets for the reception of the drainage water. Laying a tile drain necessitates a great deal of digging, too. For the ordinary gardener it is probably too much of an undertaking. The better way to remedy the trouble is to change the character of the garden soil.

To perfect the mechanical condition of the soil, then, and to provide the necessary elements of plant-food that are lacking, are the two things to be done to make your garden a success.

The application of these various materials —sand, sifted coal ashes, wood ashes, manure, and perhaps some lime, together with deep digging and effective cultivation, would make a good garden of almost any ground. But how can the gardener who can not afford to buy these materials set about improving his land inexpensively?

NATURE herself has furnished a pattern in the way she constructs her forests. And Tennyson, tho he was writing of human development rather than of vegetable growth, has perfectly described it in verse:

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

To quote Dr. Edwin E. Slosson: "Each successive generation lives on what is left of the last in the soil, plus what it adds from the air and the rainfall. As soon as a leaf or a tree-trunk falls to the ground it is taken in charge by a wrecking crew composed of a new set of microscopic organisms which proceed to break it up into its component parts so these can be used for building a new edifice. The proper caled 'rotting,' and the product, the black, gummy stuff of a fertile soil, is called 'humus.'"

In other words, Nature constantly feeds the soil; and that is what man must do if he is to have a fertile garden. The proper feeding and proper working of the ground will shortly make any piece of land productive. Humus—the product of decay—is the thing most needed in any soil. Humus supplies many things to the soil. The necessary food elements—nitrogen, potash, and phosphorus—are supplied in varying amounts by the process of decay, which liberates these elements from the bodies of which they have become component parts, and restores them to the soil. But humus does another thing—it changes the structure of the soil materially. Suppose you take a chunk of clay and a handful of black leaf-mold from the forest. The clay, as every one knows, will not hold water and nothing will grow in it. The leaf-mold, like a sponge, will soak up and hold perhaps a cupful of water and is so rich that anything will flourish in it. As ground becomes impoverished, it more and more resembles clay in that it will not hold water and that it contains less and less plant-food. As ground grows richer, it more and more resembles forest mold in that it will hold more and more water and that it contains

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

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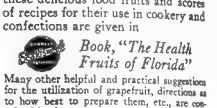

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THE HOME GARDEN

MAKING YOUR GARDEN FERTILE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

an ever-increasing amount of plant-food If you mix forest loam with clay, you straightway improve the quality of the clay as soil. If we follow Nature's example, then, we shall speedily alter the character of our garden soil.

It is not possible, however, for many of us to add forest loam to our gardens; so we must do the next best thing, which is to add material that will decay, just as the twigs and leaves of the woods decay Anything that will decay will add humus to the soil. But some things decay sooner than others. Heavy shavings, for instance, require years before they decay. Straw will rot quickly. Green things, dug under, disappear with astonishing rapidity And every householder has an amazing quantity of humus-making material at hand

The potato parings, apple skins and cores, cobs and husks of green corn, and all the other multitudinous matter commonly disposed of as "garbage" is really fertilizer of high value. The trees about his place—those same agents that provide materials for the enrichment of the forest soil—provide a further means for soil upbuilding

All such materials—waste from the kitchen, including scraps of gristle and bone, and leaves, grass clippings, and the like, can be piled in a heap and allowed to rot, or they can be put in a pit, or they can be dug into the soil directly. They will benefit the soil most, probably, if first allowed to rot before they are dug in.

SOME years ago I became acquainted with a family that lived in a suburban town near New York. The family had a most prosperous air, which the soil of which seemed never to decline in fertility. When I asked the gardener the secret of his success he led me to a corner of his garden, and took me within a small space hidden by a hedge of high flowers and bushes. There he had a pit into which he threw all his table waste. To this he added lime from time to time. A cover kept flies from breeding in the heap, and shut in the offensive odor that might have been generated. By Spring he had a fine lot of rotted material to add to his ground.

About the time the war started and the price of food began to soar, another acquaintance of mine decided to try to raise his own vegetables. He had never done so before, because his yard had been filled in three feet deep with coal ashes, and almost nothing would grow in it. This householder's property was surrounded by large trees. He gathered leaves until he had a heap covering his garden to a depth of several feet. These gradually matted down and more or less decayed during the Winter In the Spring he succeeded in getting two loads of manure. This, with the leaves, he dug into the ground. Also, he had burned quantities of leaves and saved the ashes. These he now sprinkled over his soil and worked them in with a rake. The result was an astonishing plant growth.

To the uninitiated, making ground fertile consists in applying commercial fertilizer. And unquestionably the gardener should make some use of such fertilizer. Furthermore, the it does not alter the character of the soil. Soil improvement must take place in the way Nature prescribes—by the addition of materials that will rot.

Inasmuch as rotting produces acids and makes the soil sour, lime will have to be applied to correct such acidity. Sprinkle three or four years is sufficient. Lime will itself soil, however, make the soil lighter, if it is heavy, or bind it together, if it is too porous, like sand. But too much lime will "burn out" vegetation.

Wood ashes can very profitably be applied to the soil in preparing the seed-bed. But both wood ashes and commercial fertilizer are most economically used after plant growth starts. Then they should be applied along the rows of plants or along the rows and raked into the soil. The secret of tender vegetables is rapid growth. When your plants are started, push them along with fertilizer and they will be crisp and tender. A spoonful scattered around a plant is sufficient. Many persons have hens, and hen-manure is a very powerful fertilizer. All hen-droppings should be gathered from the hen-house and kept perfectly dry. A good practice is to pulverize them and mix them with earth several times as much earth as there is manure The resulting mixture is easily applied and will prevent the injury that is certain to follow too liberal a use of this form of fertilizer.

The way to improve your garden soil, then, is by the constant incorporation of decaying material and the continual cultivation of it. And nowhere can we find a better gardening text to bear in mind than Tennyson's apt verse. For plants, like humans, "may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things."

This is the first of a series of three garden articles. The second will appear in the March number.

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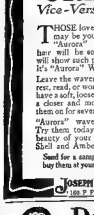

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HER WIFELY DUTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"Then, behave yourself and do what I tell you."

Mattie went on reading—or pretending to. Jacob strode across the room to the bedside and put out the light.

When a few minutes later he got into bed, he found it empty. He waited a while in perplexity, then rose, lit the lamp and searched the room for his missing wife. She was not there.

Going out into the hall, he saw that there was a light in the kitchen below. He went down-stairs and found Mattie reading her novel—or pretending to—by the lamp in the kitchen.

"Now look-a-here, what kind of behaviors is this here?" he demanded. "You must be crazy!"

"Jakey, I see now how crazy I was ever since I got married to you and to-night it ends."

"But to-night it just begins," Jacob contradicted her. "You never acted up like this before. I'd soon have settled you!"

"You've a job on your hands—settlin' me—now that I have come to see what a nut I was a'ready. I guess I better break it to you right aways, Jake, that from now on I'm my own boss."

"Oh, no, you ain't! Don't you make no mistake like that, Mattie. I ain't one of these here sissy men that leaves the misus be the boss. You've got another guess comin'."

"Not your boss, Jake—my own. Now go to bed and leave me be. I want to read."

"You ain't readin' another word to-night. Come on up to bed!"

SHE looked at him for an instant, then suddenly, before he could recover from the shock and stop her, she rushed from the room and up the stairs—and the next moment he heard their bedroom door, at the head of the stairs, close and the key turned.

"Well!" he gasped, "if she ain't!"

To his further astonishment he found himself shaking with laughter in spite of his righteous marital indignation. "Ain't she the comic little feist!"

Here was he in his night-clothes locked out of his own bedroom. Did she intend to keep him out until she had read enough of that blamed novel to satisfy herself? What was he to do? Impossible to ask one of his brothers to let him share his bed and thus give himself away as a husband unable to manage his "misus." The fact seemed perfectly incredible.

He put out the lamp and, lying down on the kitchen settee, covered himself with some of the coats of the hired men that were lying there.

So Mattie was going to be her own "boss" after this, was she? That's what did she mean by that? He speculated about it as he stirred sleeplessly upon his unaccustomed bed.

"I wisht I'd of left her read till I got undressed," he surprisingly reflected. "A man can very well give in little matters like them."

To be sure he could not imagine his mother questioning any least command of his father's.

"What I'd like to know is what started her up on it? Can it be this here anyhow! Mebby it was that she didn't like it my goin' off this afternoon without her. Well," he firmly concluded, "she'll have to get used to my goin' and comin' as I please and no questions ast. I don't hold to a wife's interferin' with a husband's liberty."

As tho in response to this reflection, the room was suddenly illumined as Mattie, bearing a lamp, appeared in the doorway.

"I'm through readin' now, Jake, and you can come on up if you want. After this don't interfere with my liberty, for I'm my own boss."

With that, not waiting for his reply, she went back up-stairs.

The question was, he heavily thought as he followed her, how far was she proposing to carry it—this matter of being her own "boss"?

"I'll ast her. I got to know what I'm up against."

By that he meant that he had to know to what unpleasant lengths of discipline he would have to resort. For there was no question in his mind of giving in in any fundamental way.

"Don't you try a trick like that on me again!" he said threateningly as he joined her in their room. "I won't stand for it!"

"What'll you do about it, Jakey?" she asked blithely. "I got to know what I'm up against."

"Was he married to a mind-reader? "Well, what you're up against," he responded, "is a husband that knows how to manage a wife!"

"Have you had experience at it?"

"I'll get some, if you try another trick like lockin' me out of my room!"

"You're up against worse'n that, Jake. Listen—I ain't workin' here another day without wages. So's I'll have my own money and can go and come as I please and not have to ast you every time I need a nickel—and have you ast me—am I sure I need it? Them days is over, Jakey. Wages by the week after this. Four dollars per, and every Thursday and Sunday afternoons off."

Jacob laughed derisively, tho with a deep misgiving, as he again blew out the light and lay down at her side.

"If you ain't slep' it off till morning a'ready," he said, "I'll soon settle you!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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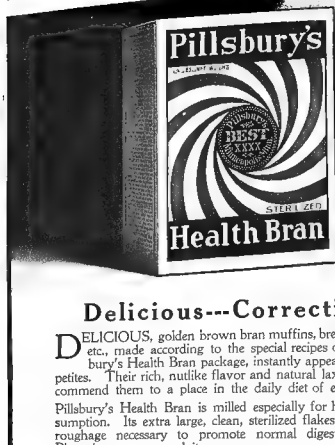

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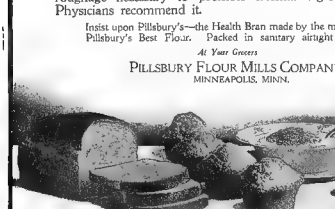

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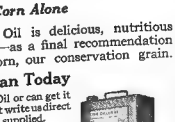

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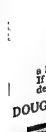

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Her Wifely Duty

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

"We'll let it go at that," agreed Mattie. "But I ain't doin' another stroke of work here till I'm paid for two weeks back and promised my reg'lar pay every week after this."

"Who ever heard the likes?" exclaimed Jacob indignantly. "I warn you right now, it's no go! A man payin' wages to his own wife yet! What's a wife for anyway?"

"On that question, Jakey, you have another guess comin'. Before I married you I was a wage-earner makin' awful good money and I'm beginnin' to see how poor I done for myself when I give up bein' my own protector. And I hold, Jakey, that a bad bargain oughtn't to be lived up to if a body can otherwise help it."

"Marriage ain't no bargain! Ain't you got no wifely feelin's at you, that you talk so common about such a awful sacred thing as marriage?"

Mattie laughed. "So you think marriage is awful sacred, do you? Well, thinkin' and actin' is two; ain't? You've done the thinkin' and I've done the actin'. We'll try it the other way round for a while now."

"Look-a-here!" Jacob again threatened. "I ain't standin' for no funny business! If you ain't got no wifely feelin's—"

"I had wifely feelin's aplenty before I got married, Jakey. But I'm good over 'em! After this it's a business proposition. You get what you pay for. No more, no less."

"Aw, to Hades with sleep if it's!" he growled, turning away from her with a hunch of his big shoulders.

"Good night, Jakey," she replied.

BUT Jacob found next morning that she had not slept. At five o'clock when he roused her, she refused to get up to get the breakfast—"till you'll pay me for two weeks back and pass your promise like what I tol' you last night."

"But this ain't no time for you to take a notion like this here—when Mom's arm's lamed and you're the only one here to do the work," he expostulated.

"It ain't a convenient time for you, I know, but it's awful convenient for me."

"But the hired men and Pop and us boys—how can we work without no breakfast?"

"That's where I got you, Jakey."

"Look-a-here, you get up and do your dooty, or—"

"When joy and duty clash
Let duty go to smash!"

sang Mattie as she lay on her back, her yellow curly hair spread out over the pillow like a halo about her head, her hands clasped behind her neck, her face flushed from sleep; as Jacob looked at her, alluring, tantalizing, rebellious, he regretted that he was too civilized to "yank" her out of bed and "shake her good."

"You see," she explained, "my parents left me go to high school to get polished off, so's I could earn good money without hard work. So I got to live up to it. Four dollars per, or I loaf! And if that don't suit you, I go to town and get another tony job. You needn't pay me alimony," she added kindly.

"Alimony!" gasped Jacob. "Alimony yet! Gosh!"

"Yes, ain't?" smiled Mattie. "I never expected to hold such a conversation like what this is with my husband. It's most like a movie; ain't?"

"You're the most overbearin' woman I ever married!" cried Jacob desperately. "To talk about leavin' me yet!"

"The Lord giveth, the Lord tooketh away!" recited Mattie. "To tell you the truth, Jakey, I'd a lot sooner go to town than work here at four dollars per. Oh, I forgot to say the four dollars don't include the washin'."

"Is them farm hands and all us men to go without breakfast?" demanded Jacob fiercely.

"Not unless you're too tight with your money to pay me for cookin' it," said Mattie.

"You ain't my hired girl, you're my mistress, ain't you? Get up and make breakfast!"

But Mattie firmly refused and as Jacob was equally unyielding, the men had to content themselves with the inadequate breakfast prepared by the incapacitated mistress of the house, while Mattie enjoyed the unwonted luxury of lying abed until seven o'clock.

Strangely enough, it was on this very day that the morning mail brought her, to her delighted surprise, a letter from the artistic photographer. He stated that "matrimony palling a bit," she longed for the old life of congenial work.

"I don't take to housekeeping," she wrote, "having for so many years followed an artistic pursuit; so I am homesick for my studio. Mr. Delner hires a girl for me and that leaves me with too much time on my hands. I hear that you, Mattie, are working on your father-in-law's farm for your husband's people and are not having a very easy time. Do you want to come back to me at eighteen dollars a week? You are so clever at the work that I can afford to pay you more than I would a new girl. I am going to re-open my studio next Monday. My husband doesn't like me to earn money, but I myself have no objection to doing so and I do love my Art. Will you come?"

Mattie, wild with eagerness to be back at her old place in the studio, lost no time in replying. And when at noon her husband came in from the fields, hoping to find her repentant and subdued, she announced to him her immediate departure for town. "I'll spend my week-ends with you, Jakey," she airily conceded.

"Week-ends! Week-ends yet! And me your lawful husband! Well, if you ain't!"

"I know I ain't," retorted Mattie facetiously, almost hysterically. "I know I ain't ever going to act wifely again as long as I live, so help me! Not what you mean by wifely, anyhow!"

It seemed perfectly incredible to Jacob and his "folks" that a wife would actually leave a "steady" husband like Jake and go to town to work.

"If he addicted to drink or ran round any, she might find excuses. But as steady a young man as what our Jake is! Yi, yi!" exclaimed Jacob's father; and all his brothers shook their heads and his mother wiped her eyes.

"But he does run round," explained Mattie. "He runs round to see the Skoop girls Sundays evenings still."

Jacob looked confused. How had Mattie found out about his occasional philanderings? "Whether I run round or whether I don't, it ain't the thing for you to leave me and go to town to work."

"That eighteen dollars a week for doin' work I like to do, looks better to me, Jacob, than doin' work I hate, for no wages at all."

Even the Kahn brand of logic could find no answers to this.

So, in the face of Jacob's anger and pleadings, Mattie went to town.

Every week-end that she stylishly visited him (at what she called "our suburban home" when speaking to her girl friends), wearing pretty new frocks and hats and dainty shoes and bringing to the dull life of the Kahns a gaiety and brightness to which even their phlegmatic souls responded a bit, Jacob fell in love with her afresh.

But at the end of two months Mattie was obliged to face a contingency. Her satisfaction at the discovery of her approaching motherhood was marred by the appalling prospect of returning to live at the farm. Week after week she postponed telling Jacob of the happiness in store for them, for fear he would succeed in persuading her to return at once.

ONE Sunday evening when they were strolling about together and she was trying to make up her mind to the inevitable and divulge her secret, he led her to a patch of farm land adjoining his father's farm, on which stood a lovely little bungalow.

"Say, Mattie," he announced, to her astonishment, "if you'll come back to me to stay, I'll rent this here place as soon as I otherwise can, and we'll go to housekeepin'. I get so lonesome for you Sunday mornings to Saturday nights I can't stand it no more!"

"Oh, Jacob!" she exclaimed ecstatically, clasping his arm tight.

"The landlady of this here place she tol' me she don't rent to families with children," continued Jacob. "And I tol' her, 'Well, altho us we ain't got none, I will not restrict myself. We might have some some day,' I says'd. So she give it and sayed we could have the house. So if you'll come back, Mattie, I'll get you such an electric washer and iron and even at that I'll hire the washin' for you!"

Could magnanimity go further? Mattie gave in as graciously as she had not intended to tell Jacob to-night that she would have to give up her work and come back to him.

"You're awful good to me, Jakey!" she said gratefully when they had made a tour of the complete little home which he meant to give her. "Come, sit down here, side by each, on this nifty little porch and I'll tell you some news that'll please you."

And Jacob, when he had heard it, said rapturously, "If it ain't a boy, I hope it'll be a girl! Don't you, Mattie?"

"I certainly do!" replied Mattie. "I wish for that much luck anyhow!"

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Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

Billie Burke, whose beautiful skin is the envy of everyone who sees her, says: "No one appreciates Pond's Vanishing Cream more than I."

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The Secret of Living Longer

Check Up on Your Body as You Would on Your Automobile

By LOUIS HENRY LEVY, M.S., M.D.

IF YOU knew that you could save up years for the future, just as you save up your dollars, would you not want to do it? It can be done. Even without your realizing it, years are being saved for you and placed to your account through measures to decrease infectious diseases and by means of safety-first precautions. It is in your power to add several more years to those saved up for you. The secret of living longer is a secret no longer. Old age need not be a privilege enjoyed by a select few, for how to live longer is gradually becoming common knowledge—and this knowledge can be yours.

There has been established in New York City the Life Extension Institute, which has been founded for the purpose of aiding in the prevention of disease and in the prolongation of life by the application of modern science to various factors that influence health. It has the co-operation of scientists, educators, public-spirited men and women of repute. Among these are ex-President William H. Taft; Dr. Herman M. Biggs, Commissioner of Health, State of New York; Dr. Rupert Blue, Surgeon-General, United States Public Health Service; Dr. L. F. Barker, of Johns Hopkins Medical School; Dr. William J. Mayo, Rochester, Minn.; Professor R. H. Chittenden, of Yale; Dr. Theobald Smith, of the Rockefeller Institute; Alexander Graham Bell, Norman Hapgood, Hon. Walter H. Page; Sir Thomas Oliver, of England; Dr. Armand Gautier, of Paris; Professor Kitasto, of Japan; and Professor Pavlov, of Russia.

Through the work of this Institute and that of other health organizations, it has been definitely proved that ill health is avoidable within natural limitations. Barring accidents, due to carelessness of others, or infections such as infantile paralysis, of which the exact cause and mode of transmission is still in question, good health may become a permanent asset and lead to old age. Various health organizations the country over, through evidence obtained from scientific investigations, are responsible for the rapid decline in the occurrence of and death-rate from infectious diseases.

Kill off the Germs and Bacteria

WE HAVE repeatedly been told to swat the fly, and to kill the mosquito. We are warned that unless we use our handkerchiefs when sneezing, we will be responsible for the spread of the cold and grippe bacteria. Boards of health punish by law those who thoughtlessly expectorate in common carriers. Vaccination against smallpox and typhoid are common and sure preventives against the acquisition of these two diseases. Diphtheria antitoxin, when administered early enough, cures diphtheria, just as a specific serum will cure epidemic meningitis, better known as spotted fever. These are a few ways in which life is being prolonged—and there are many others.

The infectious diseases and also the mortality from these have been decreasing, but there has been a marked increase in other forms of disease. One such group is known as the cardiorenal group, or the diseases relating to the kidneys and the blood-carrying organs — the heart and blood-vessels. The death-rate from these in the United States during the period 1890-1910 increased 41 per cent. In Wales and England, during this same period, there was a decrease in the mortality from these diseases.

One wonders why the United States is so marked an offender in this respect, and yet the answer is simple. We have become a nation known for excesses. We exceed the speed limit in using up energy. There is no nation, proportionate as a whole, work harder. We overastiate ourselves with pleasures. We dance too much, play tennis too much, put ourselves to severest themselves in their contests. There is sapped the strength needed to tide them over some infection that may befall them later in life. We crave continuous excitement. Take, for example, the irrepressible baseball fan, or the football enthusiast who excitedly follows each game and who is kept on the *qui vive* throughout the entire contest. There is the excitement caused by the rise and fall of the stock market, a form of excitement yearly becoming more prevalent. With it there are the sleepless nights of worry when stock has gone down and the exultant moments when stock has gone up. All of these are wearing and tearing, using up good energy and even better reserve force. To that never-ceasing engine, the heart, falls the burden, and each beat given up to a needless form of energy means one less beat of life

Perhaps the commonest ailment of the heart and arteries is the one in which the blood-pressure is increased. This is the result of the overpumping of the heart, due to overexertion, overexcitement, or overstrain. It may also be due to the action on the heart and arteries of irritating substances passing around in the blood. The arteries become hardened the so-called arteriosclerosis in medical parlance. With this change there is produced a gradually increasing blood-pressure and so there results a vicious circle—hardened arteries, high blood-pressure—high blood-pressure, hardened arteries. It is the disease characteristic of and peculiar to the United States. Take any man or woman of this busy land of ours, between the ages of forty-five and sixty, who is persistently mentally and physically active, and you will find that he or she has the arteries of a less active person of seventy.

The consumer of too much beef is another subject of high blood-pressure. Too much beef produces an excess of acid and other substances which, as they circulate in the blood through the heart and arteries, attack and irritate the walls of these vessels. Constant irritation causes the hardening of the arteries. Apoplexy is one of the sequences of this.

Nervous irritability, violent passions, increasing anxiety or worry ultimately affect the heart and arteries. It needs no skilful reader of facial expressions to detect the woman of forty who deceptively looks like sixty-five. Her face stamps her disordered nervous condition. She feels as old as she looks and, tho she may leave this material world at middle age or even younger, she nevertheless is old when she leaves it. The one with the sunny disposition retains young to a ripe old age. "Laugh and grow fat," could be better expressed, "Laugh and live longer."

One organ very frequently affected, the diseases of which are prone to terminate in a fatal issue, is the stomach. One of the main channels of entry of substances into the system, one that should be treated with considerable consideration, is perhaps the most abused. The sufferer with the stomach ailment is about us, complaining and in constant distress. Many of these sufferers reach the physician when the only recourse is an operation.

Cancer of the stomach is another disease markedly increasing all the time. What is cancer? How obtained? and many other similar questions are forever being asked of the physician. Some of these questions will remain unanswered. With cancer of the stomach all that can be said is that it undoubtedly results from continuous irritation of the inner lining of the stomach is subjected. The irritating agent, as a rule, is some kind of food which is being overindulged in, the particular food varying with the individual.

A stomach constantly irritated can not escape becoming inflamed. Inflammation leads to an ulcer, and in many cases it is but a stepping-stone from an ulcer to cancer. These things are all preventable. It is a matter of proper selection of foods. The diet should consist of a mixture of foods and no one kind of food should hold too great predominance over the others. Slow chewing is essential, but counting the chews is unnecessary. This detracts from the enjoyment of the food. Food should be slowly chewed and slowly swallowed. Should stomach symptoms arise, the offending food should be sought for and eliminated.

Don't Let Yourself Run Down

THE most important measure advocated within recent years for helping one to live longer is periodic examinations of the body. This forms a prominent part of the work of the Life Extension Institute. The owner of an automobile will have his car looked over carefully every month or two in order to keep it in the best working condition, but he will not give his own even more delicate and wonderful body-machine the benefit of a single examination until he has become the victim of some insidious disease. We have already become educated to visit the dentist at least two to four times each year to prevent beginning defects of the teeth. But the examination of the body when one is supposedly well and free from symptoms is still a novelty

What has periodic examination revealed? The following, taken from one of the publications authorized by the Life Extension Institute, should be convincing. "Among large groups of clerks and employees of banks and commercial houses in New York City, with an average age of twenty-seven years, practically all picked men and women, only 1 per cent. were found free from impairment or of habits of living involving impairment. Of those with important physical impairments, 80 per cent. were, prior to the examination, unaware of the impairment; 16 per cent. of the total number examined were affected with organic heart trouble; 42 per cent. with arterial changes, ranging from slight thickening to advanced arteriosclerosis, 26 per cent. with high or low blood-pressure, 72 per cent. had decayed teeth and infected gums and 31 per cent. faulty vision uncorrected."

Old age is not to be the wanting. To live longer and to attain old age, avoid excesses, whether in your work, in your pleasures, in eating, or eating. Moderation should be the watchword for those who would be octogenarians, nonogenarians, or centenarians. Enjoy and find pleasure in whatever you do—your work or your pastimes. Love the great outdoors and roam the parks and highways. Respect your body—every bit of it. To be doubly sure that everything is well with you, let your physician examine you once or twice a year. Then the defect that may have unsuspectedly crept in will be opportunely discovered and corrected, and another year will be saved up for you. This is the secret of living longer.

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"It's just like getting lingerie and infants' and children's wear direct from Paris, when I make my selections of

BUCILLA Package Outfits."

This is one customer's way of expressing her delight in these exquisitely chic and original creations more notable than ever for style and beauty, yet surprisingly low in price.

Send for Illustrated Spring Circular

This "New Economy Way" brings to you, in a sealed package, a stamped *ready-made* garment of finest quality, full working instructions and sufficient cottons to *complete* all embroidery.

Package No. 5432 for example, contains the dainty ready-made dress illustrated, an unusually smart and serviceable garment of sheer Flaxon in pink, blue or green, with white belt and cuffs. Size 4, $2.25; size 6, $2.35; size 8, $2.50. Its quality and stylish designing emphasize the remarkable values and distinctive beauty found in these up-to-date packages.

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for Crochet and Embroidery are unapproached for fine quality, brilliance of lustre, and smooth working. They are made in guaranteed *fast proof colors.*

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The soft, elastic knit fabric gives freedom to every action. Tab at tapes support weight of outer-garments from shoulders. Buttons down the front. Fits nicely for hose supporters. Sizes 1 to 15 years. Made in U.S.A.

Ask your dealer to also show you the Nazareth Waist Union Suit.

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Smooth out the wrinkles and crow's feet that mar so many faces. While sleeping. They are safe, simple ingredients, mixed as free to use—a child can do it. Made in two styles, Frowners for between the eyes. Erasers for lines in the face. Either kind sent on receipt of $1.00 boxes to stamps for booklet. Dressing Table 111 or at drug and department stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send direct, post paid, on receipt of price.

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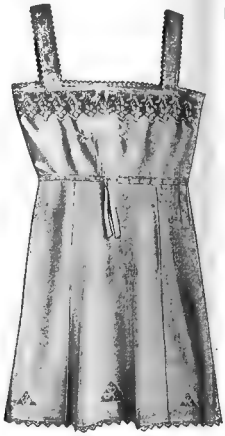
What Feminine Heart Can Resist the Allure of Dainty Embroidery on Equally Dainty Lingerie

FOR the Easter bride here is the daintiest of lingerie suggestions from among which she will surely find just what she wants in the way of a single piece or a set. Both simple and elaborate effects are shown, so that there is a wide variety of selection offered.

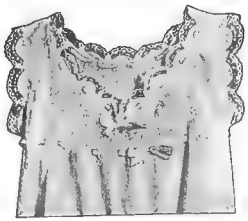
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No 12457, blue or yellow, supplies 40 dainty motifs for use on lingerie, infants' bibs, bonnets, and coats, and French stem and eyelets are the favored stitches. Combination No. 8193, 34 to 50 bust.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12384, blue, supplies the embroidery design and shape to fit 38 bust. This handsome design matches nightgown 12383 shown below and completes a lovely bridal set. Dainty pin tucks, lace edging, and ribbon form the decorative touches. Chemise No. 6895, five sizes, 34 to 42 bust.

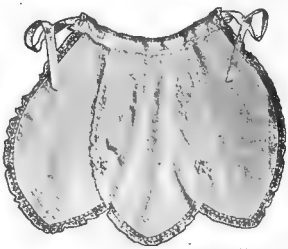


Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12367, blue or yellow, supplies 38 embroidery sprays. Three of the sprays are arranged on the front of combination No. 8125, and embroidered in fine cotton in eyelet and raised satin stitches.

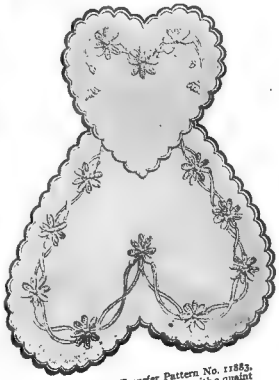
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12490, blue, supplies shape and design of this dainty tea-apron of voile embroidered in eyelet, stem, and raised satin stitches, with the scalloped edges buttonholed. The tie-strings may be of self-material or ribbon.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12383, blue, supplies design and shape for nightgown in size 38. Sheer batiste fashions the gown and chemise No. 12384 shown above. Raised satin, eyelet, stem, and buttonhole stitches are used in working this design. An exquisite gown, suitable either for the very best gown which every woman likes to pack for a visit, or for the trousseau. Nightgown No. 7422, six sizes, 34 to 44 bust.



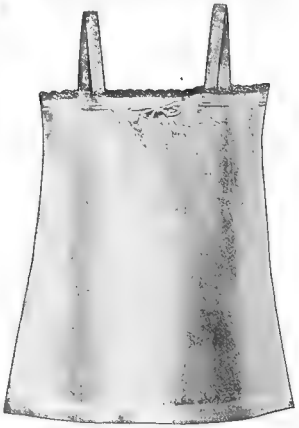
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12237, blue, contains 34 dainty sprays suitable for French embroidery. Some of them are shown here applied to apron No. 6850, which is cut in three sizes, small, medium, and large.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12883, blue, supplies a "sweetheart" apron with a quaint daisy design that is quickly embroidered. The petals of the flowers are worked either in fagoting or cat-stitch and the entire design is outlined.

THERE isn't a garment on this page that should not be able to find a little niche for itself in that most mysterious and delightful of all receptacles, the "Hope Chest." Batiste, voile, Georgette crêpe, washable satin, crêpe de Chine, and nainsook are modish fabrics.

JUST the thing for the Valentine party is the cunning apron cut in heart shape, with a heart-shaped bib. Illustrated at left.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12307, blue, furnishes 3⅛ yards of scallops and this design. The undervest is Pictorial Review Pattern No. 8130, three sizes, small, medium, and large.

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How do you wash your face?—

When you peer into the glass in the morning is your face clear and spotless?

Don't be discouraged with your complexion if your face appears oily or damp. This is one of Nature's safeguards against hard, dry skins that easily chap and burn. But here's the point,—how should your face be washed? It is first necessary that this facial oil be well removed. To allow it to remain, permits the dust and dirt of the city to combine with it and fill the delicate pores of the skin, resulting in blemishes that are painful and embarrassing. If you would safeguard yourself in such matters follow this simple rule for washing your face night and morning.

Wash the face thoroughly in warm water for a few minutes. After a rich warm glow appears, apply a generous lather of Resinol Soap and rub gently into the pores of the skin its soothing medication. Remove the creamy lather from the face with cold water and apply a cold towel partially wrung until the face appears cool and natural.

Be fair to yourself in this matter and when you commence the treatment persevere,—before long you too, may know "the joy of a perfect skin." But remember results depend on how you wash your face and the soap you wash it with.

[illegible] Resinol Soap [illegible] shaving a regular pleasure. Try it,—you will enjoy a bountiful lather, free from sting or smart

Resinol Soap

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which contain the very best in quality of materials, workmanship, embroidery floss and artistic designing.

The Layette illustrated is an example of the unusual values in Royal Society Packages. It is of fine linen finished Lawn and comes in a clean, sealed package carefully stamped with cutting outlines and a design for embroidering with sufficient floss to complete. It costs but $1.50 (in the U. S.) yet could not be purchased for many times that amount when hand embroidered. Many other articles in ROYAL SOCIETY Packages are completely sewn, ready to embroider.

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Send for copy. Price 10c

Just issued, containing a variety of new and practical articles to Knit and Crochet.

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Directions in CROCHET BOOK, No. 13

Silk and Yarn Are Both Used for Knitting

By ELSA BARSALOUX

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 550. A jumper knitted of blue silk having diamond shaped motifs darned into it with yarn of another shade of blue. Ribbing holds the sweater snugly in place at the waist.

The small illustrations immediately above and below give the back views of sweaters Nos. 550 and 551 respectively. Cap No. 552 is shown with the sports sweater.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions Sweater No. 551 and Cap. No. 552. Gray yarn and white Angora made up this bewitching skating set. This set will surely be a prime favorite with the athletic girl.

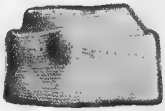
Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No 554. A silk scarf is always welcome to the male sex.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 553. Ladies' knitted silk gloves.

Just below is a detail of pattern on No. 550.

No. 556

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 557 Socks made either from knitting silk or cashmere, Saxony or Spanish yarn.



Knitted Cap No. 552.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No 552. This is a very becoming cap knitted of white Angora It forms a charming sports set worn with sweater No. 551.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 556. Cozy knitted stockings of silk illustrated above at right.

Knitted Cap No. 558.

No. 559—A silk sweater of fancy rib trimmed with Angora.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 558. An excellent cap for skating or golf of which two views are given, one just above.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 559. This sweater with its unusual collar was made of Castor Colored Knitting Silk and white Angora.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No 560 Very useful is this smart sleeveless sweater which may be fashioned of any pretty colored silk and Angora Below are back views of sweater No. 559 and 560.

No. 560—Might be worn under a coat or over a thin dress.

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Spring Catalog FREE

New York Styles

The Biggest Book Ever Issued

by

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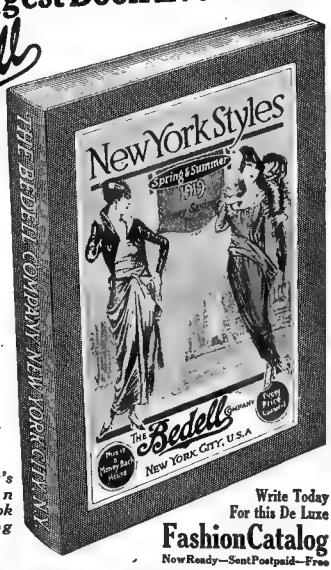

America's Fashion Blue Book Catalog

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Thousands of Beautiful Styles

A magnificent catalog fresh from the press—illustrating and describing the brilliant, new style changes—revealing the most beautiful and distinctive fashions any season has ever produced. Embracing the best models selected from thousands of new styles to be exhibited this Spring in the ten great Bedell retail stores and worn by America's women of Fashion.

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They are genuine New York Styles by New York designers—produced for the best dressed New York women. You will find Bedell Styles smarter, newer and more becoming than those offered by other mail order houses. The Bedell Spring Styles express the special effort of our combined stores—in principal cities—to celebrate the World Victory.

The picture below tells the story! Bedell Prices are always lowest—because we are the largest house of our kind in the world—because of our unrivalled buying power and tailoring facilities.

Styles of similar character and desirability are usually available only at higher prices.

Send Today —see what smart women are going to wear—see the interesting and surprising new style changes! See how much money we save you! Write today—now!

Bedell Spring Styles

Are more beautiful than ever before—and in this catalog you see the best selections to appear later in our retail stores—best because of latest design, most superior materials, and superb elegance of tailoring.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

A policy that this house has made famous—lived up to in the fullest sense of what it means.

Don't think of buying any apparel—at any price—without first consulting the famous Bedell catalog—the book that unites America in the matter of style—no woman should be without!

Guaranteed Lowest Prices

Coats . . . $10 to $45	Dresses . . . $5 to $45	Suits . $10.75 to $45	
Raincoats $2.50 to $15	House Dresses $1 to $5	Shoes . $1.50 to $15	
Waists . . . $1 to $10	Skirts . . . $2 to $10	Petticoats $1 to $7.50	
Millinery . . $1 to $15	Underwear . 50 to $10	Hosiery . 15 to $2.50	

Corsets, Gloves, Sweaters, etc., at Lowest Prices

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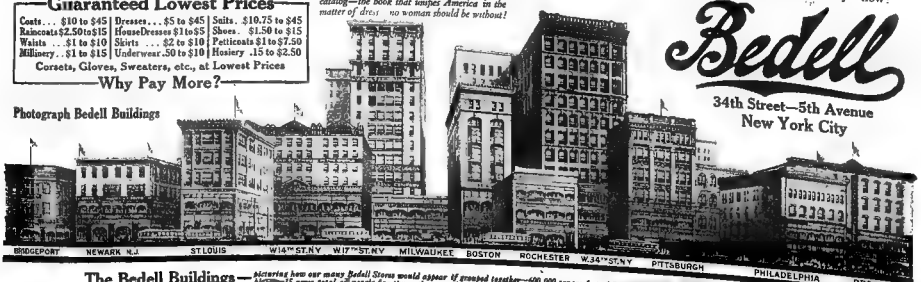
Photograph Bedell Buildings



Bedell

34th Street—5th Avenue
New York City

The Bedell Buildings — *pictured here our many Bedell Stores would appear if crowded together—400,000 square feet of floor space—with a frontage equal to about New York City Block—15 acres total or nearly five times the area of the grounds occupied by the Capitol at Washington—covering a city block 10,000 shoppers.*

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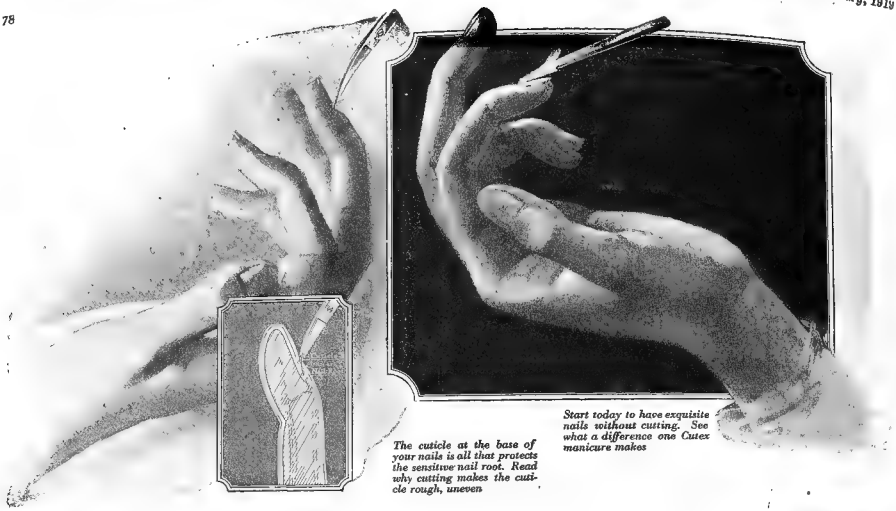

The cuticle at the base of your nails is all that protects the sensitive nail root. Read why cutting makes the cuticle rough, uneven

Start today to have exquisite nails without cutting. See what a difference one Cutex manicure makes

The delicate nail root is only 1/12 inch below the cuticle

Don't cut the cuticle

DO you know that the delicate, sensitive root of the nail is barely a twelfth of an inch below the cuticle?

Do you realize that the only thing that protects the delicate nail root is this narrow rim at the base of your nails? That is why you should not cut it.

If you could see, magnified, the cuticle that has been cut, you would notice little raw, exposed places where more than the dead scarf skin has been cut away. The live cuticle itself, the real protection of the nail root, has been cut. All these tender cut surfaces grow up more quickly than the uncut parts. They form a ragged-looking, rough, uneven edge which ruins the appearance of your hand.

Alice Joyce, whose rare charm has brought her tremendous popularity, says: "Cutex made my manicure the work of a moments instead of the irksome duty it was"

You can have lovely nails without cutting the cuticle

Long ago, an expert who understood the injurious effects of cuticle cutting, undertook to solve the problem by working out a *harmless* cuticle remover. For years he worked before he perfected the cuticle remover you now know as Cutex.

Now, all need of cutting the cuticle is done away with. Cutex loosens the dry, dead skin which has grown up onto your nail. It does away with all risk of exposing or cutting into the live cuticle that protects the delicate nail root. Quickly and safely it removes surplus cuticle and leaves a smooth, even, thin line at the base of your nail.

The right way to manicure

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and a quantity of absorbent cotton. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the orange stick, dip it into the bottle and work it around the base of your nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. The surplus cuticle is softened, removed! Then carefully rinse the fingers in clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

To remove stains and to make the nail tips snowy white, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

At certain seasons of the year, the cuticle has a tendency to become dry and rough. This is especially noticeable after washing your hands. To overcome this tendency, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort to the base of your nails just after washing your hands at night before retiring. This soothing cream will help to keep your cuticle always pliable.

Secure Cutex in any drug or department store. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c, 65c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

A complete manicure set for only 21c

Mail the coupon today with 21c and we will send you the complete Cutex Manicure Set shown below. It contains enough Cutex to give you at least six manicures. See what a transformation you can make in your nails. Send for the trial set today. Address Northam Warren, Dept 202, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

For clean, white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails

If you want a brilliant, lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then Cutex Cake Polish

This Midget Manicure Set will give you at least six of the most successful manicures you have ever had. Send 21c for it today

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THE FASHION DEPARTMENT

In Which Are Shown Some Adorable Clothes Posed by Stage and Screen Stars

IT WOULD take even the most casual minded of persons a long time to forget the lovely photograph of Pearl White, the big picturesque hat that rolls so becomingly enhances the beauty of her profile. Miss White, who is one of the most popular of the Pathé stars, has many warm admirers.

A MOST decorative young person is Evelyn Gosnell, whom A. H. Woods is featuring. Miss Gosnell's beauty and charming personality are winning her many warm and admiring friends, and a brilliant future is prophesied for this rising young actress. Miss Gosnell likes soft flowing lines and the graceful indefinite fulness of the kimono type of blouse is especially becoming to her.

HERE is another delightful photograph of Elsie Ferguson. In this Miss Ferguson emphasizes the vogue of the medieval waist-line, and the combination of two fabrics.

TASSELS are enjoying a well-earned popularity, but it remained for Katherine MacDonald, a charming young Paramount star, to utilize them as a trimming for the collar of her smart tailored suit.

TO THE designing of her stage clothes Elsie Ferguson devotes much time and thought, for this delightful actress holds that to get the very best from a part it must be dressed correctly. Clothes, according to Miss Ferguson, who seems to have deserted the speaking stage to become one of the most admired of the Artcraft screen stars, should express the temperament and individuality of the wearer. This is particularly necessary for the motion picture actress, who must get her personality across to the audience without the magnetism of her actual presence, or the charm of her voice.

MARY BOLAND, who created so many charming parts while she was leading woman with John Drew, is now supporting Leo Ditrichstein in "The Matinee Hero." Miss Boland is one of the most beautiful of the younger players, and possesses that far more rare and elusive attribute, magnetism. Miss Boland's clothes are always charming and chic. The evening gown in which she posed is of the softest of ivory-toned satin with beaded net shoulder-straps and a wonderful flower at the girdle. Miss Boland's clothes are always interesting as studying a new part, she carefully plans the clothes she is going to wear. That is, if she plays the part of a frivolous girl, the clothes are gay and frivolous also, while serious parts she dresses with dignity.

BOTH the speaking stage and the screen are represented by several well-known and much-admired favorites, who posed for this page. The stage has always influenced fashions, and many society women who possess a reputation for artistic dressing, take their inspiration from costumes worn by some stage star

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Smartly in Accord with the Season's Silhouette Are these Models

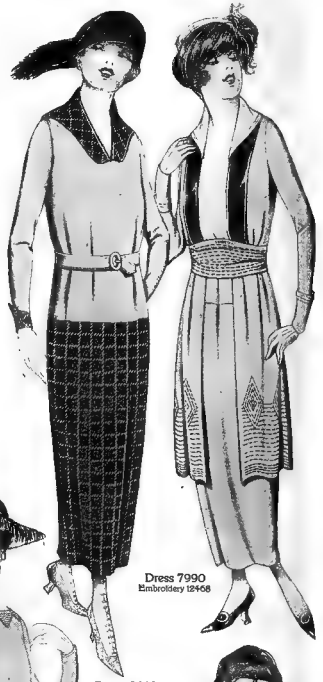
Dress 7952
Braiding 11602

Dress 7858

Dress 8114

8114—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch plain wool velours—2¼ yards 54-inch plaid wool velours—⅝ yard white satin for vestee—2 yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Accentuated on this dress is the fashionable irregular line, the bodice being longer at one side than the other, and attached diagonally to the tunic which also shows an irregular lower edge. The two-piece skirt closes in front.

8098—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch plain velours—1¾ yard 54-inch check velours. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Plain velours is attractively combined with velours in a darker shade marked off into large checks by lines of white. The dress closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm. The check velours is repeated in the turn-back cuffs and rolling collar.



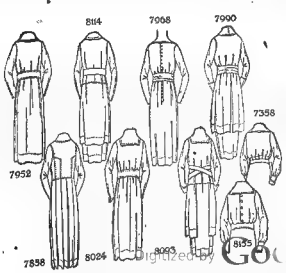
Dress 7990
Embroidery 12468

Dress 8093

7952—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 44-inch check cloth—⅝ yard 44-inch white cloth for collar. Braiding No. 11602, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Now that peace is here women are taking more interest in clothes, and dress assumes a much more important position than it has held for some time, so we notice a tendency toward checks and plaids and toward the use of brighter colors. This model is admirable for checks in light Spring colorings, and is in one piece from neck to lower edge, closing at center-front. A rolling collar finishes the open neck, tho if preferred, the neck may be high with standing collar. Perforations permit of shortening the sleeves.

7858—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch white gabardine. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out about 2⅝ yards. Here is another one of those simple frocks that has made PICTORIAL REVIEW justly famous. The long-waisted body section has a yoke descending into a panel at center-front and back, and the closing is arranged on the shoulder and at left side-front. A straight lower edge marks the smart three-piece side-plaited skirt.

8024—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 44-inch serge—¾ yard 36-inch satin for shawl collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅔ yard. In its plainest form this dress is presented with gathered skirt and without the flying panels which may be applied front and back. For the gathered skirt an accordion-plaited skirt may be substituted, and if plain sleeves be preferred to the flowing sleeves shown, these too are included in the pattern.



Dress 8024

Dress 7968
Embroidery 12473

Blouse 8155

Blouse 7358
Embroidery 12377

8155—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2½ yards satin ribbon for binding. This blouse shows the new back closing, and has a novel bib collar.

7358—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires with jabot, 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Embroidery No. 12377, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 72 motifs. Instead of the high collar and jabot, the blouse may be made with open neck and large collar.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

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PALMOLIVE

Explanatory Note—At the right is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3000 years ago. The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present day knowledge of the subject. Read hieroglyphics down, and to the right.

(1) *As for her who desires beauty.*
(2) *She is wont to anoint her limbs with oil of palm and oil of olives.*
(3) *There cause to flourish these ointments—the skin.*
(4) *As for oil of palm and oil of olives, there is not their like for reviving, making sound and purifying the skin.*

The History Back of Modern Beauty

WHEN the royal women of ancient Egypt learned the value of Palm and Olive oils they made a discovery to which modern users owe Palmolive.

For this famous soap contains the same rare oils, the luxury of famous queens 3000 years ago.

Its bland, fragrant lather is the final perfection of the blend which is old as history.

Palmolive Shampoo also contains the same Palm and Olive oils, keeping the hair soft and glossy with their mild yet thorough cleansing qualities.

Palmolive is sold everywhere by leading dealers—wartime price, two cakes for 25c. It is supplied in guest-cake size at those hotels most famous for de luxe service.

Send 25 cents in stamps for Travelette case containing miniature packages of eight popular Palmolive specialties attractively packed.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited
Toronto, Ontario

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In the Newer Frocks a Touch of Elaboration Is Introduced

8149—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch striped silk Jersey—2⅛ yards 36-inch plain silk Jersey. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. A very attractive frock for informal afternoon wear is formed by combining plain and striped silk Jersey, the striped used for the long-waisted bodice which is in panel style over a front-closing underbody. The panel closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front. Very smart in style is the round collarless neck, and the side-front and side-back sections are cut in one. Long plain sleeves are provided which are perforated for shorter length and finished with bell-shaped sections. There is a suggestion of the kimono effect in the sleeves, the upper part of which are cut in one with the side-front and side-back sections of the waist. Many combinations are possible with this type of frock among which may be mentioned tricolet and charmeuse, serge and satin, and tricotine and silk Jersey.

Dress 8166
Braiding 11809

Blouse 8132
Skirt 8157
Embroidery 12270

Blouse 8161

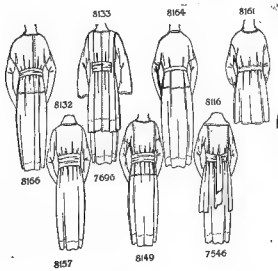
Dress 8149

Dress 8164
Braiding 11602

8166—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2 yards 36-inch tricolet—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Braiding No. 11809, transfer pattern in blue or yellow. Over an underbody that closes at the back, is arranged the gathered drop-shoulder blouse which may have plain one-piece sleeves or flowing sleeves. Attached at low waist-line is the two-piece skirt. A narrow border in soutache outlines the joining.

8139—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. No. 8157—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Embroidery No. 12270, transfer pattern in blue or yellow. The costume in medium size requires 4 yards 40-inch satin—⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vest—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A touch of novelty is given to this frock of black satin by the oddly shaped girdle which is cut in one with the fronts of the blouse. They are carried down diagonally, buttoning together at the left side-front. The one-piece skirt is closed at left side-front, and at the closing the edge is slightly rounded off.

8164—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch satin. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Braiding No. 11602, transfer pattern in blue or yellow. A smart feature of this frock is the diagonal closing of the long-waisted bodice. A removable shield may fill the deep V neck, and the dress may be made with short kimono sleeves, or long sleeves may be formed by the addition of bell-shaped sections. A braided border outlines the joining of the waist and the one-piece gathered skirt. The skirt is perforated for tunic length and may be worn over a separate skirt.



Blouse 8133
Skirt 7696
Embroidery 12475

8139—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7696—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for blouse—3⅞ yards 36-inch charmeuse for skirt, trimming, and girdle—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery No. 12475, transfer pattern in blue or yellow of 20 motifs. Here is a charming frock for afternoon wear combining charmeuse and Georgette crêpe. The blouse is one of the new long tunic models with collarless neck line and gathered in front. The panels are slashed for the passage of the belt. The skirt is a simple gathered model with high waist-line and straight lower edge and closes at left side seam.

Blouse 8116
Skirt 7546
Embroidery 12184

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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With the Renewal of Social Activities Dress Resumes Its Im

8152—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch silk poplin—3½ yards soutache edging for neck and sleeves. Braiding No. 11665, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Just the thing for wearing with Spring skirts of tricotine, satin, or serge are these tunic blouses of poplin. This model closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and shows the fashionable collarless neck-line and flowing sleeves. The blouse may be slashed below the belt each side of center-front to form a panel effect as illustrated.

8068—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch wool velours—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for vest. Beading No. 12322, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 3½ yards of 4-inch border and 4 motifs. For these simple yet chic frocks PICTORIAL REVIEW designs are famous, and nothing could be more attractive for Spring street wear, than this model fashioned of wool velours or duvetyn with the satin vest braided or beaded. The waist closes at the left side, and the revers which turn back from the vest are extensions of the collar. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

Blouse 8152
Braiding 11665

Dress 8068
Beading 12322

Tunic Blouse 8167
Skirt 8034

8167—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. No. 8034—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 36-inch tricolet for trimming bands—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. For early Spring afternoon wear crêpe de Chine is a favored fabric, and would work out very attractively in a tunic blouse like this model. To give a pleasing contrast bands of tricolet are applied as a trimming. The blouse is in the fashionable kimono style and closes at the back. Attached under the girdle is a two-piece gathered tunic closing at left side seam. Completing the costume is a simple gathered skirt with 3-inch high waist-line, closing at left side seam.

8097—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2 yards 36-inch satin. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Braiding No. 11602, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 3 yards of 1- and 2-inch borders. In its simplest form this dress is presented without the front and back panels which are provided in the pattern. Nothing could be easier to make. The closing is in front, and the dress is made without lining. At low waist-line the three-piece skirt is attached, and if plain sleeves are not desired, they may be shortened and given a more dressy touch by the addition of bell-shaped sections.

Dress 8097
Braiding 11602

Blouse 8148
Skirt 7330
Beading 12372

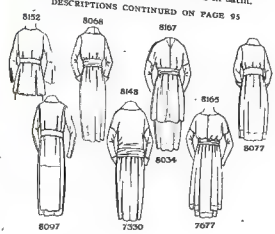
Blouse 8165
Skirt 7677

Dress 8077
Embroidery 12444

8148—Ladies' Long-waisted Surplice Blouse. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. No. 7330—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Beading No. 12372, blue or yellow transfer pattern. The costume in medium size requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch blue serge—3½ yards 44-inch plaid—1½ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Nothing combines so well with the modish plaids as blue serge. The serge is used in this model for the long-waisted blouse, the fronts of which are cut with sash extensions looped at the side-front. The plaid forms the two-piece skirt which has straight lower edge and may close at the left side seam or at center-back.

8165—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7677—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch black satin—3½ yards 40-inch dotted net—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This is a good model for the dressy black frock that is such an indispensable part of the modern woman's wardrobe. It is adapted for theater, luncheons, and afternoon functions. The gathered kimono blouse fastens at the back. On the two-piece skirt of black satin is mounted a two-piece gathered tunic of the net banded in satin.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 95



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Soft woolly sweaters, caps, scarfs, sport stockings
Launder them so they won't thicken or shrink

AFTER the children have worn their sweaters, their mittens, their skating caps and scarfs a little while, you wonder:

"Shall I let them go on getting grubbier and grubbier—shall I send them to the cleaner's, or shall I hand them over to the laundress and have them come back harsh and shrunken?"

Today you can cleanse them yourself without hurting them. From Dad's sport stockings to Baby's little shirt, you can trust every single woolen you have unhesitatingly to the delicate Lux suds.

When you twist woolens or rub them with soap, they become stiff, matted and shrunken. But with Lux there is no rubbing. Only sousing in the rich pure lather, gently pressing the suds through the soiled parts.

Lux comes in pure delicate flakes. They dissolve instantly in hot water. In a moment you whisk them up into a rich lather.

Quick? Unbelievably so. And so pure, so cleansing that your woolens will look as they did the day you bought them.

Wash your sport woolens this year the Lux way. Remember how precious they are. They need never shrink or thicken.

Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux.—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX WON'T INJURE ANYTHING PURE WATER ALONE WON'T INJURE

LUX

To wash your colored woolens

Whisk Lux into a rich lather in very hot water—two tablespoonfuls to the gallon. Add cold water to make suds lukewarm. Swish your woolens about in the suds. Wash quickly, pressing the suds through the woolens, but do not rub. Rinse three times in lukewarm water. Dissolve a little Lux in the last rinsing to leave your woolens soft and woolly. Never wring woolens. Squeeze the water out, and spread on a towel to dry in the shade.

If you are not sure a color is fast

If you are not sure a color is fast, first wash a sample and dry it. If the color runs, try to set it in the following way, first testing a bit of the woolen: A half cupful of vinegar to a gallon of cold water may be used to set most colors of woolens. Soak the article, then rinse thoroughly before washing it. After washing, add vinegar or salt to the last rinsing to hold the color. Always wash colors as quickly as possible.

Lux won't cause any color to run which pure water alone will not cause to run.

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The Severe Neck-Line and Long Narrow Skirts Are Emphasized

8160—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 8092—Ladies' Three-piece Gathered Skirt. Nine sizes, 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¾ yards 44-inch serge—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery No. 12466, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 3½ yards of 3-inch border. Among the new Spring fashions, the tunic and peplum blouses loom very important. This model is sleeveless, the sleeves sewed into the armholes of the front-closing underbody. The closing is on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and several neck outlines are provided, tho the one illustrated is in very good style. The dress is completed by a simple three-piece skirt closing at center-front, and to be made with an oddly shaped yoke or with a belt and simulated pockets.

Blouse 8150
Skirt 8092
Embroidery 12466

Dress 8153
Embroidery 12372

Blouse 8107

Dress 8118
Braiding 11453

Dress 8141

Dress 8123
Embroidery 12321

8153—Ladies' Dress. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch beige tricolet for waist and panels—1⅞ yard 36-inch brown tricolet—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery No. 12372, transfer pattern in blue or yellow. The combination of a light and dark shade of the one material is very pleasing and is emphasized in the new fashions. The long narrow panels fasten on the shoulders, and are held in loosely at the waist-line by a belt. The Medieval waist-line is accentuated by the contrast in color. The waist closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and the underbody closes in front. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard.

8118—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Braiding No. 11453, blue or yellow transfer pattern. The simplicity of this frock makes it particularly welcome to women who are learning to sew, and who are a little bit nervous about handling patterns with a number of pieces. This model is very simple, made without lining, and the neck may be collarless or finished with a shawl collar.

8141—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch serge—9 yards braid. Width at lower edge 1½ yard. Here is another easy-to-make frock closing at center-front and with a decidedly tailored finish given by the binding of silk braid. The waist is joined to a three-piece gathered skirt. Novel pockets are attached to the belt of self-material, and the sleeves are finished with flare cuffs.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

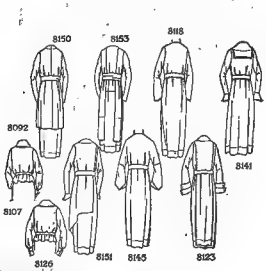
Blouse 8126

Dress 8151

Dress 8145

8107—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The fronts are gathered on the shoulders below a yoke effect formed by extending the back over onto the fronts, and at center-front a vest is inserted that may be of self-material or satin. The sleeves are gathered to deep cuffs.

8126—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 34-inch washable satin. A box plait is formed on the front of the blouse in which buttonholes may be worked if desired, or it may be fastened with snap fasteners. The long rolling collar ends in points, and there are extension tabs that button across.



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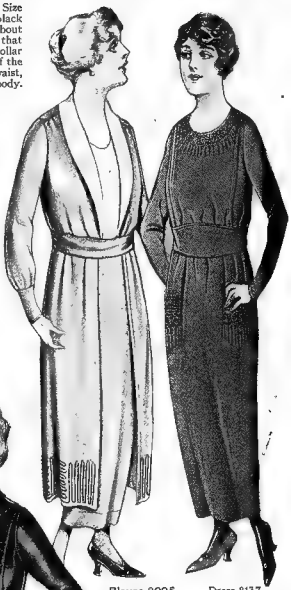
Afternoon Dresses for Stout Women and Stunning New Skirts

8123—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch check worsted—¾ yard 36-inch bias black satin—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Length of line is given to the stout figure by this frock that may be developed in check material in unobtrusive shades. The collar of satin is cut bias, and it is finished with straight trimming-pieces of the check material extending below the girdle onto the skirt. The waist, which closes at the side-front, is arranged over a front-closing underbody. Slashes at the sides of the one-piece gathered skirt give the effect of inserted pockets. The sleeves are especially attractive in style, and the ubiquitous back panel is provided hanging from the neck, gathered at the waist, and tacked at the top of skirt.

Blouse 7600
Skirt 7926

Dress 8123

8095—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. No. 7677—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—½ yard 36-inch satin for shawl collar and vest. Braiding No. 12443, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 3 yards of 3- and 6-inch borders. Jersey has lost none of its vogue, and it is particularly smart in tunic frocks combined with the fashionable braiding. This model is especially good for stout figures giving them the length of line so necessary. The blouse may have a pointed collar extending into revers instead of the shawl collar illustrated. The vest may, if desired, form a panel which extends some distance below the girdle. Instead of the gathered sleeves with deep cuffs, plain sleeves lengthened by wide bell-shaped sections may be selected.



Blouse 8095
Skirt 7677
Braiding 12443

Dress 8137
Braiding 12470

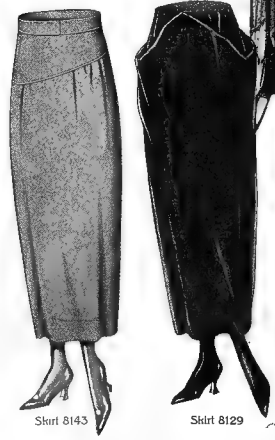
7600—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. No. 7926—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch foulard—⅞ yard 36-inch satin for trimming—1½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves and vest—¾ yard white Georgette crêpe for overcollar—1½ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. The stout woman can find no more charming afternoon frock than this model in dotted foulard softened by trimming of satin and Georgette crêpe. The blouse is in jumper style, and the skirt has an oddly shaped tunic.

Blouse 7599
Skirt 7919

Dress 8114
Embroidery 12372

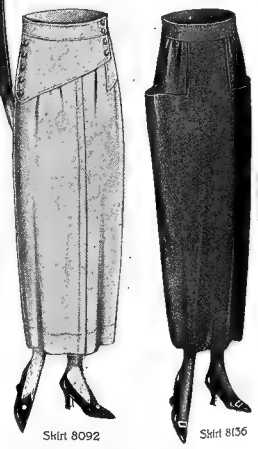
Dress 8153

8137—Ladies' Dress. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch serge. Braiding No. 12470, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The simplicity of good style is a notable feature of this frock of blue serge which is admirable for early Spring wear. Soutache braiding outlines the round collarless neck and forms a pocket effect on the skirt. Under the applied panel the waist closes at center-front, and flowing sleeves may replace the plain ones illustrated. The flowing sleeves are formed by cutting the plain sleeves along the line of perforations given for this purpose, and then attaching bell-shaped sections to the top of the sleeves. The two-piece gathered skirt closes at left side seam



Skirt 8143

Skirt 8129

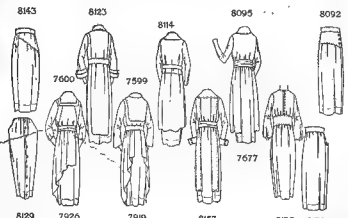


Skirt 8092

Skirt 8136

8143—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. A shaped yoke having two-inch raised waistline tops this smart skirt which closes at the left side-back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 95



8129—Ladies' One-piece Draped Skirt. Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch velvet cut on a lengthwise fold. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The skirt buttons at center-back, and is draped in front.

8136—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt with Panel Jumper. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires for plain skirt without jumper 2⅝ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The jumper is not illustrated.

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Easy to Make Are these Simple Frocks and Sports Blouses

Blouse 8086
Skirt 8136

Dress 8031

8086—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. No. 8136—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt with Jumper Attachment. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 3⅜ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Over a simple blouse of white crêpe de Chine gathered on the shoulders and with high or open neck, is worn a skirt of serge with panel that forms a jumper attachment. Inserted side sections are joined to extensions of the front gore and form outstanding pockets. The skirt has 2-inch raised waist-line, and closes at left side seam. Rows of machine-stitching would make an effective trimming, or the panel could be embroidered or braided.

8081—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch check worsted—⅝ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for overcollar and vest—⅜ yard black satin for undercollar. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Checks bid fair to become very popular this Spring and they are attractive in a simple frock of this type. The waist is tucked on the shoulders, and the neck finish may be a double collar cut square at the back, or a long shawl collar. Instead of the gathered sleeves with deep cuffs, long plain sleeves may be selected, and the two-piece gathered skirt is attached at 2-inch raised waist-line and closes at the left side seam.

7816—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch white linen—⅛ yard 27-inch cotton crêpe for collar and belt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Scallop No. 11854, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Many variations of this design are possible. The dress may fasten in double-breasted style as illustrated with shawl collar, or in single-breasted style with rolling collar square at the back. The belt has extensions that form hanging pockets, tho they are omitted in this view. This is a model that is especially adapted to serge, gabardine, linen, and cotton rep.

Dress 7816
Scallop 11854

Dress 7604

Dress 7606

Dress 7897

Blouse 8043
Skirt 8092

8043—Ladies' Blouse with Peplum. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch serge—¾ yard 27-inch satin for collar and revers—⅝ yard white satin for vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. No. 8092—Ladies' Three-piece Gathered Skirt. Nine sizes, 24 to 40 waist. Size 26 requires for skirt without yoke 2⅜ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Here is one of the new peplum blouses, the peplum a three-piece model attached under a wide belt. The fronts turn back in revers to match the revers of the blouse. In the skirt a choice is offered of a wide belt and trimming pieces that simulate pockets, or an irregularly shaped yoke.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

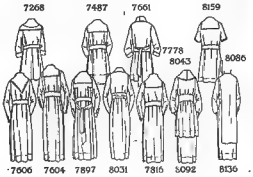
7604—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 44-inch serge—⅜ yard organdy for collar and vestee—28 yards soutache braid. Width at lower edge about 2⅞ yards with plaits drawn out. Like most of the new Spring models, this frock is cut with straight slender lines. A box plait is formed each side of the center-front, and the back is in panel style. The closing is arranged at left side-front under a box plait.

7606—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 44-inch serge for plain dress without panels. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. The pattern provides side panel or tunic sections which are not illustrated. A rolling collar finishes the open neck, and pockets are inserted below the belt.

Middy Blouse 7268

Middy Blouse 7487

7268—Ladies' Middy Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch cotton poplin, ⅜ yard 27-inch cotton crêpe for collar. There is a decided revival of interest in sports clothes, and middy blouses are among the most favored type. This blouse may have long or short sleeves.



Blouse 7661
Overblouse 7778

Blouse 8159

8159—Ladies' Slip-over Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch washable satin. This is one of the attractive new kimono blouses that slip over the head and are very much in favor for sports wear. A large square collar finishes the open neck.

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House-Dresses, Lingerie, Pajamas, and Some New Accessories

7553—Ladies' Union Suit or Combination. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch washable silk.

8125—Ladies' Side-closing Combination. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires for corset cover and petticoat 1⅞ yard 36-inch batiste—1¼ yard wide, 3⅞ yards narrow embroidered banding. Embroidery No. 12182, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 16 sprays. This combination may be formed of a corset cover and envelop drawers, or corset cover and petticoat.

8134—Ladies' Combination. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2½ yards ribbon. Embroidery No. 12367, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 38 sprays. This combination slips on over the head with shoulder-straps attached to the points of the combination.

8139—Ladies' Brassiere Combination. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅝ yard wide banding—3½ yards narrow insertion. This is admirable for the stout woman as the upper part takes the place of a brassiere. The drawers are circular in shaping.

8117—Ladies' and Misses' Neckwear Set. One size only. Material requirements for the various collars will be found on the pattern envelop.

6224—Men's and Boys' Shirt. Ten sizes, 32 to 50 chest, corresponding with 13½ to 18 inches neck. Size 36 requires for shirt with coat closing 3¾ yards 36-inch flannel. This shirt may close in coat style as illustrated, or may slip on over the head.

5969—Men's and Youth's Shirt. Ten sizes, 32 to 50 chest, corresponding with 13½ to 18 inches neck. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch percale. Two styles of collars are provided for this shirt.

8127—Ladies' Nightgown. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2½ yards ribbon—4 yards insertion. The nightgown slips on over the head and is gathered to a straight band. The straps over the shoulders may be of self-material trimmed with banding, or they may be of ribbon.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

Dress Sleeves 8065

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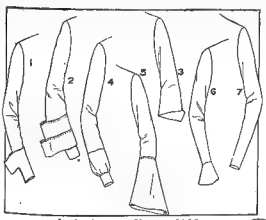
These Will Be Found Very Practical for a Variety of Uses

7889—U. S. Army Shirt. Ten sizes, 32 to 50 chest, corresponding with 13½ to 18 inches neck. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch soisette. This shirt is slipped on over the head and has an applied plait in front.

7405—Men's Coat Shirt. Ten sizes, 32 to 50 chest, corresponding with 13½ to 18 inches neck. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 27-inch flannel. Instead of the open neck illustrated, the shirt may be closed high to the neck.

8050—Ladies' Nightgown. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch cotton crêpe. The front and back of the body are in panel style and are joined under a casing to the two-piece gathered skirt. There are separate underarm sections.

8084—Ladies' House-dress. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 6¾ yards 27-inch chambray—⅜ yard dotted percale for collar and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The sleeves are cut in one with the front and back.



Ladies' Dress Sleeves 8142

8130—Ladies' Undervest or Envelop Chemise. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2¼ yards ribbon. This is slipped on over the head.

7976—Ladies' Combination. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch washable satin. Embroidery No. 12367, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 38 motifs. The combination closes at the back and is slipped on over the head.

8012—Ladies' Combination. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 2¼ yards 36-inch batiste —2 yards ribbon. Embroidery No. 12413, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 3½ yards of French knot motifs.

7118—Ladies' Nightgown. Sizes 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Nightgown is slipped on over the head.

8141—Ladies' House-dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch striped percale—¾ yard 27-inch white piqué for collar and cuffs. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. A simple front-closing dress is this with rolling collar and long or short sleeves. The three-piece gathered skirt is attached at 1-inch raised waist-line.

8059—Ladies' House-dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch white linen—⅝ yard cotton crêpe for collar and belt. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The surplice waist may have long or short sleeves, and is joined to a three-piece gathered skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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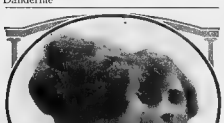

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Chic Suits, Frocks, and Coats for the Well-Dressed Miss

Dress 8135
Braiding 12319

Dress 8147

8135 -Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 44-inch serge—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody Braiding No. 12319, transfer in blue or yellow. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard.

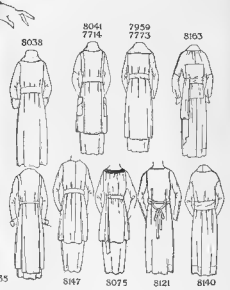
8147—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 36-inch velvet—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The tunic blouse is perforated for shorter length and closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm. Underbody and two-piece skirt close in front. Like many new models this is collarless,

Dress 8075 Dress 8163 Dress 8140

Dress 8121

8121—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch plain gabardine—1½ yard 44-inch bias plaid. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The dress which is without lining closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and the oval collarless neck is perforated for round outline. The front of the skirt extends up to form a bib effect on the waist, and the back of the waist and the skirt are cut in one. The blouse extends down at the sides to low waist-line, and the skirt forms distended pockets. Perforations permit of shortening the sleeves, the short sleeves to be finished with flaring cuffs. Later on this could be duplicated for Summertime wear in plain and plaid gingham, or in plain and striped linen or chambray.

Coat 8038 Jacket 8041 Skirt 7714



8038 8041 7714 7959 7773 8163

8135 8147 8075 8121 8140

Jacket 7959 Skirt 7773

8075—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch satin for foundation dress—2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for tunic blouse—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Over a foundation dress of satin, which consists of a kimono waist attached to a one-piece draped skirt, is slipped a long tunic blouse with oval neck-line finished with shirred tucks. The blouse is slipped on over the head.

8163 Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch flowered voile—1⅜ yard 36-inch plain voile —⅛ yard 36 inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Delightfully girlish in style is this frock with gathered kimono blouse closing at the back. The skirt is a one-piece gathered model. There is a delightful suggestion of the Japanese costume in the bib like trimming section applied on the front of the frock.

8140—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool velours—⅜ yard white satin for vest—⅝ yard fringe—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard Sash extensions on the long waisted blouse are crossed and looped at the side, and the surplice closing is outlined by a long collar.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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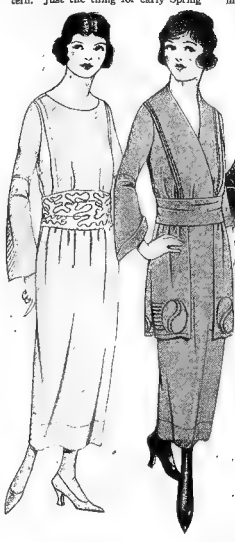
Most Engagingly Girlish Are these Early Spring Frocks

8026—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch gabardine. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Braiding No. 12426, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Just the thing for early Spring street wear is this frock of blue gabardine, absolutely untrimmed save for the braided girdle. The closing is at the back, and allowance is made for plain sleeves and an accordion-plaited skirt, in addition to those shown.



Dress 8026
Braiding 12426

Dress 8055
Embroidery 12372

Dress 8096
Braiding 12058

Dress 8131

Dress 8124

8131—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch wool velours—¼ yard 36-inch check organdy for collar —⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The waist closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and the one-piece gathered skirt at left side-back.

Dress 8128
Braiding 11453

8055—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires if made as illustrated with back panel 4¾ yards 48-inch serge. Embroidery No. 12372, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. This smart frock of serge may be made up quite plainly with surplice blouse ending at the girdle, and with plain sleeves. It is illustrated in its more dressy form here with large collar that forms broad revers, with flowing sleeves, and with a short tunic at the sides.

8096—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 44-inch serge—1¾ yard 44-inch bias plaid—⅛ yard white satin for collar. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Braiding No. 12058, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Instead of the short double panels illustrated, this frock may be made with wide long panel front and back. The foundation dress is long-waisted, the waist section of plaid and the skirt section of serge.

Dress 7896

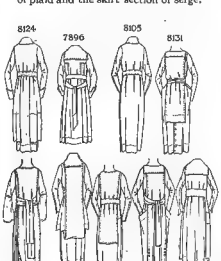
8124—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 44-inch serge—2 yards 36-inch satin—4½ yards braid. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Instead of the short tunic illustrated a long one may be selected, perforations being given in the pattern for shortening it. V neck with rolling collar may be substituted for the round neck illustrated, and there are long sleeves perforated for the short length illustrated.

8128—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 yards 44-inch Poiret twill—2⅝ yards 36-inch satin—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Braiding No. 11453, transfer pattern in blue or yellow.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

Dress 8105

Dress 7802



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Among these Are Frocks for Graduation and Confirmation

Child's Dress 8122
Juniors' Dress 8158 Embroidery 12367
Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8156
Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7914
Girls' Dress 8144
Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7945 Bead ng 12320
Infants' Set 6827
Infants' Coat 7767 Scallop 11747
Infants' Set 8085
Child's Rompers 8058
Girls' Dress 8144
Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7738
Juniors' and Girls' Dress 7026
Child's Combination 6941
Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas 7406 Embroidery 11569

8158—Juniors' Dress. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch organdy—5 yards satin ribbon—10½ yards edging. Embroidery No. 12367, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 38 motifs.

7945—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1¾ yard 36-inch taffeta for jumper and sash. Beading No. 12320, blue or yellow transfer pattern of two borders and six motifs. The jumper fastens under the arms.

8122—Child's Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch dotted swiss—3½ yards filet banding—1½ yard ribbon. Very cunning is this little party frock in bolero style gathered at center-front. It is illustrated in dotted swiss with trimming of lace banding and satin ribbon.

8156—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Box-plaited Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch linen —2 yards Irish crochet lace—3½ yards Irish crochet insertion. For the growing girl no better style can be found than these one-piece plaited models which hide angles and give long slender lines.

7914—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—½ yard 36-inch taffeta for jumper.

Here is a dainty frock for party and best wear to be fashioned of white, pale pink, or Jonquil yellow Georgette crêpe with jumper of matching taffeta. The skirt may be tucked or plain, and the closing is at back.

8144—Girls' One-piece Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires for illustration at top of page, 3 yards 36-inch flowered dimity—2 yards ribbon. As shown at foot of page, size 12 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch voile—1¾ yard 18-inch allover embroidery.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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Designed for Big and Little Sister and Small Brother

8188 — Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch check cloth—⅝ yard 44-inch white cloth for collar and trimming. Here is a good-looking school frock closing on the left shoulder and at left side-front.

8119 — Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Eight sizes, 8 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch wool jersey—⅜ yard 36-inch white organdy for collar—6½ yards braid for trimming. Braiding No. 12058, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 16 motifs. Wool Jersey is much in favor for young folks.

8146 — Child's Empire Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 27-inch flowered crêpe—½ yard 27-inch plain crêpe for trimming. A cunning little frock for the small maid closing in front. The dress is made with round neck that may be finished with a ruffle or with a flat collar. The sleeves may be long or short.

8160 — Girls' One-piece Dress. Five sizes, 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch white linen—¾ yard 36-inch yellow linen. A simple little kimono frock suitable for linen or cotton poplin, with long or short kimono sleeves.

8162—Girls' One-piece Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen—2 yards velvet ribbon. Scallop No. 11661, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Delightfully girlish in its simple lines is this frock of linen which is slipped on over the head and closes on the shoulder. Long sleeves are provided perforated for shorter length, and the collarless neck is finished with buttonholed scallops.

8154—Child's Guimpe Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch cotton crêpe—1 yard 36-inch dotted swiss for guimpe. The short-waisted body section of this frock has round neck and large armholes, and closes on the shoulders. It is attached to a one-piece gathered skirt tucked above the hem. The guimpe has long kimono sleeves.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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Girls' Combination 6790

Girls' and Juniors' Petticoat 7774

Juniors' and Girls' Princess Slip 6600

Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas 8091

Juniors' and Girls' Slip 6937 Emb. 12367

Girls' Bath-robe 4655

Misses' and Girls' Pajamas 5022

Misses' and Girls' Kimono 4922

Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas 7406

Girls' and Juniors' Nightgown 7681

Girls' and Juniors' Bath-robe 8094

Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas 8019

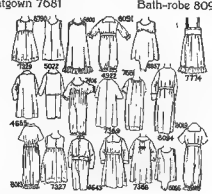
Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas 8013 Initial 12254

7329—Girls' and Juniors' Empire Petticoat. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste—2⅛ yards embroidery for ruffle. Embroidery No. 12457, transfer pattern in blue or yellow. The petticoat closes at the back, and the waist may have round or square neck and short sleeves if desired.

6790—Girls' Combination. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch cambric. Combination consists of an underwaist and side-closing drawers with high, round, or square neck. The front of the waist and drawers are cut in one.

6600—Juniors' and Girls' Princess Slip. Five sizes, 10 to 18 years. Size 10 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch nainsook—3 yards embroidery for ruffle. This garment slips on over the head, and buttons on the shoulders.

8091—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch batiste. The fronts are rolled to form revers and there are long kimono sleeves perforated for shorter length.



6937—Juniors' and Girls' Empire Slip. Seven sizes, 4 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch longcloth. Embroidery No. 12367, transfer pattern in blue or yellow. This slips on over the head, and the back of the waist laps on the shoulders in front. Attached two-piece circular skirt.

7774—Girls' and Juniors' Two-piece French Petticoat. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Size 6 requires 1½ yard 36-inch longcloth—2¼ yards embroidery. This petticoat slips on over the head, and is gathered to a straight two-piece yoke.

4655—Girls' Bath-robe. Seven sizes, 1 to 12 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch eiderdown. Plain sleeves may replace the Bishop sleeves.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

Child's Petticoat 7327 Embroidery 11569

Child's Night-drawers 4643

Child's House-coat 7369

Infants' and Child's Kimono 7368

Child's Chemise 6095 Scallop 11559

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

7990—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅜ yard 54-inch white wool Jersey for collar and vest—1½ yard 36-inch satin for sleeves—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Embroidery No. 12468, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 2½ yards of 18½-inch border. Wool Jersey in fawn, French blue, and taupe fashions some of the best looking Spring frocks, and Jersey is particularly effective when embroidered or braided. Over the two-piece skirt which closes at left side-front, a two-piece gathered tunic which is open front and back, is dropped.

7988—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch gabardine—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery No. 12473, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Simple as simple can be is this charming frock of serge with its oval collarless neck-line outlined by wool embroidery forming points. The closing is at the back, and allowance is made in the pattern for several neck outlines as well as for flowing sleeves. The swinging panel at the back is perforated to form a double panel. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

8161—Ladies' Blouse. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch Shantung silk. The blouse is slipped on over the head and closes on the shoulders. At drop-shoulder line the long, one-piece sleeves are attached and are perforated for shorter length with turn-back cuffs.

8116—Ladies' Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. No. 7640—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. With at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 1⅝ yard 48-inch serge—4½ yards 36-inch satin—⅞ yard 27-inch white satin for collar. Embroidery No. 12184, transfer pattern in blue or yellow. Over a front-closing kimono blouse is arranged a panel front and back, the front panel reaching into a girdle. Flowing sleeves may replace the long plain sleeves. A tunic of serge is arranged at each side of the satin skirt, and these sections are perforated for shorter length.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

8077—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅜ yard white satin for vest. Embroidery No. 12444, transfer pattern in blue or yellow. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Charmingly simple in line is this frock of wool Jersey, the surplice bodice of which may close at right or left side-front buttoning onto the belt. A shawl collar finishes the open neck, and the sleeves may be shortened. The bodice is worn over a three-piece gathered skirt which closes at left side-front.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

8123—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch gabardine—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Embroidery No. 12321, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 12 motifs. The waist closes at left side-front and the underbody at center-front, while the one-piece skirt closes at the left side.

8151—Ladies' Dress. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch cheviot—¼ yard white satin for facing tunic. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The long narrow skirt typical of the latest fashions is featured on this model which is in redingote style. The waist closes at the side-front, the there is an underwaist which closes at center-front.

8145—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch satin—1¼ yard 54-inch wool velours. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The composé frock has also some of its vogue, and only combine two shades of the same material or contrasting colors may be selected as well as contrasting materials. The closing of this frock is at left side-front, and the neck may be collarless or may have a rolling collar.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

7998—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. No. 7919—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge tunic 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch dotted net—2⅝ yards 36-inch black satin—⅝ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for collar and vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. For dinner, theater, and informal evening wear a gown like this of net or lace combined with satin is practically indispensable. The blouse has bib-like sections of the satin, and there is a large collar which extends almost to the waist-line at the back.

8114—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch gabardine—⅝ yard 36-inch satin—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Embroidery No. 12372, blue or yellow transfer pattern. The bias lines along which this frock is arranged make it particularly adaptable to the stout figure. The frock is in redingote effect, buttoning at the side-front with the tunic section attached dingonally at low waist-line.

8135—Ladies' Dress. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch velvet—⅝ yard net for vest—⅛ yard jet banding—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The simplest lines mark this dress, which nevertheless is very attractive and makes up particularly well in velvet lightened with a vest of net or Georgette crêpe. Perforations permit of shortening the sleeves, and the waist closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm

8092 — Ladies' Three-piece Gathered Skirt. Nine sizes, 24 to 40 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch Poiret twill for skirt with yoke. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

7897—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅝ yard 36-inch white satin for collar. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out about 2½ yards. A notable feature of this chic frock is the square yoke descending into a panel at the center-front and back, and with plaits arranged each side of the panel.

7687—Ladies' Middy Blouse. Seven sizes, 32 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch white drilling—½ yard blue drilling for collar. A good-looking blouse that slips on over the head.

7661—Ladies' Blouse. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. No. 7778—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Overblouse. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 18 years, 36, and 42 bust. Medium size requires 2 yards 36-inch tricolet—⅝ yard 27-inch satin for collar. The combination of this blouse and jumper makes a very attractive sports blouse.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

8087—Ladies' Surplice Corset Cover. Seven sizes, 32 to 44 bust. No. 8190—Ladies' Two-piece Drawers. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 26, 30, and 34 waist. The combination requires in medium size 3⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—8 yards lace edging. Embroidery No. 12206, blue or yellow transfer.

7754—Ladies' House-dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 27-inch white lawn for collar. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. A rolling collar of white lawn finishes the open neck of this very good-looking house-dress of blue and white check gingham. There is a full-length panel at center-front, and the dress closes at left side-front.

8090—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch linen—⅞ yard 36-inch dotted organdy for collar and cuffs. A choice is offered of long and short sleeves, and the three-piece gathered skirt is attached at a 1-inch raised waist-line. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard.

8061—Ladies' House-dress. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 7⅛ yards 36-inch chambray. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Over the front-closing waist of this house-dress a panel is arranged that buttons on the shoulders. The lower edge of the panel is turned back and stitched through the center to form two pockets.

7837—Ladies' Sleeveless One-piece Pajamas. Sizes 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—3 yards Irish crochet edging—3⅛ yards ribbon. The pajamas are slashed at the waist-line for the passage of the ribbon that forms the belt. Embroidery No. 12377, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 72 motifs.

7554—Ladies' Pajamas. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 4½ yards 32-inch figured crêpe. The coat of the pajamas is slipped on over the head, and the front and back are in one piece.

7880—Ladies' Camisole. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires ⅞ yard 36-inch long cloth—2¾ yards insertion—⅞ yard ribbon for shoulder straps. No. 7424—Ladies' Four-piece Petticoat. Nine sizes, 24 to 40 waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 36-inch longcloth—3¾ yards 15-inch embroidery for flounce. The petticoat closes at left side-front, and the top is finished with a casing in which elastic is inserted.

8065—Ladies' and Misses' Dress Sleeves in Three Styles. Three sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 38, and 40 bust. The center sleeve is perforated for shorter length. Material requirements for these sleeves will be found on pattern envelope.

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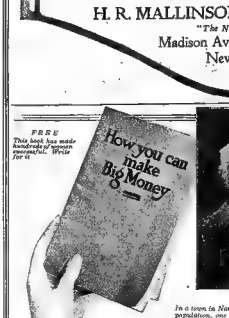

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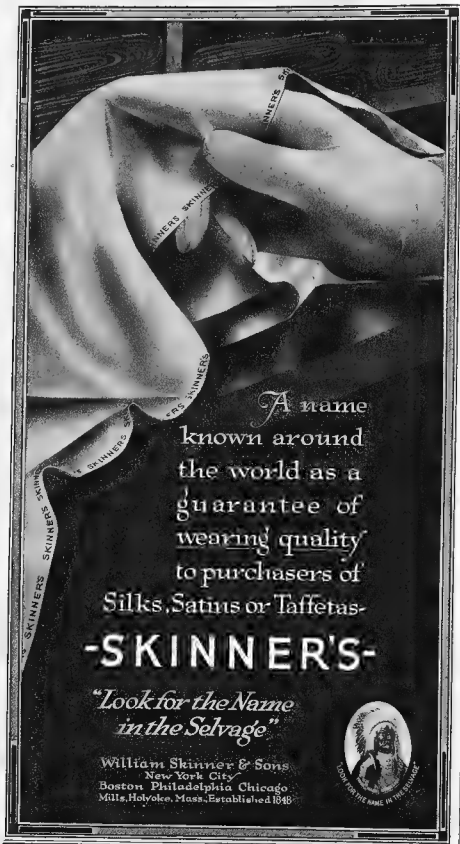
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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

6662—Ladies' and Misses' Camisoles. Sizes 32, 36, 40, and 44 bust. Embroidery No. 11744, transfer pattern in blue or yellow. No. 6877—Ladies' Two-piece Bloomers or Knickerbockers. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 26, 30, and 34 waist.

6857 — Ladies' Dressing-sack. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust.

8090—Ladies' One-piece Slip-over Negligée. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust.

8093—Ladies' One-piece Pajamas. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust Embroidery No. 12206, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

7741—Ladies' Empire Negligée. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust.

8142—Ladies' Dress Sleeves. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

8038—Misses' Double-breasted Coat Four sizes, 12 to 20 years.

8041—Misses' Single-breasted Jacket. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. No. 7714—Misses' Two-piece Suspender Skirt. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

7959—Misses' Single-breasted Jacket. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. No. 7773—Misses' Two-piece Suspender Skirt. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

7896—Misses' One-piece Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards with plaits extended.

8105—Misses' One-piece Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard

7802—Misses' One-piece Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Lower-edge width, 1¾ yard.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

0837—Infants' Set. One size only. The set includes besides the dress, a nightgown, kimono perforated to form a sack, Gertrude petticoat, pinning blanket, shirt, band, bib, and moccasins.

7767 —Infants' Long Coat. One size only. Scallop No. 11747, blue transfer pattern of scallops in four different widths.

8085—Infants' Set. One size only.

7738—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years.

7926—Juniors' and Girls' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years.

8058—Child's Rompers. Four sizes, 1 to 6 years.

0941—Child's Underwaist and Side-closing Drawers. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years.

7408—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Embroidery No. 11569, blue or yellow transfer.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

4038—Infants' Petticoat. One size only. Embroidery No. 12367, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 38 sprays. Scallop No. 11979 in blue only.

8108—Child's Coat. Four sizes, 1 to 4 years. Scallop No. 11659, blue or yellow transfer pattern

7904—Infants' Set of Clothes. One size only. The set is in 26-inch length.

8062— Boys' Suit Three sizes, 2 to 6 years.

8091—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years.

7991 —Child's Combination. Six sizes, 1 to 6 years.

7598— Boys' Suit. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years.

8115—Child's Shirred Coat. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years.

7988—Misses' and Juniors' Coat. Eight sizes, 13 to 20 years.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

5022—Misses' and Girls' Pajamas. Six sizes, 4 to 20 years.

7406 —Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas Five sizes, 6 to 14 years.

4922— Misses' and Girls' Kimono. Eight sizes, 6 to 20 years

7681 —Girls' and Juniors' Nightgown. Four sizes, 8 to 14 years.

8094—Girls' and Juniors' Bath-robe. Eight sizes, 8 to 17 years

8010—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years

8013—Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years Initial on pocket No 12264; pattern provides seven different styles in fourteen sizes. Blue only.

7927—Child's Empire Petticoat. Five sizes, 1 to 5 years. Embroidery No. 11569, transfer pattern in blue or yellow

4043—Child's Nightdrawers. Eight sizes, ½ to 12 years

7360—Child's House-coat. Six sizes 1 to 10 years

7308 —Infants' and Child's Kimono Sizes for infants, 1, 2, and 4 years.

6095—Child's Drawers and Envelop Chemise. Six sizes, 3 to 12 years. Scallop No. 11659, transfer in blue or yellow.

For material requirements of these designs see Pattern Envelops.

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COOKING

Don't Be a Sugar-Slacker

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

Old-fashioned Baked Rice Pudding

With Honey, Maple-sirup, Corn-sirup, or Molasses

MIX a quart of milk with a half-cupful of washed raw brown or unpolished rice, one and one-half teaspoonful of salt, and three-fourths cupful of white or brown corn-sirup, a half-cupful of maple-sirup, a half-cupful of honey, or a half-cupful of molasses. With the corn-sirup add a half-teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, and with the molasses a teaspoonful of lemon-extract. Bake in a slow oven for about three hours, stirring the mixture three times at fifteen minute intervals, and finishing it covered. A pint of sliced apples may be added if molasses is used.

Maple or Honey Baked Custard

2½ Cupfuls Milk
⅓ Cupful Maple-sirup or ¼ Cupful Honey
Few Grains Salt
2 Eggs, Slightly Beaten
Flavoring

COMBINE the cold milk with the sweetening, add the salt and eggs and a half-teaspoonful of vanilla if maple is used, or a half-teaspoonful of lemon-extract with honey. Transfer to custard-cups, stand in a pan, surround with hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for about thirty minutes. Or until a knife, when inserted, comes out clean.

Blanc-mange with Corn-sirup

2½ Cupfuls Milk
¾ Cupful White Corn-sirup
½ Cupful Corn-starch
⅓ Cupful Water
1 Teaspoonful Lemon- or Vanilla-extract
1 Egg White, Optional
½ Cupful Bits Canned Fruit, Optional
½ Teaspoonful Salt

MIX the milk and corn-sirup and scald. Then stir in the corn-starch and salt which have been blended with the water and cook over hot water for thirty minutes. Flavor, pour into the egg white, beaten stiff, if it is used, add the canned fruit, if it is to be included, chill, and serve with top milk which has been sweetened with a little honey or maple-sirup.

To make a chocolate blanc-mange, add two squares (ounces) of chocolate, shaved, to the scalding milk.

Orange Snow Pudding

1½ Tablespoonful Powdered Gelatin
½ Cupful Boiling Water
1 Cupful White Corn-sirup
3 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice
¾ Cupful Orange-juice
1 or 2 Beaten Egg Whites
¾ Cupful Water

COMBINE the gelatin and cold water and let stand five minutes. In the meantime, bring the boiling water and corn-sirup to boiling-point, add the gelatin mixture and, when tepid, the fruit-juices. Let stand until it begins to gelatinize, then whip it until frothy, beat in the whipped egg whites, let stiffen, and serve with sugar-substitute soft custard made with the egg yolks.

Maple Floating Island

2 Cupfuls Milk
⅓ Cupful Maple-sirup (Generous)
Few Grains Salt
1 Tablespoonful Corn-starch
2 Egg Yolks
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla
2 Egg Whites

SCALD the milk and sirup together and stir in the egg yolks, corn-starch, and salt, mixed. Cook over hot water until thickened, stirring often, about fifteen minutes, then cool and flavor. Serve with the egg whites whipped till stiff, and sprinkled with a little scraped maple-sugar to form "islands."

Honey Cookies

1 Cupful Vegetable-oil
1 Cupful Honey
1 Egg, Well Beaten
1 Teaspoonful Soda, Dissolved in 1 Teaspoonful Water
2 Teaspoonfuls Cinnamon
¼ Teaspoonful Nutmeg
1½ Cupful Halved Raisins
1 Cupful Chopped Walnuts or Shredded Coconut
2 Cupfuls Barley Flour
2 Cupfuls Wheat Flour
1½ Teaspoonful Salt

COMBINE the oil, egg, honey, and soda. Sift together all the dry ingredients, rub in the raisins and nuts and beat in the flours sifted together. Drop by heaping teaspoonfuls on well-oiled pans, keeping the cookies two inches apart, and bake about twelve minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.). The nuts or coconut may be omitted, if desired, and the cookies be made wheatless by using three cupfuls of barley flour and one of rice or potato flour.

Prune or Raisin Pudding

MEASURE three-fourths cupful of stewed raisins, or stoned, quartered prunes, and add one and one-fourth cupful of the juice. (The fruit may have been sweetened with any of the sugar-substitutes.) Then beat in a half-cupful each of rolled oats and barley flour, a generous half-cupful of wheat flour or corn-flour, one and one-half teaspoonful of salt and four teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Add the grated rind of one-fourth orange or one-half lemon, transfer to a well-oiled mold, cover and steam for one and a half hour. Serve with lemon-sauce sweetened with honey instead of sugar, or an old-fashioned molasses-vinegar sauce.

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Here is what the energy value in one Quaker Oats package costs in other foods at this writing.

Cost of 6335 Calories

In Quaker Oats	$0.32
In Round Steak	2.56
In Veal Cutlets	3.56
In Eggs	4.25
In Halibut	3.31
In Salt Codfish	4.87

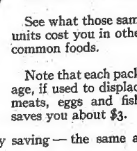
That means that ten breakfasts of Quaker Oats cost less than one average meat breakfast of the same energy value.

But the difference is greater than that.

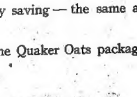
Quaker Oats is vastly better food. It is almost the ideal food — the complete food.

It is the food of foods for children and for workers, regardless of its cost.

Remember these facts when you plan your meals.



Two dishes of Quaker Oats cost one cent



The same calory value costs 11c in a cutlet

In fish, the same calory value costs 12c

In canned peas it costs 11c

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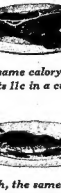

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New York—Toronto, Canada

300,000 BABIES DIE IN THIS COUNTRY EVERY YEAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

Special" out on its rounds. Iowa gave the movement a tremendous publicity, in fifty ingenious ways, and in this State the response from interested fathers and mothers was especially warm. In California the first to avail themselves of the service were officers and enlisted men, who said that they "felt more comfortable about going away when they knew that the youngsters were to be kept in good shape by the most scientific care."

California devoted five thousand dollars from the State budget for the children. New Mexico, fifteen hundred; and Illinois, from a private endowment received, twenty thousand. Florida is doing magnificent work with playgrounds, as many of the States are, for a part of the program is the "Back to the Schools" movement that means sound minds as well as sound bodies. Twenty-five doctors gave their services to the clinics in the one town of Bloomington, Illinois, and in Helena, Montana, at the State fair, an electrical exhibit showed in a striking way the steadily recurring death of every seventh baby. Texas feels itself a pioneer in this line, and Austin claims the record of cataloged and classified babies, and is tireless in the essential following up work. In Illinois, after stupendous publicity, three hundred and twenty-five thousand babies were weighed and measured, and the statistics that will presently be compiled at the Children's Bureau census headquarters in Chicago will probably account for five million of the nation's ten million children under six years. Rhode Island has done extraordinary things; in some towns 100 per cent. of the children have been weighed and measured, in almost every county a report above 50 per cent. has been returned. Letters to the employers of children have investigated the conditions under which they work, and an exhibition 400 feet long has been prepared for the State fair. In Wisconsin all the children entering public schools are being thoroughly examined physically for the first time this year, and Atlanta, Georgia, has weighed and measured ten thousand children, using the schools for centers. Every town in Minnesota can have clinics by applying to the State Board of Health, and a much reduced infant mortality there is attributed to the Children's Year.

Everywhere women are working, through newspapers, through posters, through moving pictures, and publicity of every sort, in churches and schools, in empty stores, in traveling trains, and in trains. Everywhere, bewildered and ignorant young mothers are listening, making notes, following directions. And everywhere, best of all, small babies are eating better, sleeping more soundly, forgetting the puzzling pains and aches, everywhere young eyes are growing stronger, and young bones harder, and young brains more clear.

And back of it all, like the great electric battery that lights a city, is Washington, where women are mailing pamphlets, and writing personal letters, literally by the million, and where the improved health and weight of the tiniest little compatriot in Portland, Oregon, or Tallahassee, Florida, is a matter of real and deep satisfaction. Once he might have brought additional care to a burdened woman, once he might have been unwelcome—once, even, he might have come to shame and hatred and neglect. But the world is beginning to feel now that it is the motherhood that is pure and beautiful and enduring, and it mistake and sorrow precede it, they must never again be allowed to cloud the baby's claim to the best that life can give him.

TO WEIGH and measure one baby is no laughing matter. To make records for ten is an exhausting morning's work. Have you stopped to think how the women have worked in the cities where ten thousand have been handled?

Like every other thing concerning a baby, it is a work that takes patience and love. It is easy to believe the statement that is made, over and over again, that in the country places it is the busy wives and mothers who faithfully undertake it, who tramp miles to visit outlying villages, who keep tirelessly at work. For they know the value of babies, they know the agonies of birth, and the helplessness that even love feels in the shadow of death. There is something offered that is valuable—that is priceless, to the children. And they mean that the children of all children, shall have it. And with Kipling, one may say of them:

"Is it a little thing that they have wrought?
Then life, and death, and motherhood are naught."

THE MYSTERY

By HARRY KEMP

LOVE is a Law I can not understand,
All I can do is tremble and obey
When he would send me on his perilous way
Where every guiding post is lost in sand——

Love, all I know is this—from God you come—
All I can do is worship and be dumb!

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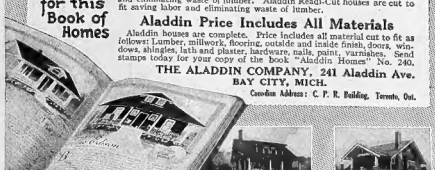

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Treo Co., 160A Fifth Ave., N. Y.
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TIME TO CONSIDER BIRTH POLITICS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

co-operation, as there are two sexes and two magnetic poles.

One kind was developed when a mother and child huddled together in their cold cave for mutual warmth.

The other kind developed as the men of a tribe went out together against another tribe, because that was the safest and the surest way to fight.

That is the distinctive feature of male co-operation. It is, fundamentally, co-operation to serve the purposes of competition, the most marked development of this spirit being shown to-day in various commercial organizations formed for the purpose of fighting other commercial organizations—or the ultimate consumer.

Women have not yet learned how to co-operate effectively for competition, and they are plainly at a disadvantage with men in the competitive world because of that fact.

But when the co-operation is in behalf of human well-being, for social betterment, then my experience is that women to-day co-operate with more devotion and endurance and enthusiasm than men—if not with so much elbow-locking.

Co-operation for competition, for money-making, is the cornerstone of most of the so-called "Civic and Commercial Associations" in American cities. The frequent noontime lunches of such organizations are always crowded with fighting business men.

Co-operation for social well-being is the shibboleth of Anti-Tuberculosis and Child Labor Committees and of War Camp Community organizations. These associations, too, hold frequent noontime lunches for transacting business, yet, apart from the men who draw the salaries and hold the honorary titles of the organizations, a man is a rare "feature" at such occasions.

The co-operative impulse of women for social welfare is plainly woven of the same strands as is the instinct of women to guard human life.

IT IS natural that human life should seem more precious to women than to men, since to men its creation means a casual moment of ardor, while with women it means long months of distressful waiting, and sharp agony, with death, perhaps, as the price of life. It means years of helplessness and patient tending.

(Here, however, we should not forget that the setting of men in families, the tenderness that develops in the heart of the father as he cares personally for his little children, has done much to strengthen in men the life-guarding principle—that being one of the reasons why the American father should be more generally invited into the home!)

So when to-day the "birth politics" of men says, "Fill the empty cradles," the "birth politics" of women asks simply, "What have you done with the babies we gave you?"

This is no idle rhetoric. The "birth politics" of women is represented in America by the Children's Bureau in Washington, where the woman who heads it is asking, not that American women bear a hundred thousand more babies annually (Germany has called for two million more yearly), but that conditions of life for the babies already here shall be so improved that a hundred thousand babies may be saved this year for the nation.

Even the sentimentalist can hardly be smug as he reads of the wasted babies. Babies wasted through poverty, wasted through overcrowding, wasted by festering social conditions, wasted through the sins of the fathers and the ignorance of mothers.

Moreover, all the babies that are wasted do not die.

Understanding these facts, thinking women are coming to believe that birth is justified only to children with at least a fighting chance as they face the great adventure of living.

Such women have small patience with the sentimentalists spluttering about the sacredness of motherhood—since motherhood may be a halo or may be merely a rickety tavern. To them only voluntary motherhood is sacred.

The "birth politics" of such women is qualitative—not quantitative. They ponder in their hearts the knowledge that France, with the lowest birth-rate in Europe, saved civilization at the Marne, while Russia, with the highest birth-rate, first tried to throw civilization to the wolves and then spilled itself in a St. Vitus's dance.

It isn't babies alone that are wasted. Boys and girls are criminally wasted in the streets and in homes with no more decencies than rabbit-warrens. Women are hideously wasted in brothels. Men are ruthlessly wasted in war and in industry.

And all the time employers of labor are shrilling for more human horse-power.

It isn't so much human horse-power that the New World needs as brain-power to build machines to supply the place of the human horse-power.

It isn't so much horse-power that is needed as heart-power. Heart-power to demand old age pensions. Heart-power to provide State-controlled sickness insurance. Heart-power to bring about just industrial conditions for all and decent housing for all.

When these things are won, the question of the cradle will take care itself.

It should be the special office of American women to carry this understanding to the head and the heart of America.

A Vastly Better Way To Brush Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Millions of people find that brushed teeth still discolor and decay. It is evident that old-time methods do not give adequate protection.

As every dentist knows, the reason lies in a film. In that slimy, clinging, ever present film. It gets into crevices and stays, and resists the tooth brush. That is the tooth destroyer.

That film is what discolors. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the cause of decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are due to the film.

Scientific men have long sought a way to end that film. And one man now has found it.

The way is called Pepsodent—a tooth paste based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter.

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Watch Its Effects

Pepsin must be activated, else it is inert. The usual method is an acid, harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred.

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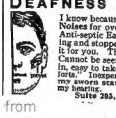

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P93—An amazingly low price for such a charming dress of silk poplin (with a small percentage of cotton). One of spring's fairest styles. The waist is cut on the latest lines and has the modish round neck so much in vogue this season. A becomingly shaped collar and cuffs add a dainty touch. The high girdle, richly braided in handsome design, is a smart feature. The skirt is of correct width, has graceful sweep and falls in soft gathers. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust; Misses 16 to 20 years. Colors: Navy, black, grey, and copenhagen. Postpaid..... **$4.98**

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Silk Taffeta **$9.98**

P94—Smart silk Taffeta gown with front and pocket trimmed with self-covered buttons, sleeves long with pointed flare cuffs. Neck is finished with a dainty Georgette plaiting. The pocket openings are corded. This dress is of unapproachable style and unpresentable quality. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust; Misses' sizes, 16 to 20 years. Colors: Black, navy, copenhagen and grey. Postpaid **$9.98**

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Check **$2.98**

P95—A Bargain! Only $2.98 for this handsome Black and White Gingham Check dress! The material is splendid quality and the model most becoming. The sailor collar is trimmed with narrow bias of satin to match belt, pockets and simulated cuffs. Pearl fastened with black button trimmed belt and patch pockets. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust; Misses, 16 to 20 years. Colors: Black and white only. **$2.98** Postpaid.....

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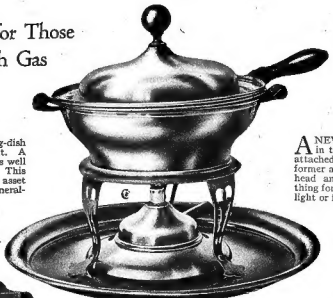
IN AND AROUND THE SHOPS

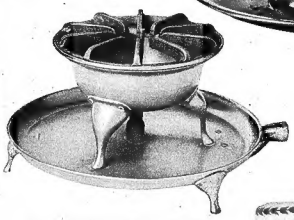
Useful Appliances for Those Who Cook With Gas

SELECTED BY GABRIELLE ROSIERE

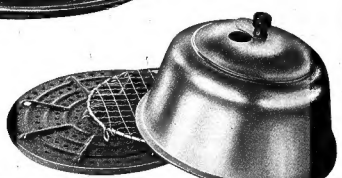
TO THE right is a copper chafing-dish with a gas-tubing attachment. A brass tray-cover comes with this, as well as an extra pan for hot water. This chafing-dish is a more than useful asset for the impromptu meal which is generally prepared in the living-room.



A NEW arrangement with a fixture in the base-board for the tube to be attached at will, does away with the former annoyance of tubes hanging overhead and always present. A splendid thing for studios where there is no electric light or for old fashioned apartments.



Above is the Eclipse burner consisting of a burner and base. An entire meal can be prepared on this clever device.

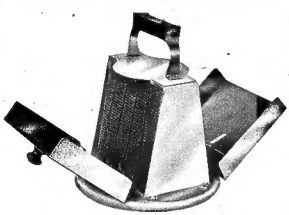


Shown above is the Perfo Hood consisting of a heat distributor, a toaster, and a cover with an opening in the top to regulate quick or slow cooking.

HERE is a coffee percolator with a spout. With the aid of a burner the coffee can be prepared at the table as well as many other simple and delicious breakfast dishes. In the case of light housekeeping, where the cooking is done in one room, these devices are useful.

Here is a desk-lamp with a small base and a decorated china shade. The whole thing takes up little room.

A TEAPOT with a tea-ball suspended from the lid, so that the tea can be made any desired strength. A great time and trouble saver for the fastidious person to whom a cup of hot tea in the afternoon is a necessary stimulant. There are few devices as useful and good looking as this household possession which eliminates separate boiling of the water.



This toaster may be used in connection with any gas-burner. It toasts bread quickly and efficiently and has doors that snap up and retain the heat.

An English tea-maker in copper for boiling water. It has a gas attachment and is therefore practical.

HERE is a practical gas-lighter which gives a thousand lights and may be renewed at any time. This contrivance can be worked with a quick turn of the hand which produces friction and an instant spark. It saves the temper, is a great substitute for poor matches, and is much safer in every way. Once used, no household is without it.

For formal occasions this copper coffee percolator is useful and attractive. It has a separate copper tray which can be utilized for many purposes.

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